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DOLLAR A YEAR

JANUARY 1905

# T O - M O R R O W

A MONTHLY HAND-BOOK OF THE CHANGING ORDER



OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS

CP

To Otto Lippert  
Compliments of—  
Parker H. Sercombe  
Chicago  
9/20/19.



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"The reason why most men do not accomplish more is because they do not attempt more."



# A Soliloquy

**The man who is  
playing a losing game in life  
is a man**

who neglects to acquire knowledge—  
intimate and practical knowledge of

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CLARENCE S. DARROW will contribute an article each month on vital topics of general interest.

DEPARTMENTS will be conducted with Drama, Music and Art in one group; Religious, Psychological and Occult movements in another, and Home, Sex and Social relations in a third, by trained writers, equipped and authorized to handle their subjects with the frankness and sincerity that these topics deserve.

CURRENT PROGRESS will be set forth each month by the Editors in a manner unique, vigorous and incisive.

A few writers whose good stuff will appear in future issues: Ernest Crosby, George Wharton James, Dr. John Roberts, Rudolph Bismarck von Liebig, C. Hanford Henderson, J. D. McIntosh, Geo. Bernard Shaw, W. F. Barnard, Dr. W. E. Boynton, Edward A. Steiner, N. O. Nelson, Booker T. Washington, Charlotte Teller, Page Waller Samson, Willis J. Abbot, E. C. Andrews and others.

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## Are You With Us?

We stand for "The Changing Order" with its higher ideals, its greater humanity and real worth. "TO-MORROW" holds a promise of better things than today, and in order that our initiative may attain the success that must benefit all, we urge your substantial co-operation. The time is ripe for an organ of "The Changing Order;" interesting, instructive, filled with short things and beautiful, which shall be forum and record, hospitable to any new idea, discovery or revelation, in fact a digest of the world's current history in thought and work.

A few of us are now bearing the burden, but our numbers will increase and thus fulfill the promise of success. We ask you to consider yourself one of our *informal brotherhood* who, by literary and artistic contributions, or by influence and personal work, help to make this long cherished ideal a reality. Send us something! Contributions, subscriptions, advertising, any kind of co-operation. Don't try to make things like the other magazines have them, just tell the truth, reserve nothing, write of things you really know about, whatever the subject, whatever the manner. We are not looking for the *conventional*, just *be yourself*. Look us up at our ranch, 1926 Indiana Avenue. You will be surprised at the spirit and the work of our cadets. Simple-hearted, earnest, informal. A fine circle of interesting people to grow up with.



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# A Plea for Industrial Education

The problem of education is one that is never permanently solved. The educational ideal is progressive. New conditions arise in every age and in every place. Educational forms, however, tend to become fixed and stereotyped, and it is always difficult to make structural changes to correspond to the advancing ideal. The traditional forms survive long after the informing spirit has departed from them. Educational progress tends, therefore, to lag behind the real advance of the people. In almost every case reforms are forced upon the school from without. This fact makes it necessary at times to abandon the traditional modes and strike out on new paths—not with the motive of revolution, but in the spirit of creative reform.

We have accepted in America the general principle of democracy, but our educational systems are built in the main upon mediæval, monarchic, and aristocratic ideas and traditions. We have still a system of class education. The educational problem has never yet been approached from the point of view of the people. It is the lament of true educators everywhere that the school of the present day meets the requirements of but a fraction of the whole people. The school, consequently, is more or less isolated. It is something apart from life. And this separation is increasing, owing to the fact that modern civilization is industrial, while the school withdraws the pupil from industrial activities and educates him not for conditions of work, but for those of leisure. It is a fact not to be gainsaid, that as educational institutions are today established and conducted by the leisure class, so the best results of these schools accrue to that class and represent their ideals.

Here and there a school has arisen, such as the Tuskegee Institute, conducted by Booker Washington, which faces frankly the problem of education as it appears to working men and women. The most advanced schools in America would seem to be those devoted to the education of the negroes, Indians and criminals. But industrial education is becoming more and more the demand of the hour. Many minds are at work upon questions of the "new education" in the effort to reach a new synthesis of education and life. Professor John Dewey's "School and Society," Professor C. Hanford Henderson's "Education and the Larger Life" and Mrs. Gilman's "Work," clearly illustrate this tendency.

The People's Industrial College has been founded with the intention of formulating the principles of democratic education and in the hope of creating a working model for popular "organic" or "integral" education.

Our motive is social. That is, we seek to develop in the individual a social character—make him socially efficient. We aim to produce social wealth to which all contribute and which all may share.

The basis of the People's Industrial College is work—just plain economic work. We shall conduct the ordinary employments in the ordinary way. Those who are qualified will work in the arts and crafts. "Manual Training," we now perceive, gives training not only to the hands, but to the mind and to personality and character as a whole. Health, for one thing, now sadly lacking in the conven-

tional school, springs inevitably from work rightly conducted and motivated. Healthful work gives the proper basis for the training of sensation, feeling and indeed of the nerves and brain, and, of course, of character. The gymnasium we submit is not a substitute for the workshop. The enthusiasm engendered in the athletic field hardly takes the place of that unity and comradeship which are found among co-workers and among co-workers only. Physical exercise, dissociated from real use, is an idle exercise and furnishes no equivalent to actual work. We believe in "education by doing" but we further demand that the doing must be real.

The work we propose must be real work. We shall make products on farm and in factory which will meet the test of the market and provide income for the support of the institution. We intend to make the People's Industrial College self-supporting through the work of its members. The capital furnished by the founders and by our subscribers will be used for investment in a productive "plant" and the income arising from industries will be turned back into the institution for the benefit of the whole community of workers. The cultural features of our plan will be added only as rapidly as the means are provided by the workers themselves. It will be seen whether or not a community working in mutual good will can provide for itself means for "education and the larger life". The reason for the adoption of this policy is twofold. The work in the ordinary "Manual Training" School is artificial. The problems presented are forced and without relation. The system is after all but a modification of mental training and its work is therefore play-work and not real. Furthermore, economically productive farms and workshops make unnecessary these large endowments, which must be had if students are to be supported through several years in comparative idleness. The investment and protection of large endowments compel educational institutions sometimes to accept strange bedfellows and adopt strange policies. We require capital, but we invest that capital in our own "business."

The People's Industrial College will be located in the country and not in the city. We have reached this conclusion on several lines of reasoning. We believe that the evils that beset the commonwealth are caused in the main by the congestion of population in large cities. The time has come for the people to educate themselves towards and not away from the land as a means of livelihood. It is an amazing fact that nearly all our schools educate with a reference to city environment. At the same time, the cities, which exist merely as opportunity for business, are becoming more and more corrupt, and there is no chance in them for the success of an institution which is primarily social in motive. Other reasons may be stated briefly: The country is conducive to health. It is possible in a rural community to avoid the complexities and perplexities of life. "Nature Study" of a genuine sort and at first hand may be carried on in the country. The environment is favorable for the development of originality, independence and true character. Why is it that the majority of the strong men of a nation are country born and bred? From the industrial side the advantages of the country are obvious. Agriculture is everywhere the fundamental employment. It gives also the right ground and condition for a large number of other industries.

We are asked what our "curriculum" will be and the "courses of study." The question is natural, because no one seems to think that the education of an individual is possible without a school, a teacher, an outline, a scheme, a "course of study". But, in fact, even as matters are now, everyone is being educated every day of his life without such curriculum or definite "course". Just what we shall study after we have built the institution on economic grounds, we cannot at this moment say. We intend to build a cultural superstructure corresponding to the groundwork. We shall teach whatever will be demanded by the conditions. It is first necessary that work be done intelligently and pleasurably. Instruction at first will be directed to this end. Industry furnishes the natural ground for the sciences, but science must serve the community and not exist by itself. Music, art and literature are natural forms of expression and as such will be cultivated. Geography, as the history of the earth in becoming the dwelling place of man, and history as giving a record of the evolution of the human race, will, of course, find a place. A "course of study," it will be seen, implies time limits, artificial problems, and abstraction from the life-process. We see no necessity of setting an age limit to the people—men, women and children—who become members of the institution. As we have no degrees to protect, there will be no "recitations" or examinations. In a sense the community will be the school and instruction will go on in a hundred different ways not contemplated by educational formulists whose first question is always "What is your course of study?" One's work is the primary problem. Learning is secondary to this.

OSCAR L. TRIGGS, *President.*

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From—"Education and the Larger Life."

BY C. HANFORD HENDERSON.

"The end of life is human discipline, is not the getting of property, not even the getting of knowledge, but is the getting of character and accomplishment, a human acquisitiveness. This is an old message, but it is increasingly imperative. This first of all *to be*, and this *to know and do*, and only incidentally *to have*. This is the complete programme of this experimental life. As a plan of life it is simply the extension of education; and the extension of education a life-process instead of a school-process, is in fact nothing less splendid than the practical carrying out of the quest of human perfection."

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From—"Tolstoy the Man."

BY EDWARD STEINER.

"Tolstoy pictures a school in which everything which a child instinctively dreads shall be absent. No high desk for the teacher, no straight, monotonous rows of benches, no long wastes of blackboards before which children feel themselves so small and insignificant. His ideal is that everything should constantly change with the needs and tastes of the children. A school as he saw it was to be a kindergarten, university, museum, theater, picture-gallery, forest, library, and meadow, all blending into one. This was indefinite enough; but it had in it the pedagogic ideals of the future."



From—"Farmington.

BY CLARENCE S. DARROW.

"The schoolmaster of our early life took our fresh, young, plastic minds and sought to crowd them full of useless, unrelated facts that served no purpose through the years that were to come. These lessons that our teacher made us learn by rote filled so small a portion of our daily lives that most of them were forgotten when the school-house door was closed. When now and then we found some use for a trifling thing that we had learned through years at school, we were surprised to know that the pedagogue had taught us even this. In those early days it seem to us that life would consist of one long examination in which we should be asked the names of states, the rule of three, and the words the Romans used for this and that. All that we were taught of the great world outside and the problem that would one day try our souls was learned from the copy books where we wrote the same old maxim until all the paper was used up. In after years, we learned that, while the copy book might have taught us how to write in a stilted, unused hand, still all its maxims were untrue.

"We left the school as ignorant of life as we commenced, nay, we might more easily have learned its lesson without false, misleading theories we were taught were true. When the doors were opened and the wide world met us face to face, we tested what we learned, and found it false, and then we blundered on alone.

"Only the smallest fraction that we learned in youth was assimilated and made a portion of ourselves; the rest faded so completely that it seemed never to have been."

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From—"Tolstoy the Schoolmaster."

BY EARNEST CROSBY.

"Tolstoy made a study of the schools of Marseilles and found they were of little use. Yet he found the inhabitants of Marseilles particularly intelligent, clever and civilized. What was the explanation? It was this. They had obtained their education outside of the schools, in the streets, the cafes, theaters, work-shops and museums, and by reading such books as the novels of Dumas. This is the natural school, he says, which has undermined the artificial school, and has left hardly anything of it except its despotic form.

"We owe the monstrous delusion that language forms the main point of education to the monastic students of the Middle Ages. All that was worth knowing was then contained in the Greek and Latin classics and Scriptures, and it was natural to confuse the medium of information with the learning itself. The Greek and Latin language were then windows in the house of knowledge. Since that time all the treasures of that house have been brought out into the open air, but still many of us continue to climb through the windows, and in the operation we forget what we came for, lost in a sort of pseudo-science of window-climbing."

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"The Educational Rebels."

BY WILL PRICE

"The hour has struck for the coming together of the educational rebels—those who find the school, the college, the university, the

workshop as constituted today alike rather cages than spheres of influence: rather alleged preparations of life than the life of which they should be a part. Here are Triggs and Ware and Woodberry and McDowell and others quietly stepping out from courts of learning too narrow to accommodate their spreading spirits. Some of them are not left to resign, but are thrown out, because they are what they are and not what a system demands they shall be. Here are men, the masters of workshops, trying to buy by gifts of libraries and hospitals and university chairs the sense of right ownership of the wealth thrust upon them by conditions with which they have little sympathy and for the escape from which they see little hope. You teachers who can no longer eat and teach in the cloistered comfort of schools which owe their entire existence to charity; you men of wealth great or little who would rather see life better in the having than the leaving; you ambitious young men and women who desire greatly to do rather than greatly to have; you business men, sick to death of the pettiness and worry of competing in the production and sale of wealth that brings no reward but the possession of wealth of the same kind: let us get together and question each other and question the conditions about us and see if a new university cannot be built in which each and all shall earn a living and earn an education at the same time—in which the professor shall not be outworn and obsolete in his prime and in which the student shall be no longer the pampered darling of a parental estate or the beneficiary of an endowment.

"Let us found a university where each student may elect to study and to do work that seems to him or her to be good—where master and student may work at the bench side by side producing the wealth that is necessary to their own common weal. What better class room do you want, you teachers and students? Let your chemistry be learned in the laboratory of industry and your physics at the bench and the forge. There will be time enough for the instructive recreation of historic and linguistic accomplishments. Your mathematics may take root in and be part of the permanent and practical knowledge of your daily life. Physiology and sociology may be studied from the inside rather than from without. Calisthenics may have something to show for itself beside the development of muscles and lungs. Here we may found a school of architecture and building and practice the thing we preach. All round may our study keep close to life—pour itself out in practical allegiance. Now study is abstracted: it is a thing apart—it is an ornament. Such a scheme of education is infinitely broad in its potentiality.

"Let us take the raw materials of nature, including ourselves as such, from children to college professors, and see if it is not possible to do at least as well in the building of a university as the negroes of Tuskegee have done. And if we cannot build a great telescope with which to peer into the orb-strewn spaces above perhaps we may be able to watch the budding apple trees and consider the lilies as they grow. Perhaps the self supporting and self respecting children of our schools and colleges may even without a certificate or an A. B. or an A. M. be fitted for service in the world. The prophet is never the master and the master is never the prophet and all good work is prophetic rather than finished. What do you think, you who think you are the practical business men of the

world? Would you rather support your sons through a course of cigarettes and classics with a dash of athletics than have their muscles hardened and their chests expanded at the forge or the bench, and have their minds molded by study put to the test of elevating production? And what of your daughters? Perhaps you shrink from the idea of too intimately associating work instead of play with their studies—of substituting craftsmanship for teas. But is it not possible that a stronger womanhood would grow out of such soil? Perhaps our civilization would not be hurt if it succeeded in providing more womanlike men and more manlike women. Some day coeducation will actually come—real coeducation—where the many hands and brains of the sexes may, working side by side, be diverted from a sickly sentimentality to a real comradeship. We may refine our shops with culture and beauty and may vitalize our schools with the clang of hammered iron or the fashioning of wood and clay. Let us study our nature studies out of doors, our political economy in town meeting. We talk of the drama and of music. Who knows how to play but the worker? Who shall know anything of music who does not know something of life? How can you better know literature and the drama than by writing and acting yourself? What better school is there for actors than the by-paths of our daily life looked upon from within? Do you think, you professors, that you would sacrifice one jot of real dignity by teaching the young to be anxious for knowledge rather than diplomas? By teaching yourselves to adjust your knowledge to concrete things and testing your philosophy by the work of your hands? You business men and men of leisure and wealth—tell me of some better investment of time or money than to work again with the young, incorporating your life with the life of the young, restoring in some substantial form to the social body the earned or unearned increments of economic or legal privilege? The call is to you. You are in the main the insurgents of our sated civility—or ought to be. You have weighed it in the balance and found it wanting—or ought to have weighed it. Your wealth is crushing you. What will you do to escape it?

"The college of the future will be a village or countryside rather than an institution. You, whoever you are—in stale and outworn city, by forest and stream, in the loneliness of isolation, in the heat of the ballroom, in social fawnings and inanities, in the sickening tobacco smoke of the club, wherever you find the quick and eager eye for good or bad; among the rich and the poor—to you is the call, and from you must come the response. The workshop, the factory, the office, business men, teachers, learned lecturers, must answer the call: all—men, women, even children. If you would build your university to last you must not build it upon the endowments of the rich, the whim or will of special classes, but upon the people, the people taken as a whole, from whose life alone a real culture can get its meaning and its justification. What men call culture in the schools and fine arts in the academies has too long been kept at variance with what we call skill or genius in the trades. The two forces have been regarded as being different, even antagonistic. They have eyed each other askance with little mutual understanding. No sort of fundamental relation has been achieved. Now a change must come. The sundried forces must be united—be made one. Is this not the instinct that drives the best professors from the college? They may not consciously reason to this effect, but is this not the substance of their rebellion? To get out from under the dead weight of simply financial increment, to shake themselves free of caste control, to bring life into some sort of harmony—the life that is work, the work that is life? The time has come for teachers to consciously help create the new university—the university of the shop, of the workbench and the forge.

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OSCAR L. TRIGGS  
Editor

MURRAY S. SCHLOSS  
Managing Editor

PARKER H. SERCOMBE  
Business Manager

Then slowly answered Arthur from the barge:  
The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfils Himself in many ways  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

—Tennyson.

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*The New Monthly Magazine*  
**“TO-MORROW”**

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☞ An exponent of “The changing order” with special stress on the new values dominating our social, industrial and intellectual progress.

☞ The organ of no sect or guild and without label of party or creed, “To-Morrow” deals fearlessly with all the most delicate and important problems of the hour.

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THE CHANGING ORDER*

1926 Indiana Avenue ~ ~ CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

*Telephone, Brown 1623*

# To - M o r r o w

EDITED BY OSCAR L. TRIGGS

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United States, Canada and Mexico

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE

## To-Morrow Here?



You mourn, you sigh, because men hate each other;  
It makes you grieve that man should kill his brother.  
Alas, that man should fill the world with sorrow!  
And yet, he may do better things to-morrow.

You know that men gain wealth by lying, cheating;  
You hear a sordid tone in many a greeting;  
So many steal that which they cannot borrow;  
God grant it may not be so bad to-morrow.

You shudder when you hear how hate and malice  
Have placed to loving lips the poisoned chalice;  
And where sweet joy has lived, bro't naught but sorrow;  
We trust such things may be no more to-morrow.

Why fret that human minds should be so narrow;  
Prepare the yielding soil with Wisdom's harrow,  
Then sow good seed, from Knowledge you can borrow,  
And see a better state of things to-morrow.

— *LaVerne Francois Wheeler.*

# To-Morrow

OSCAR L. TRIGGS, EDITOR  
MURRAY S. SCHLOSS, MANAGING EDITOR PARKER H. SERCOMBE, BUSINESS MANAGER

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE CHANGING ORDER

*Advertising Rates on Application*  
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VOLUME I.

JANUARY, 1905

NUMBER I

## SALUTATORY

While our material earth swings on its axis one day like another through the aeons of time, things mortal and human have been whirling on their center with a speed accelerating,—faster, faster with each turn. Our axis, we have dubbed evolution. Only yesterday have we discovered it. Even today our minds have not quite caught up in all the fields of human activity—whether politics or religion, whether science or craftsmanship, or humane endeavor. But we are learning. We are straining our eyes to see and our minds to interpret—what means it all, this ferment? This swift changing order in all human activities?

To him who asks, and asking, searches, shall answer be given. Not content with understanding the past, we scrutinize the present that we may delve into the future, and with insight less erring differentiate the tree from the sapling, the pot from the clay. To this end, we tender our services; that TO-MORROW, as a mirror, may aid the *time* to see something of its own progress; and through it as record and ledger, reach an interpretation of the transitions through which we are passing. With TO-MORROW as chart the wrecks of yesterday may be avoided, and as compass, the right general direction be maintained, in every weather.

### The Changing Order

Long ago the order of the Round Table dissolved. This order, we are told, was an image of the mighty world. The knights went forth companionless, with the days darkening round them. Then we read that the bold Sir Bedivere, the latest left of all the knights, cried loudly unto the king: "Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go? Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes? For



now I see the true old times are dead, when every morning brought a noble chance, and every chance brought out a noble knight." Then King Arthur answered Bedivere, saying:

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfils himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.  
Comfort thyself."

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This is the fact proved in a hundred ways in history that every struggle calls out a greater struggle, that every achievement brings forth a greater achievement, that every institution, social or political, when once perfected, must be destroyed and a better builded in its place.

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It has been the work of many centuries to perfect the modern system of politics. Political evolution as such is finished. The republican form is the ultimate form of government as government. There may be a few more changes in the method of representation, but the principle of representation is fixed unalterably in the public mind.

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Over one hundred years ago the political current was crossed by the industrial stream. For over one hundred years the world has been developing industrial consciousness. Near the beginning of the industrial era a people declared for political independence, interpreting the new tendency in political terms. It is a vain document. Any political Declaration of Independence is as dead today as any other dead letter. No one but backward peoples like the Boers or primitive peoples like the Philippines is interested in political independence. "Manhood suffrage" has no relation whatever at the present time to character. Disfranchisement of negroes in the South is attended with no evil results. The plea for woman's suffrage comes so late in history that it is of no consequence whatever whether women vote or do not vote. There is so little virtue in politics that we have handed political government over to a particular class who use its offices as a means of livelihood—a perfectly justifiable means in lack of anything more honorable. For the support of others of this class we have asylums and other public institutions. It is idle to "purify" politics, because it makes little difference whether politics is pure or impure—as well purify the Roman Empire. Republican party or Democratic party—what matters it?

Back of all politics is the System. What the System is we now know fairly well from the exposures of Ida Tarbell, Steffens, Lawson, and others. The System is not a political but an industrial form of control. Its rewards and punishments are economic. The greater part of the population of the United States lives under conditions of economic slavery of one kind or another. Political liberty does not in any way mean or guarantee industrial liberty. Hence the impending revolution in this country is not to be political but industrial.

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Look at the matter more closely. The System is the industrial counterpart of political feudalism. It culminates naturally in despotism. It seems to be a kind of historic fate that rulers tend to ignore the claims of the people and come to serve ends of their own. The lust for power as power finally reaches the point of tyranny. Then revolutions occur. The French Revolution brought political feudalism to a close. Revolutionary movements all over Europe resulted in the dethronement of monarchs and the establishment of political republics. We are now entering another revolutionary era. Those who do not see this are blind as bats. Do you suppose that what men have done in the past men will not do again? Do you think this placid reign of "prosperity" will last forever? The System has but to order two things and rebellion would occur tomorrow: but let it order, "Kill Lawson" and "Make Peabody governor of Colorado." If we defrocked priests and dethroned kings once do you suppose that we are unable to free ourselves from economic tyranny?

The System is deeply intrenched. It has given to the world its ideals. A man is judged, is he not, by the property he owns and by his ability to display wealth? It was not always so. How has it come about? When recently I compared Rockefeller and Shakspeare I meant to show the difference between the ideals of the sixteenth century in London and the nineteenth century in Chicago. There was some show for artistic and literary genius under political feudalism, especially if it chanced that the poet accepted the feudal ideas of his time (as Shakspeare undoubtedly did: witness the fact that he never gave a "fate" to a common person). But the materialism of the System is such that we laud the blindly materialistic intellect and show our respect for success. How? By writing sonnets to our mistress' eyebrow? By staging the pageantry of our over-lords? Not now even by

these methods. We worship success by adding another dollar to our own hoard. The world, in short, is thoroughly commercialized and our God is Mammon. It is the will of the System that this should be so.

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The creators of ideals are naturally thoroughly Systemized. The greatest preacher is the man with the largest church and salary; the greatest school is one with the largest endowments; the press is subsidized as a matter of course. Do not suppose for a moment that the makers of the System have overlooked any possible means of support. The buying of legislatures, endowment of universities, investment in newspapers—these are all forms of social control. The cultural agencies are today purveyors of materialistic ideals. And it is the will of the System that the teachers of the people either maintain towards ideas an attitude of indifference, or, if they promulgate ideas at all, they shall choose those which are remote or harmless. The real thinker—the kind Emerson referred to when he said “Beware when God lets loose a thinker on this planet”—is an altogether extinct species in our cultural centers.

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In the same way for the same reason art has abdicated its right to think. You found in the art department of the St. Louis Exposition display of technical skill, sense for color harmony, objective force, and—what else? “A greater number of square yards of mediocrity than have ever been brought together in the history of the world,” says a competent reporter. It is true: our artists are for the most part hopelessly commonplace, incompetent intellectually, ignorant sociologically. Blood doesn’t come from turnips. Ideas require the nurture of great experience. Art never has been and never will be a function of the dollar. The System gets what it pays for—and that is all it wants and all it gets.

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Tomorrow the redemption of the world will begin. Even shrewd business men are preparing for the change—a change which some believe will come five years hence. It is surprising to find this belief common among those who are accustomed to business calculations. A radical democrat will probably be the leader of the movement on its political side. Wilshire’s “Let the nation own the trusts” represents the first stage of evolution.

National ownership of industries is strictly in accord with historic logic. When kingship reached its historic climax the people said. "Let the nation own the throne." Some heads were lost and some property was confiscated. The people took possession even though the kings and their conservative associates declared that no commoner could be found to do the king-business. The commoners bungled, but they had their way. In some way or other economic independence will be achieved. After that it is idle to speculate. The trust principle is not applicable to intellectual, artistic, or spiritual realms. In these fields individualism must necessarily rule. Genius is as the wind, and is not to be confined.

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The line of future growths is clearly evidenced. The psychical activity of the time is truly extraordinary—almost its most conspicuous feature. Many signs point to an awakening of the soul such as has occurred but once or twice in the world's history. "A time will come," says Maeterlinck, "when our souls will know each other without the intermediary of the senses. Certain it is that there passes not a day but the soul adds to its ever-widening domain. A spiritual epoch is upon us; an epoch to which a certain number of analogies are found in history. For there are periods recorded, when the soul, in obedience to unknown laws, seemed to rise to the very surface of humanity, whence it gave clearest evidence of its existence and of its power."

In Carlyle's *Gospel of Work* will be found texts for the new ministry of service. "What hast thou done and how?" cries out the prophet. "Happiness, unhappiness: all that was but the wages thou hadst; thou hast spent all that, in sustaining thyself hitherward; not a coin of it remains with thee; it is all spent, eaten; and now thy work, where is thy work? Swift, out with it; let us see thy work!"

Long ago Richard Wagner formulated the principles of the new music as Walt Whitman laid down the lines of new poetry. Said Whitman to "Poets to come": "Not today is to justify me but you, a new brood, native, athletic, continental, greater than before known." Ruskin and Morris, indicating the close relationship between art and life, are prophetic of the art forms of the future. "By art, I mean," said Morris, "the pleasure of life." The easel picture intended only for exhibition purposes is doomed to disappear. At St. Louis, for the first time in the history of exhibitions, the arts, the fine and industrial, appeared together

under the inclusive conception: "He who has worked with conviction and knowledge is deserving of respect in proportion as his work is worthy."

In education the new tendency is for "integral" or "organic" education—terms employed by Kropotkin and Henderson and Dewey. The truest education to be found in the United States today, in kind at least, is that given to negroes at Tuskegee. "Education and the Larger Life" by C. Hanford Henderson represents the most advanced conception in this field.

Charles Wagner's "The Simple Life" is symptomatic of the disease called civilization.

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To report the incidents of the development of the modern movement toward democracy may be said to be the object of this magazine.

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For my own part, speaking generally and with reference to the lessons of history, I prefer the French method of complete rebuilding to the English method of attaching lean-tos to the original structure. Tennyson with characteristic conservatism condemns the "red fool-fury" of the French and lauds instead his own land of settled government "where freedom slowly broadens down from precedent to precedent." Yes, but look at results. French civilization is the highest in Europe—in the world, for that matter. Paris is the most democratic of cities. It is homogeneous, rational, carefully planned. It exists for its inhabitants. London is a night-mare of cities, a blotch on the map, a city by chance, with sections for the poor and others for the rich, a city so tragic in its misfits and so irrational in its control that one wonders how the people exist at all. Here are typical instances: In widening the Strand recently the London Council left two churches standing in the middle of the street to encumber it forever. They remain there without rhyme or reason. There are forty-eight other churches as good in the district burned over by the London fire. In the interest of improvement Paris swept away its encumbering memorials without a qualm. Compare Westminster Abbey and the French Pantheon as national memorials; the one cluttered with bizarre and disgusting tombs of nobodies; the other cleared of every vestige of former uses and adorned by the mural paintings of the great French artists, its vaults for the repose of the dead being below and out of sight.

The greatness of France springs from her rationalism and power of imagination. What is called conservatism is frequently just stupidity, arising from want of reason and imagination. When a people is without vision it perishes from inability to think and to act. When conception is clear and undimmed a people becomes liberal. If the issues in this country are to be construed in terms of liberalism and conservatism then let us understand what these terms mean.

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The French people have the courage of their feelings. It is often more necessary to feel right than to think right.

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Enthusiasm is the force that moves the world. A young man, burning with enthusiasm, came into the presence of Bernard Shaw (O Pshaw!) and was rebuffed by a cynical remark concerning his "shining face." Shaw was brutal but descriptive. Browning in "A Death in the Desert" used a similar conception, "stung by the splendor of a sudden thought." New ideas are rising in the mind of this age, giving to faces a shining quality. Have you seen Upton Sinclair? He is a young man with a "shining face."

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Lawson's articles are well named. Business has become a kind of insanity. Conditions are clearly pathological. Money making is an obsession of the mind. Once in an asylum I saw an insane man who had been a shoe-maker; he sat on a bench and pegged shoes all day long. In a recent case of business insanity the man wrote letters, sent telegrams, signed orders, made contracts, and otherwise conducted a large business and was mad all through. How much longer will the mind bear the stress of modern competitive business? I think if I were in business I should adulterate my goods as the easiest way of escape—and many do do that for that reason. •

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It comes to the same thing whether you are a mad man in a sane world or a sane man in a mad world.

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Life itself is greater than theories about it.

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The season of the Great Annual Swap is with us again. We prate of peace on earth and good will to men—and go out and

do our Christmas "shopping." We are the victims of trade—the trade habit, so to speak. "Shopping" is another obsession of the mind, a form of insanity. It has no relation to good-will or any other human ideal. Christmas exists purely and solely in the interest of the System. Honestly acknowledge the sordid fact: then pause to consider how far the soul of man has been subdued to material things.

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WANTED: A complete and inexpensive edition of the writings of William Morris. As published at present Morris's works fill over forty volumes and their expense is practically prohibitive of ownership. There is more light to break forth from Morris than from any other of the modern prophets.

## Love's Mutiny

By GERTRUDE BRESLAU HUNT

O traitors, traitors all to me,  
 Betraying what I strive to hide;  
 My stubborn feet that will *not* flee,  
 My cheeks' swift crimsoning tide;

My trembling hands I charge with blame,  
 My eyes that will flash out their joy,  
 Then frightened, drop with sudden shame;  
 Such bitterness is love's alloy.

My faltering tongue and fluttering heart,  
 My rapid rising, falling chest;  
 My smothered sigh and guilty start,  
 Each seem to tell the story best.

My vibrant tones that will not run  
 In calm and steady measures now;  
 All, all are traitors, every one  
 Proclaim what lips must disavow.

# A Disciple of Nietzsche

By NANCY HALL MUSSELMAN

**H**APPILY our world is not small. In it there is room for the jester, the philosopher, the genius, each of whom has a mission, each of whom has a goal. A curious mixing of parts seems, however, to have taken place when a jester like Bernard Shaw meets a genius like Friedrich Nietzsche on the common ground of a common philosophy, and with a slap on the knee calls out to him that he is a good fellow, on the right road. Nietzsche could hardly have foretold such cordiality from such a source.

For if there was one thing of which this modern German was convinced, it was of the seriousness of himself and his over-man. His mission, he could have sworn, was to bring fire into the world, the heat of new thought and knowledge, not to set a dish for the king of laughers. And so the world has enrolled him a grave prophet, laughter being, perhaps, the very last thing one would naturally think of in connection with him. But the very essence of the comic is the unexpected, and Bernard Shaw is a comedian. He is that before he is a reformer or a philosopher even, dear as the dream of his comprehension is to him, and is as serious as his muse will let him be when he takes into his heart this doctrine of beyond-man. The difficulty is that the habit of old laughter is strong in him, and reverence is not a quality of the light-minded. Nor will he allow himself to be touched by the reverential attitude of the world. From a man who has nothing but contempt for Shakspere, and a jovial sort of fellowship for Wagner, Nietzsche could hardly have looked for any exceptional degree of veneration.

Yet the wonder is how laughter can unblushingly juggle with a faith that has been bought at so dear a price. Not half a generation ago, in Germany, the sun rose and set upon a young man frenzied with genius. He was brilliant, eager, unflagging, bold. His face towards those things which have been called unknowable, Friedrich Nietzsche was working with fatal energy. The days were not long enough for him; night, too, was made a working-time. At last sleep, which he had once not wanted, refused to come, and the first danger sign was raised. But he did not heed it. As though driven by something outside himself, he must go on laboring, studying, searching for "something incomprehensible, hidden, mysterious, knowing, that, in the end, he will have his own morning, his own deliverance, his own dawn of day." Down into the darkness of pessimism he had gone, now he was swinging back towards hope. Was this a time for relaxation? His creed of salvation came forth at last



in Zarathustra, "speaking the wisdom got from mountains, from the brooks and trees." He had found the over-man. But the crown had no brow to rest upon. Friedrich Nietzsche had become incurably insane. He had strained too far towards truth; his body charred, burnt through by the fire of his soul, the genius became the gibbering maniac.

And it is the creed of this man that Bernard Shaw, in his "Man and Superman," has presented to the public with a jocoseness that is almost "horse-play." This is his way of popularizing, spreading a doctrine which he takes as good. The weapon of laughter has always been a strong, reformatory one, ridding the world often of just those evils which nothing else could touch, but this use of it to promulgate a serious thought by laughing at that same thought is, fortunately, not common. To know himself uncommon may be extremely gratifying to a man of Mr. Shaw's build, but the honor of such an act is still doubtful. Though he may fancy himself illustrious as a messenger and disciple, working for the glory of his master, he is, in truth, one of his worst detractors. His own belief in Nietzsche's divine over-man is worth nothing—except as a curious example of a man who adapts all things to suit his own mental caliber. To Nietzsche and to the world, he has been guilty of an offense.

For, the acceptance of his creed is not the best thing that can be given a man. Old fashioned justice might be worth more. And to Friedrich Nietzsche, one can fancy any other thing might justly be offered except this coarse laughter. Scorn, hate, love, contempt might have been his portion. To many, indeed, he seems to have touched the holy with desecrating fingers, to have torn ruthlessly at the white garment of the glory of Christ, but of the sin of levity he was never guilty. Of that at least he was innocent. He was crucified even by his seriousness. He laid the large gift of his whole, serious self upon the altar of his work.

The philosophy of Nietzsche will not be of eternal or supreme value. We shall grow beyond it, and we shall also find a higher wisdom in the genius that is held closer to sanity, but one thing in him is worthy of lasting regard. This seriousness, of purpose, of thought, of life, should bring from the world something better than the laugh which would seek to persuade but yet lightens where it goes. That for which a man gives his life should not be turned into froth, and held to grinning lips. Other prophets have been betrayed, but where else do we find a disciple who has done the deed with laughter.

# Literary Style

By CLARENCE S. DARROW



**M**OST young people, and not a few past middle life, are ever anxious about the style of their speech or composition. Fondly they pore over the writings of some favorite author and wish they might express themselves as gracefully as the language of the printed page. If it could only be remembered that ideas came before words, it might aid in the vexed question of literary art. No doubt an effete and over-cultured civilization has done much to substitute style for substance, and

to confound words with ideas. In this, our schools and colleges have lent their best and most elaborate service. In fact, until very recent times the chief function of colleges and schools has been to give young men a training that would furnish them the frills and flourishes for making sounding sentences or accurately rounded periods. Whether the thought to be conveyed was of much importance, or whether the maze of language was a mere stringing of words without ideas has ever been of secondary importance, if indeed of any concern whatever.

The college-bred writer or speaker can always save himself the pains of elaborately explaining that he has taken a degree. His dialect shows his literary genesis as unmistakably as the broken sentences of an emigrant reveal the fact that he has just landed from an ocean steamer. The University graduate has suffered the fate of the feet of the Chinese girl. He has been so thoroughly molded that he can no more get beyond the little groove in which the four narrow walls so long confined him than he could make a journey to the moon. True, if he was not too infinitely stupid in the beginning and has lived out the four years of his course, he can write a page, or a thousand pages, that only an expert could distinguish from Macaulay. In fact, it is Macaulay with here and there a touch of Cicero and Virgil, of Horace and Tacitus, to show that the English classics alone have not been "mastered"—or rather "masticated"—by the student. But the written page is after all only the great extended fan of the peacock's tail, and when the rainbow-plumage is plucked the flesh and bone are scarce large enough to hold the flaming feathers with which he has decked a lean and sickly thing.

Here the colleges and schools have served the purpose of the milliner and dressmaker with the vain lady. They have so decked and bespangled that nothing but the tawdry raiment can be seen.

This is one of the chief reasons why mankind has ever been compelled to get its words from the colleges, and its ideas from the great world outside.

To return once more to the real use of words. Long before human language was evolved, the rude savage had his knowledge and his thoughts of things. This knowledge came from the great nature all unexplored and unexplained, of whose life he was so small a part. Slowly through the ages he found words to tell of his desires and needs, to tell of his emotions and his thoughts, to convey his own impressions to others of his kind. He did not evolve language to learn of things. Words had no other use except to convey ideas. Of course with the development of his rude taste he learned to decorate his language as he learned to talk, and finally clothe his body, and these decorations, crude and fantastic, were the origin of the elaborate style of the cultivated men of letters of today. Civilization has gone forward from the primitive man. It has moved onward in a zig-zag line, sometimes for the better, sometimes for the worse. The crude tattooing and uncouth clothing of the early savage would not pass muster in the millinery stores of the twentieth century, neither would the adornment of primitive speech appeal to the cultured stylist of today. The milliner would see more beauty in the naked form, and the college professor would find a better style in the plainest words that told the simplest wants, but still, neither are content with the origin or the decoration of the savage man.

The professional "wordist," like the professional modiste, needs must adorn, and successive generations devoted to the style of decoration have constantly tended to make fashions more elaborate and complex. This is true in all schools of art. It is ever true, with increasing force, until some great master is strong enough to break through all forms and decorations and come back to the simple and unadorned.

Learned language-jugglers have so long elaborated and mystified by the arrangement of words that endless pains are taken to learn vocabularies unrelated to any facts of life. It is not enough to know one's mother tongue, but all the other tongues must be known as well; and not content with this, the languages of ancient times must be studied and explored for long lists of words which past generations outgrew and left behind as completely as the rudimentary organs of the body that once performed a service, but are not now adapted to the changed life and form of man.

The world is very old in its use of words. From the time of the first rude chattering of the chimpanzee down to the present day, all speaking things have been adding to its store, until, in almost any language men can speak, there are words to express all the thoughts that can be conceived by human mind. It may easily be admitted that words have many and various shades of meaning, and that perhaps a scholar might be so astute as to learn that no two words convey precisely the same thought. But the

world will not be saved or humanity pushed far forward by splitting hairs. And if it were admitted, as it might well be, that the longest lifetime would in no way suffice to learn the shades of meaning of all the words of any one language, the case of the "wordist" is in no wise strengthened, but made rather the more absurd. No doubt a long life may be given to studying words, as many long lives have been so given, thanks to our schools, and at the end the devoted student finds himself with a store of words, but no ideas to be conveyed. His whole vocabulary is but useless rubbish which the schools have dumped upon his hands.

The young man who would be an orator, or a writer, must first of all have something worth while to say. No array of simple words, however sounding, or from whatever source derived, can take the place of thoughts that are worth the while to tell. Without ideas, as well be born dumb; aye, better, too, for then the world will be saved the din of your senseless chatter raised with all the rest. The world stands in no need of words, but it sorely needs real thoughts. In fact, never in its history has there been a time that the world had not need of thoughts, and never a time when it would not turn from all the stylists and professors on earth and stand with open ears and mouths for the utterance of some soul who bears a message to an ever-famished world. The man who really has a truth to tell, a truth that is vital to the world, need never fear that he will want for words. Even though he were born dumb, still he would fashion a new language made of signs and symbols, and the world would somehow hear the message that were his to give.

The student who repines about his style, or who goes to colleges and schools to learn the use of endless words before he has ideas to be conveyed, is like the man who would build a smelter for purifying gold before he had found any mineral in the earth. Language is learned as we learn to walk; though the child has never seen a book he gets his words almost as he learns to breathe; in fact, he never knows that he learns at all. But to the child the whole broad universe is an open book—a book more rare than any penned by hand—and whichever way he turns there is a new lesson to be learned and a new truth perhaps for the first time to be told to a waiting world. And the philosopher and the wise man is a simple child, however long he lives, for he is a humble seeker for truth, an eager learner from whatever source, and he has neither time nor inclination to seem anything but the simple, wondering child he is.

From all of this it does not follow that there is no such thing as literary art, or that all methods of expression are equally good or bad. Endless are the ways of conveying the simplest thoughts by means of words, and no two ways are of exactly equal value, and no school can teach by rule or precept or example which way is best. But, bearing in mind the central thought, that the use, and the

only use, of language is to convey ideas, it must follow that the plainest, simplest, shortest story is always best. And right here it is that the colleges have done the greatest harm. It is only the most consummate art that can take the place of the real and true. It is only those who are the most truly cultured and refined that can come the nearest to the plain and simple life. Most of the teaching must be lived through and overcome before art can be called back to the honest nature that all the frills and foibles of civilization have adorned and decked until it is a tawdry, vulgar thing. The unconscious child, the simple man burdened with a great mission, or a great truth, forgets himself and is forgotten by all who listen to the message that he brings. It is the message, not the man, and no art or training but the precious possession of something vital to the world can give this power, which it were almost mockery to characterize as style.

The eager searcher after truth devotes all his powers to find this truth in the simplest, shortest way, and when the truth is found and fully understood his own zeal for the great prize he has to give will be all sufficient to make him find the shortest way, the easiest way, and above all to use no ornament or art that can in any manner befog or hide the precious truth that it is his great privilege to give the world.

The man with arts and words and no message to convey needs must build a cardboard house, must arrange with care and precision the worthless lumber that he bought at school so that the hollow, bare inside may be concealed. All his art and care is but a vain striving for effect, an attempt to build from empty air some pleasing mirage that shall take the place of real, substantial things.

As the man possessed of vital truth will not waste a moment of his precious time on vacant forms, so, too, when he tells this truth to the listening world, he will waste no time in the effort for effect. He will introduce his subject first, and in the shortest time will affirm something about the subject introduced. He will use few adjectives or modifying clauses or involved sentences, but go direct to the heart of things and leave the truth clear and naked and living to impress itself upon the mind.

The devotee of truth must have learned some language at his mother's knee: this, to him, is as natural as the home where he was reared and the companions of his youth. In this language will he fashion into words the thoughts and knowledge of his brain. He need never fear that whatever was his mother-tongue it will not prove rich enough to convey all the lessons that he can ever teach the world. Even were it to be admitted that by exploring foreign tongues he might here and there find some more subtle word, still, his message must be conveyed to the people of his time and land, and he must speak to them in the tongue they know.

There are no fixed rules of rhetoric or oratory or prosody or

even grammar. Words and their combinations are ever changing and being modified to meet new conditions and altered tastes. No one has the right to make a grammar, much less a rhetoric; what is correct or incorrect in dress is a matter of taste and nothing else. Of course in literature, as in every other field of life, a few have set themselves up as the most competent to judge, the authorities as to the correctness of the grammar or the taste of expression, and of course these few are the ones whose time and money have given them leisure to arrange words, as the expert trickster may arrange cards, and the magazines and the more pretentious papers are ready to conform to the fashion that they set. But all of this by no means gives them the right to fix the fashion of language, or to say what form is the clearest and most expressive for the original, but well-nigh forgotten, use of language, the conveyance of ideas.

But in whatever age of the world, the mere stylist has spoken to only a very few, and his voice has never reached beyond his time and place. Somehow, in spite of all the false forms and conventions of the world, the real message has never passed unheard, and now, as ever, the great need is not the ability to find words to express ideas, but the sense to feel and understand the great common mother who in all lands and ages has reserved her message for those rare souls who could forget all other sounds as they held their ear reverently to her throbbing heart. No soul who feels the consciousness that it has ever caught any portion of this divine sympathy will ever fear his power to repeat the message to the world.

Job and Isaiah and Jeremiah and Jesus never studied Latin or Greek. In fact, they knew but little of what was taught by the schools of the day in which they lived, but all of these had drawn so close to nature's heart that down to the end of time the world will know and understand the truths they taught, and will translate the simple language that they spoke into all the babbling tongues that men have used to interpret nature's life.

The man who listens honestly and reverently will hear rightly and transcribe simply and honestly; and unless he so listens, "though he speak as with the tongue of angels yet will his words be but tinkling brass and sounding cymbals."

# A Man

By CHARLES E. RUSSELL

A shambling figure, forward bent, and worn,  
    With sad eyes searching something in the dust ;  
    A wallet, streaked with uncouth stains and rust,  
Half-filled with leaves, across his shoulders borne.  
    And ever gathering these with busy care,  
Dead leaves of power and promise, gain and lust,  
The silver-cinctured spirits of his morn,  
    That gave him dreams and made his pathway fair,  
    Leave him forlorn.

Shadows of yearning and a vague unrest,  
    Strange chartings of vain voyages in space,  
    And scribblings of the tears, where you may trace  
The story fairly writ of gainless quest.  
    And, fumbling with his leaves, you still surmise,  
    From some half-hidden twitchings of this face,  
Or where at times one hovering hand is prest,  
    Red burnings of the unbalmed wound that lies  
    Within his breast.

Bird-song and cloud-drift, and he knows them naught.  
    Gold on the slopes, gold on the bound-up sheaves,  
    Sheen on the hills the spendthrift summer weaves,  
Pearls of the dawn the lily-leaf has caught,  
    And he will none. But while he clutches fast  
Some crumbling handful of his leaves, dead leaves,  
The wind has heard his prayers with sorrow fraught,  
    The stars have seen the furrowed face upcast,  
    In furtive thought.

And though he walk in crowds he walks alone,  
    Half-blind for all the beauties of the day,  
    Half-dead for all the winds and wings may say,  
Half-dumb for any arm about him thrown.  
    Forth looking through his eyes as prison bars  
Within he has no kind or kindred—yea,  
For all the tender hands his hand hath known,  
    For all the voices and for all the stars—  
    Alone!

# Russell's Twin Immortalities

By THE EDITOR

**P**OETRY is still a living force in this land. The poet is still, as Shelley said, arbiter and true legislator. What is better, he is still the liberator.

A poet who does not aim to be arbiter and legislator has no excuse for writing at this present crisis. The times call imperatively for men who understand the slavery of our conditions and can open the path to freedom. Great God! Is there no escape from the grinding spiritual poverty of this age of frenzied wealth?

There are men living who are gifted with the sense for rhyme, who understand the harmony of things, who yet live remote from others, who set down their rhymes in entire forgetfulness of duty to mankind, who idle their moments in vain dreams and sweet imaginings. Their service is to themselves alone. They are spiritual cowards in a world of strife.

There is a better way—the way of larger social service. It is the way found by Mrs. Gilman in her volume "In This Our World." It is the way of Edwin Markham in his "Man With the Hoe" and other poems. It is the way of Wallace Rice in his stirring "Ballads of Valor and Victory." It is the way of Charles E. Russell's new volume of poems called "Twin Immortalities."

"Twin Immortalities" represents the union of high art, ripened knowledge, and right feeling: a combination so unusual as to claim the attention of both the technical expert and the "general reader."

In point of its art, the volume illustrates the truth of Walter Pater's dictum that all art constantly aspires towards the condition of music, music being the typical ideally perfect form of art. Following Swinburne, Sidney Lanier and Henley, Russell translates music into poetry, using such poetic forms as best represent the varied moods and movements of the musical symphony. Russell has studied Lanier's "Science of English Verse" to good purpose. He is himself, I judge, a musician. The critical expert will find this side of the work nearly flawless. However, if mere technical excellence were all in this volume worth mentioning its review would hardly be called for in this column.

Joined to art is knowledge. "The literary artist," says Pater again, "is of necessity a scholar, and in what he proposes to do will have in mind, first of all, the scholar and the scholarly conscience." Russell is not a tyro. He knows words and their meanings. He has lived, studied, and traveled widely. Immersed in business and affairs he has had time for music and Italy and learning. But, as with his art, he is not mastered by these things. There is a finer spirit beyond which uses art and culture as means.



It is significant that the poet to whom he shows most kinship and for whom he has most affection is Shelley—Shelley the “sun-treader,” the free soul.

The main merit, its popular quality, lies in the spirit of the poet, his attitude, his rebelliousness, his democracy, his love of the people. It almost seems sometimes that the democratic spirit has gone from this land. Who stands for the people against the encroachments of the “system”? Who besides Markham blows the undaunted bugles, stirs the blood with call to battle? This volume of Russell’s is dedicated to Emile Loubet, President of the French Republic, who is called “foremost democrat of these times.” That is a good beginning. One finds the symphonic poems instinct with the new spirit of revolution. The poem “Man” may be quoted entire. What a pitiful tragedy it represents. To think that our age has everything and yet it has nothing, that it gathers dead leaves of “power and promise, gain and lust” and is not satisfied.

## Fame

Well, as to Fame, who strides the earth  
With that long horn she loves to blow,  
I know a little of her worth,  
And I will tell you what I know—  
This London once was middle sea,  
These hills were plains within the past,  
They will be plains again, and we,  
Poor devils, babble “we shall last.”

# Lessons of the Election

A SYMPOSIUM

## Democracy vs. Plutocracy

By WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

*Written for To-Morrow and The Commoner*



THE questions for consideration at this time are, what lesson does the election teach? and what of the future? The defeat of Judge Parker should not be considered a personal one; he was a victim of unfavorable conditions and a mistaken party policy. His gold telegram, as it was called, while embarrassing to the Democrats of the West and South, was applauded by the Eastern press. He had the cordial endorsement of Mr. Cleveland, who certified that the party had returned to "safety and sanity;" he had

the support of the Democratic papers which bolted in 1896, and he also had the aid of nearly all of those who were prominent in the campaigns of 1896 and 1900, and yet his defeat is greater than the party suffered in either of those years.

It is unquestionable also that Judge Parker's defeat was not local but general—the returns from the Eastern states being as disappointing as those from the West. The re-organizers were in complete control of the party; the verdict against their plan was a unanimous one. Surely silver cannot be blamed for this defeat, for the campaign was run on a gold basis; and the trusts were not assailed as vigorously this year as they were four years ago. The result was due to the fact that the Democratic party attempted to be conservative in the presence of conditions which demand radical remedies. It sounded a partial retreat when it should have ordered a charge all along the line. In 1896 the line was drawn for the first time during the present generation between plutocracy and Democracy which alienated a large number of plutocratic Democrats, and drew to the Democratic party a large number of earnest advocates of reform whose attachment to these reforms is much stronger than attachment to any party name. The Republican party occupies the conservative position. To win the support of the plutocratic element of the country the Democratic party would have to become more plutocratic than the Republican and it could not do this without losing several times as many voters as that course would win. The Democratic party has nothing to gain by catering to organized and predatory wealth,

but it can strengthen itself by inviting the open and emphatic opposition of these elements.

The Southern Democrats were so alarmed by the race issue that they listened, rather reluctantly be it said to their credit, to the promises of success held out by those who had contributed to the defeat of the party in the two preceding campaigns. The experiment has been a costly one, and it is not likely to be repeated during the present generation. The Eastern Democrats were also deceived. They were led to believe that the magnates and monopolists who coerced the voters in 1896 and supplied an enormous campaign fund in both 1896 and 1900, would help the Democratic party if our party would be only less radical. The corporation press aided in this deception, and even the Republican papers professed an unselfish desire to help build up the Democratic party. The election has opened the eyes of hundreds of thousands of honest and well meaning Democrats who a few months ago favored a reorganization of the party. These men now see that they must either go into the Republican party or join with the Democrats of the West and South in making the Democratic party a positive, aggressive and progressive reform organization. There is no middle ground.

The writer did what he could to prevent the reorganization of the Democratic party; when he failed in this he did what he could to aid Parker and Davis in order to secure such reforms—and there were some vital ones—promised by their election. Now he will assist in organizing the campaign of 1908. It does not matter so much who the nominee may be.

The party must continue to protest against the large army and against the large navy, and to stand for the independence of the Filipinos, for imperialism adds the menace of militarism to the corrupting influence of commercialism and yet experience shows that however righteous the party's position on the subject, the injustice done to the Filipinos is not resented as it should be or as we resent a wrong done to ourselves.

The party must also maintain its position on the tariff question; it must renew its demand for an income tax; it must maintain its position in favor of bimetalism. But the trust question presents the most acute phase of the contest between democracy and plutocracy. The president virtually admits that the trusts contributed to his campaign fund, but he denies that they received any promises of aid or immunity. No one can answer the logic of Judge Parker's arraignment of trust contributions. The trusts are run on business principles. They do not subscribe millions of dollars to campaigns unless they are paying for favors already granted or purchasing favors for future delivery. The weakness of Judge Parker's position was that the charge was made at the close of the campaign when it was neutralized by a counter charge. The Democratic party must make its attack upon the trusts so vehement that no one will suspect of secret aid from

them. It will be to its advantage if it will begin the next campaign with an announcement that no trust contributions will be accepted and then prove its sincerity by giving the public access to its contribution list. "Death to every private monopoly," must be the slogan of the party in this question; any other position is a surrender.

The party must continue its defense of the interests of the wage-earners; it must protect them from the encroachments of capital. The people at large have an interest in the just settlement of labor controversies; for that reason they must insist upon remedial legislation in regard to hours and arbitration, and they must so limit the authority of the courts in contempt cases as to overthrow what is known as government by injunction. The party must continue its opposition to national banks of issue, and must insist upon divorcing the treasury department from Wall street. The party must continue its fight for the popular election of senators and for direct legislation wherever the principle can be applied. It must advance to the consideration of new questions as they arise.

We must have a government administered according to the Jeffersonian maxim of "Equal rights to all and special privileges to none." Hope and duty point the way. To doubt the success of our cause is to doubt the triumph of the right, for ours is and must be the cause of the masses. "With malice toward none and charity for all" let us begin the campaign of 1908; let us appeal to the moral sentiment of the country and arraign the policies of the Republican party before the bar of the public conscience.

## The Populist View

By JAMES H. FERRISS  
*National Chairman People's Party*



THE vote cast in November for candidates who stood for something gives notice that the people are ready to move. In recent times they have not been so nearly of one opinion politically.

Our own party had been demoralized and discouraged by eight years of rivalry with the Democratic party. Our committee had a campaign fund of \$2,000. Under the circumstances, the radical parties obtained as many votes as could be reasonably estimated, for the voting habit, the homing instinct, loyalty to fellows or party is strong with patriotic people. And what can a national committee do with \$2,000? A million postage stamps cost \$20,000. The latter sum would not go any too far in making an impression upon 14,000,000 voters.

The Republican party obtained a great majority, but its leaders are not enthusiastic. There has been no general jollification, no fireworks. Do they not realize the party rests upon an uncertain foundation—that this trust issue is so large Mr. Roosevelt must take action quickly with Roosevelt strenuosity, or the party splits?

And why should it not? Like an invading army descending upon them in a night, the trust is here picketing the highways, raiding the kitchens, looting the treasures, and drafting the able-bodied. Its sentinels and spies are in the counting rooms and sanctuaries. Under pay and in uniform their servants crowd the halls of legislature, sit upon the bench, and guide the hand of the executive. Its stamps are upon the tea.

Private corporations, trusts, mergers, combines and pools have assumed the functions of government. They command, demand and enforce their decrees and tax the people out of all proportion compared to anything in kingcraft. In what respect are monarchies more tyrannical than the meat trust? or the lumber trust? or the harvester trust? George the Third did not tax the people with more severity, was no more despotic than King Rogers of the Standard Oil and his generals and colonels of life insurance, trust companies, banking trusts, gas, copper, electric roads and steam roads.

Americans are not a submissive people. True, there were signs and rumors of the invasion, but the development in this new science of robbery by law and combination came so rapidly, and

it was so unusual, the inhabitants were surprised in their sleep. But one surprise does not make a spring, and the people are not wholly in the possession of the trusts. Our knowledge of the various inhabitants of this soil, aboriginal, colonial and recent, is sufficient. Something will be done with these predatory gentlemen somehow and sometime. Shall the oppressors be overthrown at the earliest moment and with the most lasting effect is now the national issue.

In a general way humanity is divided between radicals and conservatives; the hopeful and trustful, the doubtful and suspicious. The first strives for progress and improvement, and here assemble the patriots. Here are found those noble souls ready to do and to die. La Follette belongs here, and Folk and Jerome, as much so as Watson, Bryan, Hearst, Tom Johnson, Lentz or St. John. In the other division gather the men who use party for their own purposes—exploiters, grafters, tax-eaters, place-hunters principally. A famous newspaper man denied that he had said “all of an opposing party were horse thieves,” but contended that he did say and still believed that all horse thieves were members of that party. All voters are not in their proper sphere today, but the situation is becoming more clearly defined. The adjustment will be more favorable, correct and proper in 1908. The Republican party is a party of general intelligence, courage and action, but every port and loophole is in possession of the Trust. The Democratic party contains many rough and ready Jacksonians, the noblest of the land, but what hope of progress is there in either party?

Should the radicals capture another Democratic convention, the conservative element (regular or bolting) would again defeat them. Round and round they go, submission and defeat, defeat and submission. Here is one instance where history is a faithful repeater. The party is merely a game pie prepared with remnants of many political dinners and a few rabbits. Here are found the most radical of radicals, the most conservative of conservatives, and all shading betwixt and between, contending with each other, neutralizing, defaming, slaughtering, but it is never one harmonious pie. Under the crust itself Democrats find their deadliest opponents, their own most bitter antagonists, and they obstruct, wrangle, and “do up” each other more fiercely than they assail the common enemy. Their individual sympathies are more largely with the Republicans and other outsiders than with their own wrangling pie-mates and insiders. Has it not been so forty years? Does not this internal violence increase with each succeeding year? Is there any prospect of a change to come?

Should any considerable number of Democrats support a radical platform, and give the public CONFIDENCE in some manner that they would remain true to the principles, come weal or woe, then other radicals in my opinion would join with them and enter into the work enthusiastically. The populists have ever

been kind and generous in this respect, but Mr. Bryan made a mistake at St. Louis, his greatest, and he must so feel it.

To overcome the Republican party another party will require a large number of Republican votes. Populists have so understood this at times, Democrats never. Those more obedient to gavel rule than their principles cannot pull voters very far.

Let the exploiters of mankind vote as many tickets as they may select. Consumers and producers, Populists, Bryan and Hearst Democrats, La Follette Republicans, Single Taxers, Prohibitionists, the reasonable Socialists, religious and well meaning people at least, should vote but one. The Single Taxer's remedy may not cure all the ills of government, but he is headed in the right direction. The Prohibitionist is right at least in home rule or local option. The Populist attacks the money trust, the king pin of all trusts, and his victory will impede no other progressive movement. Public ownership of public utilities is not all a Socialist demands, but it is a commencement. All agree on the referendum. Bryan, Watson, Hearst and St. John believe in the same platform, talk the same things word for word. They should work in harmony as against those who oppose progress.

If Bryan and Hearst alone had left the St. Louis convention, and no others from the hall, Parker's vote in size would have been much like the vote of Debs. If they come out this time, come now, the country will witness the great political revulsion of this age. If they do not come, Populists will continue the course, co-operating with all willing souls, persuading all to take up the pure Democracy of Jefferson, never again to affiliate with the Belmonts or Hills. Mr. Watson is now speaking from city to city systematically throughout Georgia, with the determination to have his state gubernatorially and congressionally in the Populist column by 1906.

## The Socialist View

By WILLIAM MAILLY  
*National Secretary Socialist Party*



**G**IVEN certain social conditions under which class divisions and antagonisms are developed and encouraged, a growing pressure consequent upon the operation of inexorable economic laws, an increasingly intelligent and militant working class, and a Socialist movement becomes not only possible but imperative. All these accessories are present in the United States and a Socialist party, thoroughly organized in every avenue of political activity, is the natural consequence.

The Socialist party is the concrete expression of a definite purpose gripping itself upon the minds of men, filling their hearts with hope and thrilling their souls with the sense of the impending realization of an age-long dream, a dream which could not be realized until the economic development of society had justified it and an awakening working class compelled it.

Following fast upon the heels of capitalist adventure and exploitation wherever extended, reaching into every part of this country and the world, permeating all classes with its revolutionary message and significance, the Socialist party gathers to itself the most vital elements in each class, welds them together into a compact organization dominated and controlled primarily by the working class, and moves irresistibly toward the consummation of the world's freedom.

The work of this organization has only begun. It is not sufficient that its political machinery operates now in every state and territory; that political machinery must be so adjusted and perfected that the open or insidious attacks of its enemies cannot prevail against it. And the same dauntless energy and devotion characteristic of the working class and which persevered through the past years against innumerable obstacles and made it possible for a half million votes for Socialism to be registered this year, will meet every emergency, fill every demand and overcome all the opposition the future may bring, ensuring the final triumph of the cause within the life of the present generation.

The Socialist is the only practical idealist, just as the Socialist movement is the only practical one because it is based upon material facts which are at the basis of human life. The Socialist knows that agitation with tongue or pen will go for naught unless there is a political organization to crystallize what results from



agitation into definite form at the ballot box. He uses the weapons ready at hand, the most effective weapons to use, and through them will wrest the government from the ruling capitalist class and accomplish thereby the ownership by the people of the means upon which the people depend.

The Socialist vote is therefore more than a demand for change. It is a revolution in action. It is the change itself.

## An Artistic View

By B. K. MUNKITTRICK

What surprises us most  
As high artward we trot,  
Are the things that succeed  
And the things that do not.

A book that is trash  
All the public will seek;  
A play that's superb  
Will not run for a week.

The perfect success  
And the failure, alas!  
Prove equally that  
The great Public's an ass.

# A Christmas Rejection

By CHARLOTTE TELLER

He was a little old man with a shabby bag; everything about him suggested shyness—his eyes hiding under bushy eyebrows, his collar buttoned tight about his neck, and his coat-sleeves that slipped down over his hands.

"No, sir," he said as he handed his manuscript to the Editor, "I've never written before, although I'm a student. But it's Christmas time and there are—there are certain expenses at that time, even when one is quite alone in the world." His voice grew less hesitant—"My theory is new, and I have——"

The Editor had been glancing over the papers in his hand. "Sorry," he said, "can't use this."

He saw the old man's hand tremble in unfastening the bag, and he grew more personal—"It's good, you know, but just a little too learned for us. You might try a magazine—the 'Geological Review.'"

The old man looked from behind his bushy eyebrows; he was still struggling with the catch of the bag: "You are very kind, sir, but"—he hesitated—"I should have to wait some time for the—for the remuneration. I need a little ready money just now—tomorrow being, as I said before, Christmas. I—I could hardly wait for the—a—the recognition of a magazine."

He bowed with dignity and went out and down the stairs.

At the bottom he sat down and leaned his head against the wall. "Nobody wants it. It's good, but nobody wants it. Christmas expenses"—he spoke feebly—"Christmas expenses—breakfast, perhaps dinner—a place to sleep." He closed his eyes.

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"Who did they take off in the ambulance a while ago?" asked the Editor.

"Some old man down in the hall," said the office boy, as he put the last edition of the paper on the desk—"paralyzed or something."

# Musical Culture in New York

By LEWIS M. ISAACS

The cultivation of the arts is a late development in civil life. In the early stages, the struggle for existence engages everyone. And it is only by degrees, as some few of the contestants prove their supremacy, that a leisure class is formed. The pursuit of the arts follows naturally; and as the leisure class grows in numbers and in influence, art development becomes more pronounced. The life of a large city, and especially an American city, is strongly set against an artistic atmosphere. Commercialism and art are mutually repugnant. And yet, in a great centre like New York, where the interests are as many and as diverse as the cosmopolitan character of the community would lead one to expect, there is often a vigorous growth of art culture alongside of the commercial development. Its very size helps. There is room for both.

A brief glance about New York reveals a marked development in recent years of aesthetic impulses. The magnificent homes of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and of the Public Library, still in the course of construction, the important changes in the everyday features of the city's landscape—the artistically designed lamp-posts and railings, the statues and memorials erected here and there to prominent men—the beautiful mansions which the wealthy are erecting in all quarters, the architectural splendor of some of the newer business buildings, for example the Clearing House, the Stock Exchange and the Custom House—these all point to a general spread of artistic taste. The art exhibitions and sales attract a body of interested lookers-on whose numbers are steadily and visibly increasing. The public libraries are thronged as they never were before by a crowd of eager searchers after knowledge.

But in music more than in any other branch of art has New York shown this advance. Not alone has the music-loving portion of the community increased very greatly, but the cultivation of the art in a serious way has been more and more pronounced. The first large effort to advance musical culture in New York was made by Theodore Thomas, whose activities in this city, commencing in the early sixties, were spread over a period of more than a quarter of a century. His popular concerts—and the name was not a mere empty epithet—were a powerful factor in the growth of musical appreciation. He always kept before him as his chief purpose the education of the popular taste for music, and the results of his judicious and intelligent ministering to it have been far-reaching and permanent. It is not too much to say that he created the Wagnerian cult in New York. When remonstrated with by some friend for his persistence in placing

Wagner's music on his programs, because the public did not like it, his response was: "Then they must hear it until they do." But with all his enthusiasm for Wagner and the other composers of the new school, whose works it was his pride to bring forward promptly, Thomas never lost his sense of proportion and fitness. The older masters received their full due from him. In short, Thomas' taste was catholic and liberal, and his programs reflected perfectly these characteristics.

Dr. Leopold Damrosch, who came to America in 1871, to lead the Arion Society of New York, soon proved himself a potent force in local musical activities. He founded the Oratorio and Symphony Societies, and through them introduced to the public many of the masterpieces of music. He organized the first German opera company at the Metropolitan Opera House, and was prevented only by his sudden death in 1885 from realizing the full results of his undertaking. He had succeeded, however, in laying firmly the foundations, and his successor, Anton Seidl, taking up the work where he dropped it, carried it on to a brilliant consummation.

Upon Thomas' removal to Chicago in 1888, Seidl became the chief figure in musical circles. He was not a controversialist, nor did he hold a brief for musical education as such. Simply by the strength of his genius he taught the public the best that was to be heard in the performance of modern music. His chief work undoubtedly was done behind the conductor's desk at the Metropolitan Opera House, where many of Wagner's music dramas were produced for the first time in this country under his baton. He gave them an authoritative reading which has ever since remained the standard. Seidl had a great deal of personal magnetism, and in his chosen field was unsurpassed. But he was not the man of broad tastes that Thomas was, and his sympathies were more narrowly defined.

The influence of these three men upon the musical community in New York has lasted, and is mainly responsible for the present high state of musical culture in New York. The Philharmonic Society, its most venerable and important musical body, enjoyed the benefit of having them each at its head during a considerable part of their respective careers. The Philharmonic Concerts have always numbered among their subscribers the most intelligent portion of the music-loving community; and their tastes have accordingly been trained in the best school. Europe's most distinguished musicians have appeared here in conjunction with the Philharmonic Orchestra, and its history is largely the history of musical New York. An important page in this history was added last season, when several distinguished orchestral leaders came from Europe to direct the orchestra. The experiment was so successful that it is being repeated. One of the best proofs of the present earnest cultivation of music is the strong and widespread interest manifested in these appearances of orchestral con-

ductors. Several of them have aroused great enthusiasm by their work, and towards all there has been the critical and discriminating attitude—quite different from the star-worshipping demeanor of operatic audiences over foreign singers of note—that shows clearly the intelligent listener. Signs such as these make glad the hearts of those who hold dear the cause of musical art in New York.

Opera in New York has always played a more important role than it is by right entitled to. The glitter and pomp of operatic doings attracts a disproportionate share of attention, and the extravagance of a long opera season cuts deeply into the spending powers of the community and prevents its proper support of the more modestly dressed entertainments of the concert stage. Opera is in the nature of things a more popular form of amusement than the symphony concert, and the latter cannot hope to receive the same amount of attention; nor does it require it. But it is always evidence of an advance in culture when symphony concerts and chamber music concerts thrive alongside of a successful opera season. And although New York has not yet reached the ideal state where it can truthfully be said that the opera does not take away from the more purely musical affairs of the season, it is certainly affecting them less and less as the years roll on. Taking last season for illustration, despite the all-absorbing interest in "Parsifal" and the unusually large subscription list at the opera, the Philharmonic Society, the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Kneisel Quartet all drew large audiences. And for events like the song recitals of Sembrich and Schumann-Heinck there were big outpourings of enthusiastic music lovers, whose interest, after a long and active season, was apparently unabated. This is a wholesome sign of the improved conditions.

Choral music has never flourished in New York. Dr. Damrosch, by the force of his strong personality, brought oratorio into popularity for a time; but on his death, interest again flagged, and save for an occasional revival and for the semi-religious function it fills at some seasons of the year, the oratorio does not thrive. The Musical Art Society, with its propaganda of old church music, is successful; but it depends for its support rather on social than on musical patronage. But with the exception of this one branch of musical art, New York enjoys all the opportunities for the cultivation of music that European centres have. It lacks that subtle element of "atmosphere", that is so all-pervading in certain of the European communities. But it must be remembered that this is the last quality to show itself. The spread of musical culture is a condition precedent to its creation. New York is only now experiencing the results of a generation's assiduous cultivation of music. Is it too much to claim that a musical atmosphere will soon be felt?

This rapid survey of musical conditions in New York is far from complete. It is difficult to institute a comparison with the

great European musical centres, with a view to measuring the comparative states of musical culture. But New York, while lacking the traditions which cluster around Vienna, Weimar and other cities of the Old World, has, today, as good opportunities to hear the best that has been said and thought in the art of music. Those who are studying the profession are coming to realize that a European training is not very superior to that which can be obtained here under the eminent musicians who have made New York their home. In short, New York is finding herself, musically speaking; and her future is as bright as that of any other city in the world.

## The Shell

By EDWIN DAVIES SCHOONMAKER

Unborn, the eaglet in the egg  
Just moves its little wing to find  
Its motion by the shell confined.

Hatched out into the larger air,  
In the wide heaven it hath its will,  
Yet feels the shell upon it still.

There is a Something just above  
This present life of everything,  
That bids it break its shell and rise.  
Above us skies are piled on skies,  
But each at last becomes a cell;  
Our life moves on from shell to shell.  
Ourselves and all we see about  
Are ever hatching, ne'er hatched out.

# "To-Morrow's" Today and Yesterday

By MURRAY S. SCHLOSS



**R**EVOLUTION is in the air. In politics only can we count the tallies; but no interest that we humans have escapes the metamorphosis that the changing world is undergoing.

The forms that fetter, whether legal or social, that labor-saving humanity has outgrown but not sloughed off, must go, and only by new ways of living and thinking can we attain peace and the new life.

The Ides of November has come and gone, but not without bringing its message of political protest against a selfish conservatism that is no longer fit to be, and this protest comes from parts of the world wholly sundered and with a cosmopolitan coincidence otherwise unknown to this generation.

The tide of popular politics as voiced in the elections in America, Britain and Italy, and the astounding demonstrations in Russia, plead eloquently the contemporaneous unity of this human movement for betterment; a surge and sweep of the new libertarian ideals at opposite ends of civilization.

In America, conservatism attempted to appropriate both parties and leave the elements of progress and revolt, strangled and inarticulate, to scatter their few fanatical votes among the radical candidates. The time for that is now past; a gigantic popular protest wiped the "conservative democracy" from the map, quintupled the socialist vote, and left an aftermath of radical movement active and vigorous that portends stirring times for the future soon to come.

Still more important in the world's history is the epoch-making assembly, the first in Russian history, of the zemstvos at the capitol, to wring a representative government from a despotism entrenched for centuries.

Italy, quickened also by the enlivening breath of industrial and intellectual development, king and pope, rival sovereigns in the same capitol, found it necessary to swallow their pride of difference and combine forces in the November elections and Catholics were authorized for the first time in the history of the Italian kingdom, to go to the polls, and were urged to support the government. Despite that fact, the only success of quirinal

and vatican, was nearly stamping out of existence the moderate radicals whom they feared but little, while the revolutionists, with a vote nearly doubled (168,000 to 301,000) were proportionately strengthened.

They lost a few seats in parliament, getting 28 instead of 35, by reason of the moderate radicals supporting conservatives in the second elections, instead of the workingmen candidates, as formerly, though the latter are thereby made bolder, since they are freed from entangling alliances.

Plehve, the reactionary minister is dead. Czarism shuddered and in fear appointed a milder successor to the important Interior portfolio. He, Sviatopolk-Mirskio, worries beaureaucracy by inaugurating a gentler policy and instantly Russian discontent, submerged and compressed for ages, seizes full advantage of its new opportunity. Buttressed by the encouragement of a press less censored than of late, the zemstvos provincial councils, hitherto of little power and little courage, assembled for the first time in St. Petersburg under the very shadow of the Romanoff throne, to demand in open meeting a constitution and a parliament.

Whether the weakling Czar will grant it, matters little. The aspiration for a *Free Russia* has found public voice at home. The parties of revolt differing howsoever in their aims and methods, are united to the common end of freedom. The Russian revolution is foreshadowed clearly; it cannot be delayed; perhaps it has already begun.

In Canada the lines were not drawn so taut. There as elsewhere the party in power was returned with increased strength to work out a program for state undertakings; while the party of slight and make-believe opposition was further weakened, opening a place for a great Canadian party of the changing order that is sure to form while the British municipal elections of a few weeks ago, which our great conservative dailies hardly deigned to notice, chimed the chorus of revolt that is sounding just now so remarkably the world over.

The working classes of Britain, stifled and strangled for generations in the industrial hells of her cities, have been deemed dispirited, hopeless. It was thought they had lost power to protest; but the remarkable gain of both Socialist parties indicates a vote of at least 1,000,000, had a full poll been taken throughout the United Kingdom.

Our own great national election signifies several things very clearly. President Roosevelt has disappointed the wiseacres who supposed him utterly committed to conservatism by showing in his message to congress that he knows what the election means and will go far toward carrying out the popular mandate. We may look forward to four years of clash and excitement and national travail in matters political and industrial, even beyond what the fast ripening fruitage of our economic development, under a more phlegmatic President, would have brought us.



In declaring the labor question and the trust question—two phases of the same thing—to be the most important problems with which we have to grapple; that the unions are legitimate and uplifting, and that immigrants should be excluded whose standards of living are such as to debase the American working man with whom they compete, our President has uttered some frank and utterly unexpected truths. When, furthermore, he made bold to attack the railroads—the most important influence behind the government according to some, and flayed them, both in the matter of rebates to the trusts and protection to their patrons and employees; and when he promised an elective legislature for the Philippines in two years and hinted at complete independence for them, he completely knocked the props from under that dilettante, though well-meaning group, the anti-imperialists.

Our well-meaning President, with characteristic breeziness, attacks every problem under the sun except one or two. Let us applaud strenuously when it takes a twist like this.

The way the superannuated parasites, who rule us through the club of millionaires known as the United States Senate, received this revolutionary message, should disabuse our minds of any notion that commercialism had sense enough to inspire it.

The message was well enough; Congress, however, will do nothing.

"We are for Parker," said Senator Daniel at St. Louis, "because we are tired of defeat." Yet in no state outside the South and Maryland (where a recent election law disfranchises Republicans by wholesale), was Roosevelt's plurality less than McKinley's four years ago. Bryan was defeated by about 800,000, in 1900, a plurality hitherto unprecedented, but in spite of a South not alone solid but angry, Roosevelt received three votes throughout the country to Parker's two—7,500,000 to 5,000,000, approximately. Meanwhile the Socialist vote grows from less than 100,000 to about 500,000; and their great gains were in precisely those states, the West and North center, where Roosevelt's poll was two and three times that of Parker, and where with little gain to the party in power the same Donkeycracy was torn to shreds.

Does it dampen the ardor of Republican leaders overjoyed by the landslide in the Western and North-Central states to know that *their* victory is what opens the way for the determined, conscious, political rebellion soon to come?

Will the West be shooting industrial freedom into the East ten years from now—or five? It may be. Perhaps not; but the climax will be here soon enough.

---

As we go to press a dramatic situation impends at Port Arthur. Will the Japanese take the Port before the Baltic ships come to relieve it? Port Arthur is the key. It has given us the most grandly, terribly lurid spectacle the twentieth century in its troubled opening has yet afforded. Our sympathies, we admit,

are with Japan, whose people are an Eastern star of promise, learning all our Western lessons and ideals on the run. Struggling heroically to shelter the slumbering Orient from the dripping talons of European imperialism.

Russia has now in her hands only two good ports on the Pacific. One is Vladivostock, frozen half the time and unhandy to reach. The other, nature's strongest citadel, a splendid harbor, landlocked, impregnable, encircled by hills. Port Arthur is the gateway of three great empires. If the Baltic fleet, wearied of its target practice on innocent fishermen, makes its clumsy way to the scene of this heroic siege before the garrison yields to the ferocious onslaughts of the dauntless Japanese, it will go hard with the Islanders. Perhaps? Togo's fleet, even with the first squadron out of action, will be out-numbered and out-weighted by the ironclads from the Baltic. Japanese armies on the mainland will have their communications threatened, perhaps cut, and Togo will have all he can do to protect his country's ports and shipping, which is vital to its existence. It is quite possible, in such a case, that the Japanese armies, retreating into China, will drag that country into the struggle. Great Britain may be forced to plunge in to save her allies and her Eastern interests, and a general melee may follow.

If, on the other hand, the Japanese should force capitulation before help should arrive, the Baltic fleet will have nowhere to go but to Vladivostock where it can easily be watched.

Russia, too far from home for practical military operations, would be forced into a continuous fight with three enemies. First, Japan, which can hurt her least, and only prick her tumorous pride; second, her own stubbornness, a far more formidable thing; last and greatest, the immanence of a colossal international revolution which seems likely at any moment to come, *and it will come*, for the rumblings, the stress and premonitory signs recall vividly the prelude to the French revolution, which occurred by the way, when the new industrial class which demanded governmental representation had arisen to about the same power as now in Russia. It will come, and the upheaval will resound throughout the world. Every throne in Europe will be shaken, and the last Port Arthur of reactionary despotism will fall.

Europe is a tinder box, the rest of the world a dry forest. The dogs of the world-war strain at the leash and when they are loosened they can hardly exhaust themselves without freeing the forest for all manner of new life. The "changing order" will be the changed order in every field of human activity. Europe will become free, or at least learn to shape the tools to forge freedom.

Britain's wrath is only slumbering. The liberal forces in Russia, kindling the fire under the Czar's throne, will cause the Kaiser and other caste-conscious sovereigns to throw their armies on the plains of Russia in aid of the work of suppression. The Balkans, the storm center of Europe, will throw their flame into

the eyes of the "unspeakable" Sultan. Austria-Hungary with her hodge-podge of languages, races, religions, and economic parties, never at peace, is like a hulking mass of dynamite near the fuse. The explosion may come even before the death of the aged sovereign. The Hungarian half of the miscellaneous empire is just now convulsed by an attempt to introduce closure into her parliament.

These possibilities—and we may soon have the courage to make them probabilities—do not exhaust the causes that are to initiate the new order. Though George Bernard Shaw tells us that we are too squeamish about killing, millions of earnest men who work are bent on the overthrow of the "System" that permits the privileged idle few to usurp the utilities of the world. They are not too squeamish either and will stop at naught.

As for ourselves, the elements entrenched in power in New York and Washington are also engaged in devising the means of repression.

Conservatism *must* repress and weigh down. It is its office.

The symptoms are not only seen in political life, but the home, the school, the church, the shop, and the counting-house feel its dominating and blighting influence. The "System" stands for greed, repression, and exploitation. In our own land we face an absolutism that for selfishness and calculating oppression, outdoes the dictators of all ages. This modern despot is our own *economic system*, but liberators spring up on every hand.

The rise of women, the greater freedom which the International Women's Congress, lately held in Berlin, demanded, is fresh in our minds.

The different religious movements, within the churches and without them, the congresses, and synods and pleadings are all protests against repression.

The rapid rise of industrial education, with ever higher ideals and more natural methods, that aim to bring the school into life, and life into the school, and bring joy, not curses, to the worker, are all evidences of devotion on the part of the great voluntary army of liberators who strive with us.

# Delicatessen

By THE OFFICE BOY



The greatest thought is still unthought,  
The greatest sage is still to rise,  
But is the greatest fight unfought?  
Ah, let us hope 'tis otherwise.  
The greatest song is still unsung,  
The greatest day is still to dawn.  
But, though the world is very young,  
Its primitive, rough edge is gone.  
The highest dome is still unplanned,  
The sweetest voice has not been heard.  
But the foulest plots are finished, and  
Man's said his coldest, meanest word.  
The fairest maid is yet to pass  
Where man's admiring gaze is fixed;  
Great times are coming, but alas!  
The deadliest cocktail's still unmixed.

---

## Fate

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,  
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought  
Each of the other's being—and no heed.  
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands  
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death  
And, all unconsciously, shape every act,  
And bend each wandering step to this one end—  
That one day out of darkness they shall meet  
And read Life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk the narrow way of life,  
So nearly side by side, that should one turn  
Even so little space to left or right  
They needs must stand acknowledged, face to face,  
And yet with wistful eyes that never meet,  
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips  
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,  
They seek each other all their weary days  
And die unsatisfied—and this is Fate.

—Old Poem.

---

A human skull as large as a bushel basket has been found in Sicily.  
Let us go carefully over the list of English actors and see who it is that  
is missing.—Chicago Evening Post.

**Surprised**

Said he: "Sweet maiden, ere we part,  
 Believe me, I can see  
 That you possess a loving heart—  
 A heart that beats for me!"  
 "Great Scott!" the maiden murmured  
 Beneath her wide-brimmed hat,  
 "I didn't reckon it was so  
 Decolletay as that!"

---

**Owed to Smoot**

THREE WOMEN AND A MAN.

Three women sat up on a Utah roof  
 And watched the smoke as the train sped by;  
 Each thought of the man who was rushing aloof,  
 And the cheeks of the watchers were faded and wan.  
 For man will love and women are blind,  
 And the man with three wives leaves a good deal behind,  
 When he's off to Washington roaming!

Three women packed up all their biggest grips  
 And took the trains as the sun went down;  
 For Washington bound on the grimmest of trips—  
 Twelve children stood watching them out of town.  
 For men are clay and many get gay,  
 And wives when they're jealous will go a long way—  
 Alas for the much-married Mormon!

—Cleveland Leader.

**A Late One from London**

When you bid defiance to sorrow and care,  
 And put all your troubles behind you,  
 With reckless courage that dares to dare,  
 And happiness so bright that it blinds you;  
 When life is a riot of rhythmic rhymes,  
 And nothing seems stale or wearing;  
 When little you reck of dollars or dimes,  
 Nor for the past nor future are caring;  
 Why then—you're drunk!

---

**Thoughts for Christmas**

Silliman—I gave her a beautiful pair of jeweled garter clasps for a Christmas present.

Uncle Josh—Well, that's the last you'll see of them, me boy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Reggie—I have a jolly little diamond Christmas gift for Flossie; do you think I might trust the maid to put it in her stocking?

Jim—The French proverb says, he who serves himself is well served.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Is that you, Santa Claus?" said Miss Verifligh, conscious, despite the darkness, that some one was in the room.

"Of course it is," replied the Saint. "Whom did you expect?"

### Toasts for the Christmas Dinner

Here's to Virtue—that sometimes irksome badge of honor which man depletes the lack of in some women and the presence of in others.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here's to Marriage—the child of a crude civilization kept alive by heredity and impudently ascribed to God; defied only by love, but reduced to infamy by commerce or convenience.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here's to Love—that wonderfully awful joint conceit of God and the devil; the embodiment of all that is pure, beautiful, lovely and just; the personification of everything foul, low, licentious and mean; the impelling force in great deeds of bravery and self-sacrifice; the direct motive for the basest of actions; the power that has ruled the world since the beginning and that will rule it to the end.

---

One can be some kinds of a damn fool without being all kinds of a damnfool, but it's hard work.—Darrow.

“He is a slave who dares not be in the right with two or three.”

---

### Knowledge

“To this man 'tis a goddess tall who lifts a star encircled head;  
To that a fine cow in a stall that gives him butter for his bread.”

---

Three riders raced on the broad highway,  
The devil, a woman, a man.  
Spurring his steed, laughed the devil gay  
“Come follow me who can.”

Three riders raced, and the stakes were sin,  
Over the broad highway:  
The devil was second in coming in—  
For the woman led the way.

---

### The Genius

An individual summoned from the shade  
To do one task with more than mortal skill,  
But doomed in every other work essayed  
From failure's bitter cup to drink his fill.

---

### The Egotist

Most men have hobbies—this one books, that fame, the other self—  
But heaven protect us from the man whose hobby is himself.  
New York Press.

---

And free is he, and only he,  
Who, from his tyrant passions free,  
By fortune undismayed,  
Hath power upon himself, to be  
By himself obeyed.

—Owen Meredith.

# T O - M O R R O W

## Numerical Verses

TWO.

A tutor who tooted the flute,  
Took two young tooters to tute;  
Said the two to the tutor:  
"Is it harder to toot or  
To tutor two tooters to tute?"

FOUR.

"There's a train at 4:04," said Miss Jennie,  
"Four tickets I'll take; have you any?"  
Said the man at the door:  
"Not four for 4:04,  
For four for 4:04 is too many."  
—Carolyn Wells.

EIGHT.

A certain young plumber named Tait,  
Took his girl out to dine at 8:08;  
But I cannot just state  
What the plumber named Tait  
At his tete-a-tete ate at 8:08.  
—Exchange.

---

Who killed Kildare?  
Who dared Kildare to kill?  
Death killed Kildare  
Who dare kill whom he will.  
—Swift.

## An Autumn Reverie

The naked hills lie wanton to the breeze,  
The fields are nude, the groves unfrocked;  
Bare are the shivering limbs of shameless trees,  
What wonder that the corn is shocked?

---

"You needn't be frightened, sweetheart. He won't hurt you. See, he's wagging his tail!"

Yes, I see, grandpa. But that isn't the end I'm afraid of."—Punch.

## The Girls Left Behind

Three soldiers went at our land's behest to fight for the girls that their hearts loved best, and over the heart as a regular fixture, each fellow carried his dear girl's picture. "I would stake my soul," said one man at night, "my love is as true as the angels bright." "And mine," said the second, "has sworn by all she'll die a nun if I chance to fall." "And mine," cried the third, as he took his part, "now stays to home with a broken heart." Then all three swore they were pearls of pearls and brought out the pictures of these true girls. What made them swear as they turned away, what made them think 'twas a cold, cold day? Alack and alas, 'twas a burning shame, the dear girls' pictures were all the same.

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Then slowly answered Arthur from the barge:  
The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfils Himself in many ways  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

—Tennyson.

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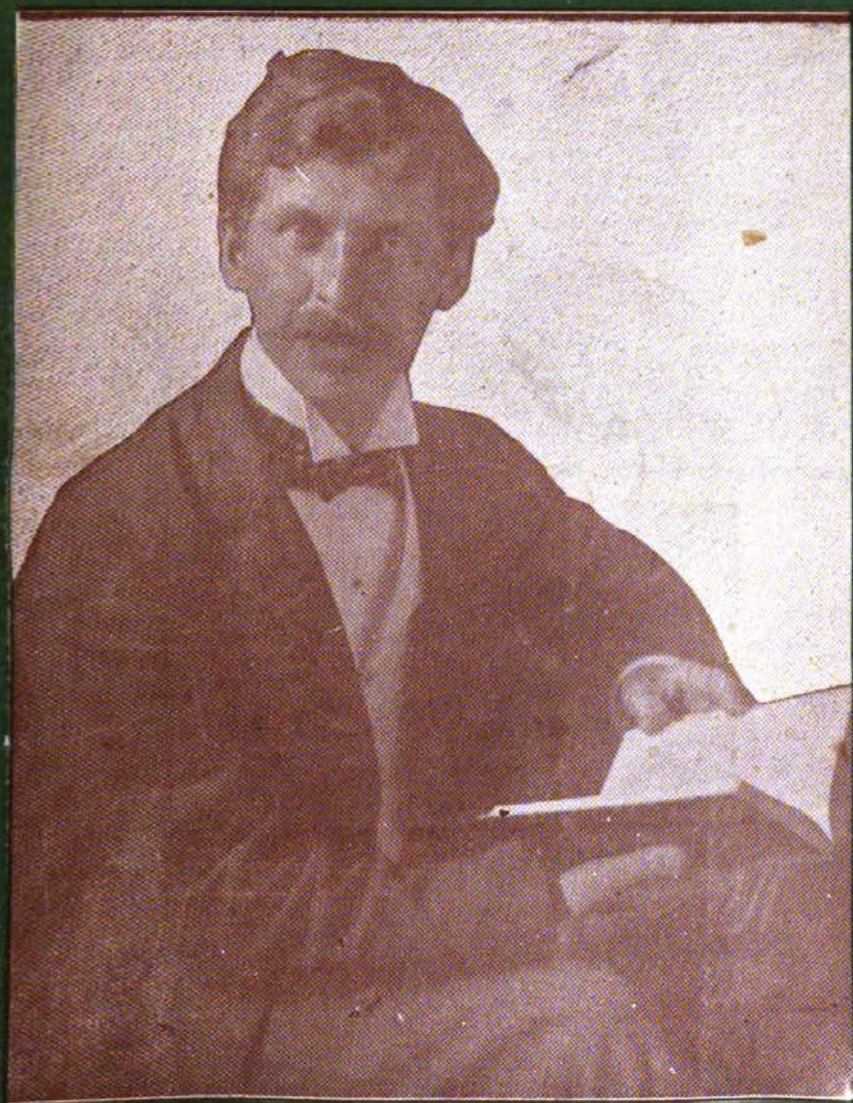


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FEBRUARY 1905

# TO-MORROW

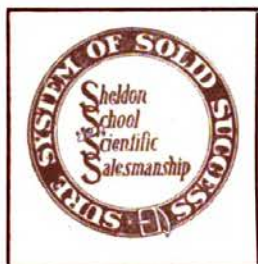
A MONTHLY HAND-BOOK OF THE CHANGING ORDER



OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS



"The reason why most men do not accomplish more is because they do not attempt more."



# A Soliloquy

**The man who is  
playing a losing game in life  
is a man**

who neglects to acquire knowledge—  
intimate and practical knowledge of

**Health Building, Human Nature, Applied  
Himself and his powers Character and  
Business Logic, Mind Culture—Psychology**

- ¶ It is possible that I do not know as much as I ought to about such fundamental business subjects.
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- ¶ Thoroughness and skill will win, so I will be there at the finish.
- ¶ It does not require a wise man to study and master these subjects, but one who loves wisdom.
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# LECTURE BUREAU

WRITE THE BUSINESS MANAGER OF "TO-MORROW"  
FOR SPEAKERS, SUBJECTS AND DATES

## The People's Industrial College 1926 Indiana Avenue

**WILLIAM JOHNSON**—Will speak at the People's Industrial College, 1926 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, on Thursday, January 19, 8 p. m. Subject, "The Making of Man."

**OSCAR L. TRIGGS**—Will speak at the People's Industrial College, 1926 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, Sunday, January 22, 8 p. m. Subject, "Studies in the Poetry of Walt. Whitman."

**FREDERICK V. HAWLEY**—Will speak at the People's Industrial College, 1926 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, Thursday, January 26, 8 p. m. Subject, "Wealth."

**OSCAR L. TRIGGS**—Will speak at the People's Industrial College, 1926 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, Sunday, January 29, 8 p. m. Subject, "Studies in the Poetry of Walt. Whitman."

**OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS**—Will speak in Chicago, Rockford, Cincinnati and Pittsburg between January 15 and February 15. Subjects, "Life and Art of William Morris," "Industrial Education," "Philosophy of Play," "The Art of Whitman's Poetry," etc.

**ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY**—On his western tour will speak in Chicago during February for Henry George Lecture Association, Chicago Anthropological Society, The People's Industrial College, etc. Subjects, "Tolstoy and His Message," "William Lloyd Garrison," "The Labor Question," "Golden Rule Jones," "The Immigration Bugbear," "Walt. Whitman," etc.

**PARKER H. SERCOMBE**—Will speak in Chicago during January to The Chicago Federation of Labor, The Anthropological Society, The People's Industrial College, The United Electrical Workers, The Social Science League and The Chicago Society of Bookkeepers and Accountants. Subjects, "Industrial Education," "How to Live," "Cosmic Philosophy," "Studies of Mexico," etc.

**WALLACE RICE**—Will fill engagements.

**WILLIAM F. BARNARD**—Will speak at the Anthropological Society, The Social Science League, The People's Industrial College, etc. Subjects, "The Relation of Handicraft to Life," "Socialism," "Communism," "The Philosophy of Love," etc.

**GEORGE WHARTON JAMES**—Will fill engagements on the following subjects: "The Art of Indian Basketry," "William Morris the Craftsman," etc.

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## Chicago Society for Ethical Culture

**EDWIN D. MEAD**—Of Boston, well known as an author and a practical worker in the fields of education and higher politics, will speak on "The Evolution of Peace," January 15.

**MR. SALTER**—"The Making of Man," January 22 and 29. Two addresses from the point of view of man as an unfinished product of Nature—What has made him and what will complete him?

**PROFESSOR JOSIAH ROYCE**—Of Harvard University, will speak on "Race Questions and Prejudices," February 5.

## "To-Morrow" Clubbing List

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| National Magazine, or any in Class A.....      | \$1.00       | } All for \$2.00 |
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| To-MORROW Magazine.....                        | 1.00         |                  |
|  | <hr/> \$3.00 |                  |
| The Public, or any in Class B.....             | 2.00         | } " " \$3.00     |
| The Open Court, or any in Class A.....         | 1.00         |                  |
| To-MORROW Magazine.....                        | 1.00         |                  |
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| The Truth Seeker, or any in Class C.....       | \$3.00       | } " " \$3.50     |
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| Everybody's Magazine.....                      | \$1.00       | } " " \$3.25     |
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| Woman's Home Companion.....                    | 1.00         |                  |
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### Class A

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The Conservator  
National Magazine  
Success Magazine  
Brann's Iconoclast  
Woman's Home Companion  
The Philistine  
The Artsman  
Physical Culture  
Ad Sense  
Vegetarian Magazine  
Peoples Companion  
Wiltshire's Magazine

### Class B

Motor  
The Independent  
Critic  
Forum  
System  
The Public  
Sat. Evening Post  
The Dial

### Class C

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The Truth Seeker  
The Arena  
Current Literature  
Literary Digest  
World's Work  
Country Life  
The Outlook

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# Future Contributions

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**The Storm and Stress of the Popular Economic  
Movement in the Various Countries of the  
World**..... *The Editors*

**Frenzied Finance in Mexico**  
How the "System" works and who gets the velvet.  
..... *By an "Amigo"*

**The Strange Case of Triggs**  
The double personality wrought by the imps of pub-  
licity..... *Dr. O. L. Triggs*

**Behind the Scenes in Colorado**  
A stirring and dramatic recital..... *"Mother" Jones*

**Social and Economic Studies of Russia, Japan and  
Mexico**..... *By Writers on the Ground*

**Wagner and Morris**  
A comparison of their treatment of Myth.. *E. C. Andrews*

**The American Woman as a Salon Builder**  
SPICY..... *Peggy from Paris*

**Social Settlements**  
A symposium. What they do and what they don't.

**The Psychology of Free Masonry**  
The comedy of Hiram A'Biff. The Boy Bandits,  
Jubela, Jubelo and Jubelum.... *By a Mason Up-to-date*

**The American Jew**  
A study..... *By A Prophet of Israel*

**A Conspiracy to Throttle American Freedom**... *Editors*

**An Essay**..... *Laura McAdoo Triggs*

**American Taste in Art**  
Will be discussed by a German..... *A. Wangamann*

**Indian Questions**  
Will be presented in a masterly style by the cultured  
and talented Apache..... *Dr. Carlos Monteguma*

**Economic Slavery Series**  
How the "System" controls press, pulpit and college.  
..... *Oscar L. Triggs*

DEPARTMENTS will be conducted with Drama, Music and Art in one group; Religious, Psychological and Occult movements in another, and Home, Sex and Social relations in a third, by trained writers, equipped and authorized to handle their subjects with the frankness and sincerity that these topics deserve.

CURRENT PROGRESS will be set forth each month by the Editors in a manner unique, vigorous and incisive.

A few writers whose good stuff will appear in future issues: Ernest Crosby, George Wharton James, Dr. John Roberts, Rudolph Bismarck von Liebig, C. Hanford Henderson, J. D. McIntosh, Geo. Bernard Shaw, W. F. Barnard, Dr. W. E. Boynton, Edward A. Steiner, N. O. Nelson, Charlotte Teller, Page Waller Samson, Willis J. Abbot, E. C. Andrews and others.

Each number will be rich in new, real poetry. The new age of expression through beautiful verse will find worthy exponents in Mr. Russell, Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Barnard, Mrs. Isaacs, Mr. Swan, Mr. Schoonmaker, Mr. Sandberg, Mrs. Hunt and others.

Our column of "Merriment" will be replete with appropriate selections, ancient and modern, ranging in time and substance from Mrs. Chadwick's fetching humor to the Creator's greatest coup entitled "Adam's Fall."

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## Are You With Us?

We stand for "The Changing Order" with its higher ideals, its greater humanity and real worth. "TO-MORROW" holds a promise of better things than today, and in order that our initiative may attain the success that must benefit all, we urge your substantial co-operation. The time is ripe for an organ of "The Changing Order;" interesting, instructive, filled with short things and beautiful, which shall be forum and record, hospitable to any new idea, discovery or revelation, in fact a digest of the world's current history in thought and work.

A few of us are now bearing the burden, but our numbers will increase and thus fulfill the promise of success. We ask you to consider yourself one of our *informal brotherhood* who, by literary and artistic contributions, or by influence and personal work, help to make this long cherished ideal a reality. Send us something! Contributions, subscriptions, advertising, any kind of co-operation. Don't try to make things like the other magazines have them, just tell the truth, reserve nothing, write of things you really know about, whatever the subject, whatever the manner. We are not looking for the *conventional*, just *be yourself*. Look us up at our ranch, 1926 Indiana Avenue. You will be surprised at the spirit and the work of our cadets. Simple-hearted, earnest, informal. A fine circle of interesting people to grow up with.

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I, .....hereby subscribe  
for certificate of \$.....in the People's Industrial College.

(Signed).....

# A Plea for Industrial Education

The problem of education is one that is never permanently solved. The educational ideal is progressive. New conditions arise in every age and in every place. Educational forms, however, tend to become fixed and stereotyped, and it is always difficult to make structural changes to correspond to the advancing ideal. The traditional forms survive long after the informing spirit has departed from them. Educational progress tends, therefore, to lag behind the real advance of the people. In almost every case reforms are forced upon the school from without. This fact makes it necessary at times to abandon the traditional modes and strike out on new paths—not with the motive of revolution, but in the spirit of creative reform.

We have accepted in America the general principle of democracy, but our educational systems are built in the main upon mediæval, monarchic, and aristocratic ideas and traditions. We have still a system of class education. The educational problem has never yet been approached from the point of view of the people. It is the lament of true educators everywhere that the school of the present day meets the requirements of but a fraction of the whole people. The school, consequently, is more or less isolated. It is something apart from life. And this separation is increasing, owing to the fact that modern civilization is industrial, while the school withdraws the pupil from industrial activities and educates him not for conditions of work, but for those of leisure. It is a fact not to be gainsaid, that as educational institutions are today established and conducted by the leisure class, so the best results of these schools accrue to that class and represent their ideals.

Here and there a school has arisen, such as the Tuskegee Institute, conducted by Booker Washington, which faces frankly the problem of education as it appears to working men and women. The most advanced schools in America would seem to be those devoted to the education of the negroes, Indians and criminals. But industrial education is becoming more and more the demand of the hour. Many minds are at work upon questions of the "new education" in the effort to reach a new synthesis of education and life. Professor John Dewey's "School and Society," Professor C. Hanford Henderson's "Education and the Larger Life" and Mrs. Gilman's "Work," clearly illustrate this tendency.

The People's Industrial College has been founded with the intention of formulating the principles of democratic education and in the hope of creating a working model for popular "organic" or "integral" education.

Our motive is social. That is, we seek to develop in the individual a social character—make him socially efficient. We aim to produce social wealth to which all contribute and which all may share.

The basis of the People's Industrial College is work—just plain economic work. We shall conduct the ordinary employments in the ordinary way. Those who are qualified will work in the arts and crafts. "Manual Training," we now perceive, gives training not only to the hands, but to the mind and to personality and character as a whole. Health, for one thing, now sadly lacking in the conven-

tional school, springs inevitably from work rightly conducted and motivated. Healthful work gives the proper basis for the training of sensation, feeling and indeed of the nerves and brain, and, of course, of character. The gymnasium we submit is not a substitute for the workshop. The enthusiasm engendered in the athletic field hardly takes the place of that unity and comradeship which are found among co-workers and among co-workers only. Physical exercise, dissociated from real use, is an idle exercise and furnishes no equivalent to actual work. We believe in "education by doing" but we further demand that the doing must be real.

The work we propose must be real work. We shall make products on farm and in factory which will meet the test of the market and provide income for the support of the institution. We intend to make the People's Industrial College self-supporting through the work of its members. The capital furnished by the founders and by our subscribers will be used for investment in a productive "plant" and the income arising from industries will be turned back into the institution for the benefit of the whole community of workers. The cultural features of our plan will be added only as rapidly as the means are provided by the workers themselves. It will be seen whether or not a community working in mutual good will can provide for itself means for "education and the larger life". The reason for the adoption of this policy is twofold. The work in the ordinary "Manual Training" School is artificial. The problems presented are forced and without relation. The system is after all but a modification of mental training and its work is therefore play-work and not real. Furthermore, economically productive farms and workshops make unnecessary these large endowments, which must be had if students are to be supported through several years in comparative idleness. The investment and protection of large endowments compel educational institutions sometimes to accept strange bedfellows and adopt strange policies. We require capital, but we invest that capital in our own "business."

The People's Industrial College will be located in the country and not in the city. We have reached this conclusion on several lines of reasoning. We believe that the evils that beset the commonwealth are caused in the main by the congestion of population in large cities. The time has come for the people to educate themselves towards and not away from the land as a means of livelihood. It is an amazing fact that nearly all our schools educate with a reference to city environment. At the same time, the cities, which exist merely as opportunity for business, are becoming more and more corrupt, and there is no chance in them for the success of an institution which is primarily social in motive. Other reasons may be stated briefly: The country is conducive to health. It is possible in a rural community to avoid the complexities and perplexities of life. "Nature Study" of a genuine sort and at first hand may be carried on in the country. The environment is favorable for the development of originality, independence and true character. Why is it that the majority of the strong men of a nation are country born and bred? From the industrial side the advantages of the country are obvious. Agriculture is everywhere the fundamental employment. It gives also the right ground and condition for a large number of other industries.

We are asked what our "curriculum" will be and the "courses of study." The question is natural, because no one seems to think that the education of an individual is possible without a school, a teacher, an outline, a scheme, a "course of study". But, in fact, even as matters are now, everyone is being educated every day of his life without such curriculum or definite "course". Just what we shall study after we have built the institution on economic grounds, we cannot at this moment say. We intend to build a cultural superstructure corresponding to the groundwork. We shall teach whatever will be demanded by the conditions. It is first necessary that work be done intelligently and pleasurably. Instruction at first will be directed to this end. Industry furnishes the natural ground for the sciences, but science must serve the community and not exist by itself. Music, art and literature are natural forms of expression and as such will be cultivated. Geography, as the history of the earth in becoming the dwelling place of man, and history as giving a record of the evolution of the human race, will, of course, find a place. A "course of study," it will be seen, implies time limits, artificial problems, and abstraction from the life-process. We see no necessity of setting an age limit to the people—men, women and children—who become members of the institution. As we have no degrees to protect, there will be no "recitations" or examinations. In a sense the community will be the school and instruction will go on in a hundred different ways not contemplated by educational formulists whose first question is always "What is your course of study?" One's work is the primary problem. Learning is secondary to this.

OSCAR L. TRIGGS, *President.*

---

From—"Education and the Larger Life."

BY C. HANFORD HENDERSON.

"The end of life is human discipline, is not the getting of property, not even the getting of knowledge, but is the getting of character and accomplishment, a human acquisitiveness. This is an old message, but it is increasingly imperative. This first of all *to be*, and this to know and do, and only incidentally to have. This is the complete programme of this experimental life. As a plan of life it is simply the extension of education; and the extension of education a life-process instead of a school-process, is in fact nothing less splendid than the practical carrying out of the quest of human perfection."

---

From—"Tolstoy the Man."

BY EDWARD STEINER.

"Tolstoy pictures a school in which everything which a child instinctively dreads shall be absent. No high desk for the teacher, no straight, monotonous rows of benches, no long wastes of blackboards before which children feel themselves so small and insignificant. His ideal is that everything should constantly change with the needs and tastes of the children. A school as he saw it was to be a kindergarten, university, museum, theater, picture-gallery, forest, library, and meadow, all blending into one. This was indefinite enough; but it had in it the pedagogic ideals of the future."



From—"Farmington."

BY CLARENCE S. DARROW.

"The schoolmaster of our early life took our fresh, young, plastic minds and sought to crowd them full of useless, unrelated facts that served no purpose through the years that were to come. These lessons that our teacher made us learn by rote filled so small a portion of our daily lives that most of them were forgotten when the school-house door was closed. When now and then we found some use for a trifling thing that we had learned through years at school, we were surprised to know that the pedagogue had taught us even this. In those early days it seemed to us that life would consist of one long examination in which we should be asked the names of states, the rule of three, and the words the Roman's used for this and that. All that we were taught of the great world outside and the problem that would one day try our souls was learned from the copy books where we wrote the same old maxim until all the paper was used up. In after years, we learned that, while the copy book might have taught us how to write in a stilted, unused hand, still all its maxims were untrue.

"We left the school as ignorant of life as we commenced, nay, we might more easily have learned its lesson without false, misleading theories we were taught were true. When the doors were opened and the wide world met us face to face, we tested what we learned, and found it false, and then we blundered on alone.

"Only the smallest fraction that we learned in youth was assimilated, and made a portion of ourselves; the rest faded so completely that it seemed never to have been."

From—"Tolstoy the Schoolmaster."

BY EARNEST CROSBY.

"Tolstoy made a study of the schools of Marseilles and found they were of little use. Yet he found the inhabitants of Marseilles particularly intelligent, clever and civilized. What was the explanation? It was this. They had obtained their education outside of the schools, in the streets, in the cafes, theaters, work-shops, and museums, and by reading such books as the novels of Dumas. This is the natural school, he says, which has undermined the artificial school, and has left hardly anything of it except its despotic form.

"We owe the monstrous delusion that language forms the main point of education to the monastic students of the Middle Ages. All that was worth knowing was then contained in the Greek and Latin classics and Scriptures, and it was natural to confuse the medium of information with the learning itself. The Greek and Latin language were then windows in the house of knowledge. Since that time all the treasures of that house have been brought out into the open air, but still many of us continue to climb through the windows, and in the operation we forget what we came for, lost in a sort of pseudo-science of window climbing."

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PARKER H. SERCOMBE, SEC'Y & TREAS.

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The way to have power thrust upon you is not to use it.

The man who makes himself easy to live with will be "easy".

The woman who makes herself easy to live with will go far.

Examinations, diplomas, badges, degrees place pretense at a premium.

The only real ignorance is that brand that is ignorant of its ignorance.

TO-MORROW is not a frenzied publication. It is a hope for better things.

Criticism is merely a form of autobiography of the critic, and we welcome it as such.

The truly great heart is content when it deserves what it gets and gets what it deserves.

The refined brute is a man who indulges in liberties which he audaciously denies to women.

The woman who resorts to emotional scenes bargains love for sympathy and gets toleration.

Those who love to listen to the same old story should subscribe for to-day, not for TO-MORROW.

Why pretend to be what you are not when it is purer and sweeter to be just what you really are?

No real man will be a woman's toy. There are plenty of cheap men on the bargain counters for that.

No great era of purity is possible until woman attains economic freedom and is beyond the need of selling herself.

Would you know the sweetest joy of all? It is that of your friend whom you aid in reaching his heart's desire.

We should learn to trust our intimates to live their own lives without even a hidden desire to dominate or direct them.

Every community sustains the loss of more than sixty per cent by living in a state of *mutual robbery* instead of *mutual aid*.

Parents, lovers, teachers, preachers, should know that limitation is far more dangerous than freedom. Freedom is the noblest cosmic law.

Oh for ten thousand errors! We know that all progress, all advancement, depends upon mistakes. We therefore welcome our blunders and yours.

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# To - M o r r o w

EDITED BY OSCAR L. TRIGGS

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE

# Song of Myself

(EXTRACT)

By WALT WHITMAN



KNOW I am solid and sound,  
To me the converging objects of the universe per-  
petually flow,  
All are written to me, and I must get what the  
writing means.

I know I am deathless,  
I know this orbit of mine cannot be swept by a  
carpenter's compass,

I know I shall not pass like a child's carlacue cut with a burnt stick  
at night.

I know I am august,  
I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself or be understood,  
I see that the elementary laws never apologize,  
I reckon I behave no prouder than the level I plant my house by.

I exist as I am, that is enough,  
If no other in the world be aware I sit content,  
And if each and all be aware I sit content.

One world is aware and by far the largest to me, and that is  
myself,

And whether I come to my own today or in ten thousand or in  
ten million years,

I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal cheerfulness I can wait.

My foothold is tenon'd and mortised in granite,  
I laugh at what you call dissolution,  
And I know the amplitude of time.

# To-Morrow

PUBLISHED BY TO-MORROW PUBLISHING COMPANY

OSCAR L. TRIGGS, EDITOR

MURRAY S. SCHLOSS, MANAGING EDITOR    PARKER H. SERCOMBE, BUSINESS MANAGER

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE CHANGING ORDER

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VOLUME I.

FEBRUARY, 1905

NUMBER 2

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We are not labelled. Your classifications do not contain us. We stand for the truth—but we do not know what truth is.

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The special significance of President Roosevelt lies in this: He is our first sociological president. His last message to Congress was couched in sociological rather than political terms. Slowly it dawns upon the mind of this age that its governing ideas are social and industrial. Will the time ever come when the government of the United States will interest itself in the welfare of the ten million people in this country—this country of “business prosperity”—cursed with poverty? What do party power and political platforms amount to in the face of the awful facts revealed by Robert Hunter in his study of American “Poverty.”

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“Prosperity, indeed! What imp of the perverse has led America to believe it is a piping land of plenty. Our “prosperity” is financial merely and is counted in terms of aggregate wealth. This wealth is estimated at sixty-five billion dollars. Ninety per cent of this amount is owned by one per cent of the population. Seven-eighths of the families of the United States own one-eighth of the wealth. One twentieth of the population of the United States is supported by public charity. One-eighth of the population of the United States is underfed and underclothed and exists under conditions which make anything like a complete life impossible. That is to say we have not solved in this country the elementary problem of civilization—the problem of food and physical comfort. That is to say we have not taken the first step in civilization. Our literature, art, and culture are mockeries. The higher life of the nation is maintained at a cost that truly “staggers humanity.” And we go on our way believing that all is well and that the country is prosperous!

Poverty is the result of social crime. Hitherto crime has been considered only in relation to individuals. The law deals with the individual murderer or thief. But to-day our most important acts are social and the same is true of our most important crimes. As Jacob Riis puts it: "You can kill a man with a tenement as easily as you can kill a man with an axe." Society protects itself against the common murderer. With a fatuity almost inconceivable we permit the deterioration of whole classes of men in the interest of what we suppose to be our "profit."

---

Intellectual prostitution is so common among us as hardly to occasion comment. I know five persons in public life who maintain their intellectual integrity under the economic slavery of our times. Concealment, not expression of thought is the rule. We practice the art of "side-stepping" with superhuman cleverness. No bull-fighter ever showed such dexterity as the modern man exhibits in evading the charge of events.

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Dishonesty is the best policy: it is the law of safety.

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Professor George E. Vincent is responsible for the currency of this definition of sociology: a description of things which everybody knows in a language which nobody can understand.

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**Concerning "Play"** The Illinois State Teachers' Association at its holiday meeting in Springfield gave considerable attention to the subject of "play." Play, it appears, has importance in science, sociology, pedagogy and philosophy. One would think that a principle of such universal bearing would have been understood and adopted long ago. But in truth we have just awakened to the fact that play has declined almost beyond recovery. The history of the last hundred years is the history of the disappearance of play. The people's play-ground has dwindled from country fields to village greens and from village greens to city streets. This but symbolizes the loss of the very spirit of play in life itself. The joy of free creation—which is what play means—is known no longer in field or factory or indeed in any home or school.

Who among us plays? Do the four million people in America, dependent upon charity for their daily bread, play? Do the ten million people in America, who live under conditions that make healthy bodies and minds impossible, play?

The disappearance of play is connected with the rise of industrial feudalism and the extension of economic tyranny. Feudalism exists by the exercise of authority. When the spirit of

feudalism comes in at the door, play goes out at the window. Play is a form of activity enjoyed by free men. Play is spontaneous, incalculable; it cannot be coerced. Schiller has said finely: "Man only plays when in the full meaning of the term he is man, and he is only completely man when he plays." Play cannot coexist, therefore, with slavery. It is possible of course for masters of slaves to play. All the marvellous art of the Greeks was the result of the play instinct released for a season by the underwork of slaves; but the slave never plays. The issue of play with us is social and economic, and not merely a question of school play-grounds.

**The  
Redemption  
of  
Christmas**

From the beginning of time there have been four festal periods in the round of the year: midwinter, spring, high summer, and autumn. These are the critical moments in the cosmic process. In one form or another the human race has indicated its sense of connection with the universal scheme, its sense of the part it plays in the symphony of cosmic life, by keeping festal days and periods during these seasons.

Christmas is of course older beyond telling than the birth of Christ. It was the policy of the church to adopt for its own uses the racial myths and customs. The cross has a history as old as man. Phallic symbols have not yet disappeared from religious rites and forms. To the northern god, Balder the Beautiful, the name was given of the White Christ. Easter and Christmas are instances of a similar appropriation of ancestral habits.

A new spiritual day has dawned. One form of the religion of to-day is the religion of science. The pagan myths have faded. The theological dogmas are passing. Feeling and imagination are gathering about other centers than those which have drawn the world so long. Enthusiasm to-day is engendered by the contemplation of the universe as scientifically known. The conceptions of science, the nebular hypothesis, for instance, give free scope to imagination. The cosmology of Milton in "Paradise Lost," created by the highest reach of poetic imagination, is petty and insignificant in comparison with the universe as modernly known. Penetrate inward to the atom or reach outward to the stars and you will find miracle rising above miracle. The religion of science is not a religion of the intellect alone; it absorbs emotions, it reflects sentiments, it requires the play of imagination.

A cosmic emotion may be defined as one which is felt in regard to the universe or sum of things, viewed as a cosmos or order. This cosmos is macrocosmos, or the universe surrounding



us, and microcosmos, or the universe of our own souls. "Two things," said Immanuel Kant, "I contemplate with ceaseless awe: the stars of heaven and man's sense of law."

The feeling springing from a contemplation of this universe is that associated with ideas of vastness. Whitman experienced cosmic emotion when he wrote:

"I open my scuttle at night and see the far-sprinkled systems.  
And all I see, multiplied as high as I can cipher, edge but  
the rim of the farther systems:

Wider and wider they spread, expanding, always expanding,  
Outward, outward, and forever outward;

My sun has his sun, and around him obediently wheels;

He joins with his partners a group of superior circuit,

And greater sets follow, making specks of the greatest  
inside them.

See ever so far, there is limitless space outside of that,

Count ever so much, there is limitless time around that."

In the same degree human nature is fluent and incomprehensible. Human life has had antecedents beyond number and will have succession beyond counting. So the entire universe is in ebb and flow. It is a drama, a series of events. Now this fact is symbolized for us in physical form by nothing so effectively as the round of the seasons.

Is it not possible to embody in rite and ceremony the features of the cosmic process, to recover for ideal human uses the seasons in their wonderful circuit, to make them the emotional incidents of a religion of science, in order that we may feel pride and joy in participating in cosmic life?

A true religion of science has been reserved of course for the present day. It waited for the modern scientific principia: the evolutionary hypothesis, with its display of an immense unfolding organism, the correlation of forces and the conservation of energy, which forbid the doubt of any atom wasted or estranged. If nothing can be ultimately lost then one may cry with Whitman:

"My foot-hold is tenoned and mortised in granite,

I laugh at what you call dissolution,

And I know the amplitude of time."

#### **A Word About Books**

Many fine things have been said about books, their beauty, companionship, consolation. In the main these fine sayings remain true. But a doubt intrudes: the age of the book is passing. The authority of the book over the minds of men is waning.

One of the most interesting chapters in Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame" is that entitled "The One Will Kill the Other." A priest of Notre Dame had used these words with reference to the cathedral of which he was a servant and to a printed book which happened to be open before him. "The book," he said in terror at the sight of the new social agent, "will kill the building." By this he meant that printing, then a newly invented art, would in time destroy the art of architecture.

Up to the present age mankind has had two books or registers or testaments: architecture and printing—the Bible of stone and the Bible of paper. They have been the social or collective arts of the human race. For six thousand years of history architecture was the great writing of mankind. Up to the time of Gutenberg all the important ideas of the race were written in stone. Solomon's Temple, for instance, was a genuine Holy Book. In its halls the priests read the Word translated and made manifest. From sanctuary to sanctuary they followed its transformations until it was grasped concretely in the innermost tabernacle. Of this granite volume the final page was written in the Gothic cathedral in the Middle Ages. With the fifteenth century a new era of thought began. Man had found a new method of expressing himself. Under the form of printing thought became indelible, volatile, mingled, as it were, with the air, more serviceable, more immortal.

When the informing life went out of architecture it grew old and withered. Michael Angelo's great church at Rome was the last original creation of architecture. Since St. Peter's Church architecture has copied its forms. For centuries no new ideas have been expressed in building, except the brutal ideas of business in modern iron and steel structures.

Now the book in its turn seems to be failing. Some symbolism is forming, intangible as yet, which promises to usurp the crude symbolism of printed type—symbols nearer the forms of thought itself. There are men upon the earth who say "I know," who have never read. One phase of the evolution is found in Emerson who read not many books, but consulted the symbols appearing and disappearing in his own mind, saying, by way of explanation: "We lie in the lap of immense intelligence, which makes us receivers of its truth and organs of its activity." In scorn of the idle man he said: "He knew not what to do and so he read." Another aspect appears in Carlyle and Maeterlinck who are exponents of a doctrine of silence—a doctrine enforced curiously by Carlyle by I know not how many excessively noisy volumes, but by Maeterlinck more consistently in a few pregnant essays. Another illustration is furnished by Whitman who said

of his own book. "This is no book, who touches this touches a man." Still another phase of the evolution is found in Herbert Spencer, who was far from being a learned man in the sense of knowing many books. There is no list of "authorities consulted" appended to any of his works. He knew so few books that it may be asserted that for the composition of his own vast system he read none at all. He "picked up" his facts and originated his ideas.

The point of this history is this: The type of man which is forming for future uses is not the recluse, the scholar, the man of letters, the bookish man. He is one who lives out in the open, who reads the book of nature, who is in league with the powers of the air, who is in contact with the vital currents which flow through the world of men. He is the man of cosmic sense and aptitudes.

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The main value of books is to show how valueless they are.

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This theory of the passing of the book explains why those schools are most successful which resist the tyranny of the book and study man and nature at first hand and deal with things rather than with words. It also explains the weakness of the church whose ministers are skillful merely in the use of words and have no understanding of things. Rhetoricians have no power over the modern world. Never was verbal intellect less in demand than at this hour.

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Still there are books and books and success in reading consists in detecting the vital dynamic books from the dead ones. Most books are already as dead as Solomon's Temple or Cleopatra's obelisk on the Thames embankment.

---

There is one test which few books can stand: To be read at sea or among the mountains or in the sunshine. Books which have been written within the four walls of a room have little or no affiliation with the open air. Poetry such as Longfellow wrote is essentially house-poetry. It may be tested by technical and grammatical rules. But you must take Whitman to the mountains or the sea-shore. What would stand if the sea and the mountains, forests, clouds, passed judgments on our books!

---

**College Professors** Grave and reverend professors from the literary departments of the universities spent their Christmas vacation in discussing momentous questions, such as "The use or omission of *dass* in subordinate clauses," "Doublets in

English," "The sources of the *Barbier de Seville*," "Repetition and parallelism in the earlier Elizabethan drama." Come, my masters, justify yourselves. Of what value are your facts when you have found them? What human need do they serve? How can you live and feed your own souls upon such nutriment, to say nothing of feeding the minds of those you are called upon to teach? Remember you are not independent; you are supported either from public funds derived from taxation, or from private endowments gathered from rents or interest on mortgages and bonds. Some day the people will rise and ask ugly questions. Do you think they will be satisfied with "The rhyme peculiarities in the *Divina Commedia*?" Of course we understand you are "safe and sane" members of society. But what if some day the "dead spectres in books" should return to reproach you! What if certain "frustrate ghosts" of your own should rise to condemn you!

---

"This is what you shall do," says a great man and poet who knows what life means: "Love the earth and sun and the animals, despise riches, give alms to every one that asks, stand up for the stupid and crazy, devote your income and labor to others, hate tyrants, argue not concerning God, have patience and indulgence toward the people, take off your hat to nothing known or unknown, or to any man or number of men—go freely with powerful uneducated persons, and with the young, and with the mothers of families—re-examine all you have been told in school or church or in any book, and dismiss whatever insults your soul."

---

**Life's Tragedies** In tragedy the hero is struck down just when he is about to touch the goal of his ambitions. Said Paracelsus in Browning's poem: "Jove strikes the Titans down, not when they set about their mountain piling, but when another rock would crown their work." Genius and originality open the way to lands of promise, but rarely enter in.

Theodore Thomas lived a life of struggle. He would not conform to the standards of the age. He withstood his environment and by sheer force of will conquered it. Then as his life came to its fruition, as he was prepared to enjoy what he had created, death claimed him for its own. Why should Jove care?

But more tragic than this was the life of Colonel Francis W. Parker, the great educator, who died, not as Theodore Thomas did at the moment of success, but at the moment of failure. Parker was a man of vision—yes, he was "visionary."

Visions are tantalizing, the dream waxes and wanes. More than once in Parker's lifetime the dream all but came true. At length, when the years were heavy upon him, the means were provided for the building of the "Chicago Institute," in which all his cherished ideals were to be realized. I have preserved the prospectus he sent out during his hopeful days. It is bright with promise. The picture of the building he had shaped mentally is printed bravely upon the cover. Something—Jove again?—interposed. The promise was never kept, the building never erected. Once more the vision faded. The great teacher died of a broken heart.

---

"I am for those that have never been master'd,  
 For men and women whose tempers have never been  
 master'd,  
 For those whom laws, theories, conventions, can never  
 master.  
 I am for those who walk abreast with the whole earth,  
 Who inaugurate one to inaugurate all.  
 I will not be outfaced by irrational things,  
 I will penetrate what it is in them that is sarcastic upon me,  
 I will make cities and civilizations defer to me,  
 This is what I have learnt from America—it is the amount,  
 and it I will teach again." —Walt Whitman.

### In Petersburg

In Petersburg, flows on the vodka and the blood,  
 In Petersburg, and farther far than Petersburg,  
 The desperate and thirsty battle on.

To quench the thirst for quiet thought—  
 Vodka!

To quell the impulse of the vodka—  
 Blood!

And on and ever on, they surge,  
 The rebels and the rulers and the ruled,  
 And everywhere is Petersburg,  
 And liquor, gore, and living men.

CHARLES A. SANDBURG.

# Henry George and Single Tax

By JOHN Z. WHITE



**H**ENRY GEORGE has widely been looked upon as a revolutionist. In fact, he is properly classed among the conservatives. His followers would preserve the civilization that is; but would correct certain details of administration. Civilization, as we know it in the United States, is understood to be based upon a recognition of individual rights. Since the days of feudalism, much has been achieved in the way of freedom for individuals, but the work is not yet complete. Is it not true that men live in a physical environment;

also in a social environment; also in a spiritual environment? In feudal times all these were controlled by the privileged lord. The extension of freedom, or, conversely, the destruction of privileges, is the characteristic, as it is the glory, of our modern time.

We have achieved religious liberty, or have taken the control of the spiritual environment from the privileged lord and placed it wholly within the control of the individual—each man can worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. We have achieved social freedom, in that each man may participate, equally with others, in the affairs of government. Also we have achieved personal freedom, in that serfdom and chattel slavery are no more. Religious privilege, political privilege, personal privilege, have been swept away.

But the physical environment? This has but partially been wrested from the hand of privilege. The followers of George would retain all freedom thus achieved, and would complete the good work by bringing the physical environment within the control of the individual. To do this, they would disturb no existing institution, but, in slight degree, would alter present administration.

It is, then, in view of the progress already made, and of the physical facts of life, that George proposed "the simple yet sovereign remedy," namely, the abolition of all taxes upon industry, and the taxing of the land values alone for public revenue. In primitive times land was held in common—a communal tribal

right. To-day it is clear that holding land in severalty, or as private property, permits a higher cultivation and therefore a more developed civilization. But in yielding common right in land, the community, or the state, has reserved to itself the power of taxation. As a result, land is held in fee-simple, which is nothing more nor less than a lease in perpetuity, subject to such tax as the state shall levy.

The physical facts of life, as concerned with economics, are as follows: Men, women and children must have food, and shelter—or die. Food and shelter are physical articles, and are procured by labor alone. Each individual has the power to labor, but can exert this power on land only. Land has been made private property, with the result that wealth, when produced, is divided between those who perform the work of production, and those who own the land on which production takes place. That is to say, is divided into wages and rent. It seems obvious that men should own all they produce; otherwise the right of private property is invaded. It is also clear that while labor produces all wealth, land owners get a portion without working. It is further clear, that with private property in land, such division of the product of labor is inevitable.

Next, government is a necessity of civilized society. Government requires revenue (illegitimate government requires much revenue). Revenue can be secured only from wages or rent. There is no other fund. Pretense may be made of deriving taxes otherwise; but examination will reveal pretense only. Poll taxes, income taxes, inheritance taxes, license taxes, tariff taxes, franchise taxes, personalty taxes; all finally rest on rent or wages.

It is clear that, if government finds it desirable (or necessary) to institute private property in land, such institution should not be permitted to become the means of gross injustice. When we find, however, that owners of land can and do get a large portion of labor's product (each amount being regulated by the varying desirability of each parcel of land) in the form of rent, we recognize injustice. If, in addition, industry is taxed to support government while perpetuating this wrong, a second injustice is done. If, as is the fact, such condition leads men to buy and hold vacant land, thus forcing producers to crowd in some places and to separate in others (*i. e.*, to produce in unfavorable conditions), a third injustice is done—or permitted.

The power to get part of the product of toil without earning it, is the effect of private property in land—and seems unavoidable. The benefits of private property in land, however, can be retained, and the evil avoided, by placing all taxes on land value, thus absorbing rent. With industry relieved from taxation the

second injustice disappears. With rent flowing to the public, no one will hold land vacant because it will not pay, and the third injustice is avoided.

We get a different view, as follows: Men co-operate in groups, as they can agree, in most affairs; but in some matters they are, by physical nature, compelled to co-operate as a communal unit. That is, there are both private and public functions. The public functions are the police power, the tenure of land, the highway—or common path or way. Under the last head fall all rights-of-way, as of railroad, telegraph, water and gas companies. The police power is, theoretically, rightly established. The private control of a public way is plainly an absurdity. It is simply a privilege to levy toll.

Land is the important matter. As owners are permitted to pocket rent, land advances in value. The higher the value of land, the lower the value of labor. A low-priced man is the corollary of high-priced land. Land is the foundation of all industry, and there is vastly more than can be used, if only we will not allow speculators to hold it vacant. Apply the simple yet sovereign remedy—abolish taxes on industry.

### The Democracy of Death

No prince is Death nor an emperor he  
With a glittering throne of might:—  
He dwells austere by the sounding sea  
Of a sure to-morrow night.

No man with his moneys gains this goal,  
Nor victor with bannered host;  
But each by himself sends forth his soul,  
A shivering, naked ghost.

What are baubles of rank, or a king's esteem,  
Or purple victories won,  
When more than they are the good man's dream  
And the peasant's duty done?

'Tis the poignant griefs we have turned to friend  
With a deed as well as prayer,  
'Tis the tears and blood for others we spend  
That are pearls and rubies there.

So we simples smile at the pomp and show—  
Gods wrought from our silly breath—  
As we haste to join, with the kings a-row,  
The Democracy of Death.

WALLACE RICE.



# John Langdon—The Wild West Artist

By MABELLE BIGGART

## A SERIES OF LIFE STORIES—NO. I

"The train whirled in at Albuquerque. It was the beginning of a Spring day. I had left the snows and cold winds of Illinois two thousand miles behind me. That was twenty years ago," said John Langdon. He sat in his comfortable and attractive home, "Bohemia"—an artist's dream it was—just a suburb of Chicago on old Lake Michigan—among the trees and the birds.

Julia, his companion and helpmeet of all these years, looked fondly into his face. I, their guest, had not seen Julia since our childhood days back in an Eastern state.

We three, with arts akin, and world-wide—after the buffetings and storms of our versatile lives in all climes, met. It was night, and we sat, we three, happy in friendship regained, scenes recalled.

The moonlight streamed into the vine-covered porch. John touched lightly the strings of a guitar, and voluntarily we joined in the songs of "The Grandfather's Clock," then another minor strain came; it was a Mexican air, for our thoughts were far away.

"You say that it was a Spring day?" I queried. "Yes, and this is how it happened," he answered.

"The foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains were all aglow with the yellow light of the rising sun. The swift-footed horse—the 'pony-post' and its daring rider—was racing almost apace with us.

"The Indians sprang into view, as if suddenly from the earth, and one by one and three by three, formed into groups—greeting us with sullen looks, or short words, not too friendly, as we drew up at the little, ugly, brown station.

"'A new town,' I had heard them say; 'only three hundred inhabitants; a boom town.' 'Plenty of gold dust?' I asked. 'Heaps of it,' said a stalwart looking stranger—and he added with a hopeful injunction: 'If you work for it—and keep your powder dry.' 'Fine climate?' 'Just the thing, young man, for that ugly cough of yours.'

"'Where can I stop?' 'Stop?' The stranger looked as if the question were superfluous. 'Stop,' he exclaimed again, 'the

whole sky is your roof—the dry ground, the sage grass, the prairie flowers and a good blanket, your bed. The Mexicans not over kindly, and Lo, the Indian; well, you might be in worse company.'

"The man doffed his large sombrero, and with a soft salute of 'Buenos Dias, Senor,' he jumped onto a lively broncho—that terror of a western horse—and was gone.

"I found myself the curious object of a strange group. My trunk, my banjo, and guitar—and my artist materials—being my sole stock of possessions. I had counted my money—just three dollars—no more or less, left from my long expensive journey. This with a bad lung, a racking cough, no prospect of a bed but the dry ground and the sage grass. Hard lines, I thought, as I stood there alone.

"Strange, hard faces, strange tongues and a strange language about me. Yes, there I stood alone, meditating what to do next.

"Of hotels there was no choice. It was to go to the only one there was—an apology of one—or not at all. I went to it. The food was coarse; the room rough, the people likewise, but a heart I found in the landlord—not without sympathy.

"A good night's rest from long days of weariness and at last—extreme fatigue and anxiety.

"I arose with the sun peering into my window. I felt refreshed, inspired, as he alone can feel who looks off upon a broad expanse of mesa—the blue skies, the mountain range—and hears the far-off call of the rough-rider down by the Rio Grande.

"Riders who will ride like princes, fearless as the bird on the wing, dashing with a whoop and a yell into the fight with the Indians, or settling differences with the cowboy on the sheep or the cattle ranches.

"I paid my bill at my hotel. It was just three dollars. I was penniless, but a new vigor took possession of me. I stepped out with a light heart. My spirits all aflame with new hope—just a slight tinge of loneliness I had—and a longing, I confess, Julia, that I was thinking of you back home.

"How could I endure it without her? I saw her standing in her father's door. To send for Julia at that moment, would be madness, yet it seemed almost imperative. I had never dreamed of roughing it like this. But face it I must. Be brave, for Julia's sake—and then, and then. Well, I went on whistling as I went down to the railway shops. The shops of the Atlantic Pacific Railway—now that great plant of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway. There I met the big burly, but well-

meant, Joe Smith. I told my story. He looked at me as much as to say: 'You're young and inexperienced, but I'm sorry for you and will give you a lift.'

" 'We need a locomotive machinist,' he said to me, looking at me with his half open black eyes, which gleamed from under shaggy brows.

" 'Yes! I'm a locomotive machinist,' I replied. 'Very good, where are your tools?' I thought I might as well be a locomotive machinist as anything else. I had always liked mechanics and had a few tools.

" 'I did not expect to be called upon to do any such work,' I said to the man. I was there for my health and had only a few tools with me; but I needed the work and was willing to try.

"Just then another workman stopped; he was the second boss. He looked me all over to his satisfaction and said as he smiled broadly, 'I'll lend you the tools, young man, one can see that you are but a tenderfoot, to be sure.'

" 'All right,' said the first boss, 'go to work; there's your engine over there, and five dollars a day if you're worth it; if you're not, then you get nothing.'

"I got my tools and those loaned me, and I went to work to set up and finish the engine; for those 'big Moguls' were sent out from the East, incomplete. It was rough work and hard work, but I conquered. The tug of war came at night. Boss No. 2 suggested, 'Why go hunting around for a room—why not sleep in the locomotive cab? It's just wide enough;' he had slept in it many a time.

" 'I have no blanket,' I answered. 'Here, I'll give you one; take this,' he said, handing me a fine Navajo blanket.

"That night I undressed as if I were going to sleep in my own mother's bed. I rolled myself up in my blanket and went to sleep. I must have rolled out of my blanket, for I awoke toward morning with a pain so acute in my chest and between my shoulders, that I could scarcely breathe from the wheezing in my lungs. I dragged myself to Joe Smith and he put me up against the fire-box of the stationary engine.

"It toasted me well. I fell asleep, and the treatment saved me; but I never slept again in an engine cab.

"Another experience I had not to be forgotten. One night I heard the sound of a banjo. I stopped and spoke to the man who was playing it—it was Jack Thorne.

"It was a Concert Hall, not of the highest character, but fitted those times. I was offered three dollars a night to play Jack Thorne's accompaniment, and I accepted. Night after

night I played from eight to eleven o'clock, and worked at the engine during the day.

"Till one night it got too lively in the Concert Hall. The cowboys got too boisterous; while they were shooting for sport at the lights and my crayon of a cowboy conquering a broncho, a crayon for which the Concert Hall man had paid me thirty-five dollars—Jack and I jumped out of the window for personal safety.

"That scene aroused me to my senses. I rushed down to the Rio Grande, bathed my hot face in the waters in the wake of the moon. There was no sound but the coyote's hoot and the prairie dog's bark.

"Such a keen sense of loneliness and homesickness came over me. I went to my plain little room in an abode hut, and wrote a letter to Julia. It was short, but I felt sure she would see the longing and my love awaiting her.

" 'You'll come at once, won't you, Julia?' "

"Yes, I remember, said Julia. "Never mind, John, what you said. I went."

"Yes, dear; and we were married upon your arrival."

"And what a looking man you were." "I should think so." And he laughed himself at the remembrance. "Instead of seeing a man with fine collar, and nice white linen, and a tailor pressed suit, you saw?" "A browned face, all covered with a beard, long hair reaching nearly to the shoulders, hands hardened by work, and clothes stained with black paint and grease. I saw a locomotive machinist," laughed Julia, merrily; "but it was John all the same."

"And you were Julia, and I didn't care how I looked as long as I had you."

### Doubt and Certainty

Rather would I my mind were all unfixed,

My thoughts like leaves, wind-blown or low or high;

Rather would I that doubt with doubt were mixed

Than that my life proved constant to a lie.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD

# Influence of Stephen Phillips in America

By NANCY HALL MUSSELMAN

The formative period of a child, a race, or a literature is the one which needs the most careful guarding. It is the time in which inherited, parental qualities are first met by outside influence, the child, until now, having stood a mirror to his forbears, reflecting with unconscious and unquestioning faith that which they gave him, safe in his heedlessness of all that lies beyond the home. But the day comes when his poor citadel is stormed; and, here as everywhere, we find that curiously dramatic warfare between innocence and knowledge, in which purity's weapon of resistance must be ground on no other stone than that of this same resistance, the strength to fight got from the battle's call for it.

The parental stock back of the American child was, happily, very strong. The fathers, Puritan and Cavalier, driven by a common fire to straddle a sea and drive their heels into a new soil, left to their offsprings a magnificent heritage, the dream of a country new in its strength, mighty in its independence, unconquerable in its free ideals. And these are the ideals which we should expect to find embodied in the literature that springs from us. With such a source to draw from, it seems incredible that it should ever fall from the high standard of originality, or lack that sweeping energy which looks to substance, and gives only the least possible consideration to form. But here, in the very dawn of our dramatic age, when our playwrights have at last come from their swaddling clothes to the time of asserting a personality, we show ourselves caught by the subtle and haunting power of a singer from over-sea, one remarkable for his form rather than for his substance, one whose art is that of the gold-smith rather than that of the iron-worker.

For Stephen Phillips is the man of all men to-day who sings through his plays, in whom the dramatic and lyric fire is so blended as to give to his productions, which he casts into dramatic form, the lyric element that is characteristic of much of the modern verse drama. And it is in the heart of this lover of song that we should expect to find that worship of the singing word which is the strong characteristic of Mr. Phillips.

But to measure the dramatic and lyric qualities in the dramas of this English poet is not the purpose of this paper. The division of verse and prose into kinds, like the division of con-

sciousness into its modes, is, especially at the point where the two meet, largely arbitrary, and one must assume authority before saying how far the union of any two is legitimate. But what one may do is to search for the mental qualities which are the parents to such a confederation, and, if one's national pride is strong and one scents a danger, in the case of America and the present drama, hold up the production beside the ideals of the race, and see where the two fail to coincide. This may be done without even the implication of blame toward him who set the model.

Theoretically, the verse drama of our present day should be a very different thing in England and America. For, the emotional energy of youth forever remains a distinct thing from the sweet contemplation of age, no matter how much of the same blood there may be in the two. And as surely as America is known, the world over, as the youth whose energy keeps his crudeness alive, so England stands strong and mighty in her conservative age. In spite of a Browning, whose magnificent energy and thought would have made him a most worthy and natural teacher of the American poet, England's time has logically come for producing such men as Phillips, men whose genius lies rather in their senses than in their comprehension of large truths. She is the present refinery for the gold which her past has dug up. America, her veins bursting with undug ore, has not time to give to polishing. Again, in this comparison, there is no question of better or worse, only one of difference, a difference that should appear in books as well as in life, and that is, in fact, very certain to appear when we shall have come to the dignity of a characteristic American literature.

Just now, outside influence has laid a heavy hand upon us. Instead of the hearty faith that, to the roaring age, allows the roarer, our dramatists are giving the lie to their inheritance and showing themselves quite overwhelmed by the fine beauty of a man who has, or should have, very little in common with them. But they have failed to consider one thing, the world's keenness in detecting the imitator, and her swiftness in damning him. No man ever yet was able to do himself or his country honor by the poor part of aping even beauty.

In Mr. Phillips, the magic of halfspoken words, the soft musical murmur of his verse, the vague art of suggestion that soothes without puzzling, unless the reader holds himself tight to the task of critical understanding, are qualities which point to a definite racial age. In England, the polishing time has come; her truths are old, and her labor is to find a new garb for them, to beautify them, to soften them. Of this, Stephen

Phillips is a most worthy representative, the natural successor of Tennyson. He is kindled by the glow of pure beauty, legitimate child of Keats, turned dramatist, one whose love gathers round exquisite form, before whose eyes float dreams of beauty, in whose ears whisper unheard melodies. Knowledge, thought, contemplation are lost in a dream of beauty. Through the writings burns the voluptuous taste for fine words, for vowels that are first sweet, for liquids that slip from the tongue musical as Italian words. Even the highest emotion comes out so soothingly dressed. Watch the awful passion of the mad Herod, who feasts upon jewels as Phillips feasts upon words. It is the madness and the passion not of youth, not even of a young race's old man, such as Lear, but of full maturity, of a race that has come to its dreaming time. It never breaks out of bounds. It remembers to sing always, and sing of

"Pearls of barbaric kings and savage gold,  
And emerald of Indian emperors,  
And wafted ivory in silent night,  
And floated marble in the moonbeams."

Softly the growing madness gathers, with aching, tense sweetness, till the old king, in his supreme moment, threatening calls for his murdered queen in musical numbers that are sweetly painful, beautifully tragic. And the reason for these softening adjectives is that back of the mad king's passion for his dead Mariamne, is the author's passion for his marble words which he cannot love enough.

But Mr. Phillips neither asks nor needs justification for his inspired worship of beauty. It is when his inspiration comes second-hand to his American imitators that indulgence must be begged, and that there is reason for a blush. Is the counterfeit hard to detect when we read:

"Bright, barren sands of gold, which shall be fertile.  
Jewels that welter like great fallen suns!  
The living heat that smoulders in deep rubies,  
The endless April of cool emeralds  
And chrysoprase within whose heart the sky  
Kisses the sea! The sullen mystery  
Of opals holding captive sunsets past!  
And diamonds fashioned from the frozen souls  
Of lilies once alive."

Though we may gratefully remember much in this drama that overleaps the imported model, are not such lines yet enough to bring a question to the judgment of those critics who welcomed the *Eldorado* of Mr. Torrence as an American drama? Is the mere laying of scenes in America enough to win for a

production that adjective which has so long and so vainly hunted its noun? Honor has not yet come to us.

Nor has it come in the *David* of Mr. Cale Young Rice, who has sinned far more deeply than Mr. Torrence. Here, the author's talent is almost entirely hid by what the light-minded might call our Phillipics. The pages are full of it, alliteration that is not artful, word-worship, song-madness.

"Hush now thy woundedness, my Michal, now."

"Hear how the people lift you limitless!"

Out of the fields and folding the far sheep."

"—innocent

As dawn or a drift of dreaming in the night!"

"Odious utterly!

As yonder sea of death and bitter salt,

As foam-grit Joppa of idolatry,

As Memphian fane of all abhorrencies!

Morning would move with horror of it, noon

A livid sepulchre of shame span o'er,

And night shrink to remember day had been!"

Sometimes the singing frenzy even lays violent hands upon sense, and we study the lines in vain.

"I have been wonder ecstasy and dream!"

"What is it now so fevered from you stares

And breathing too abhorrence?"

"Who

Drove me a prey unto this wilderness!

Upon the blot of it and death and sear!

The silence, burning, and relentless swoon!"

Such writing upon the American wall should not bring us good cheer. Some encouragement we may find in the fact that our Mr. Moody who, once, erred as he wrote "dumb noons vastly suspended," has in his later work not only sloughed off all such foreignism, but in at least one ode has proven the poetic quality of the American spirit. His virtuous isolation, however, leaves much to be desired from the other American poets. And even the poor imitation of word and form which writes us guilty, is not the sum of the evil. By many who lack the cleverness, the ear, the talent to imitate the verses of Mr. Phillips, his spirit will be more easily caught, and we shall find ourselves, writers and readers, thirsting for and fed upon a diet that will build up neither bone nor muscle. Our time for sweetness and muffled sighs has not yet come, and, though we may pray for ourselves then when it comes, as worthy a singer as Mr. Phillips, at present our petition should be for men whose inspiration is the surge and stress, who burn to utter unspoken



truths, who fail to hold in their young hands the great sum of their formless material.

The decided success of Mr. Phillips, the strongly marked distinctions of his verse, tempt the young writer into something that may flatter the English dramatist, and that, at first sight, may seem to promise well for our own dramatic age, but in reality we are facing a serious danger. Pernicious, even, might be called the influence that draws a nation away from itself, towards alien ideals. In the new drama that Mr. Phillips is sending across to us, we have new proof of the poet's charm, of his subtlety, of his fascination, and shortly hereafter we may be furnished with further evidence for or against our American dramatists. Will the poppy fumes again be laid under their nostrils? Will the power of the word from across the sea be sufficient to harm us yet again? The hope for the final glorification of the American drama and of American poetry is strong, and should help lift all work up to the ideal, but a safe weapon to be tightly held is a full knowledge of facts, even when the facts seem, for the moment, to forbode evil.

### **The Hour**

Proclaim the birthcry of a better race;  
On the great scroll of ages mark this place  
In words of gold; it is an hour sublime.  
From now shall cease the ancient, awful crime  
Of human bondage, which even yet we trace  
In our industrial plan. Lo, on the face  
Of things there smiles the promise of the time.  
But brothers, we must stand together, true;  
Forgetting minor things for that great end;  
Together we must gain the larger view  
And for the great essentials we must spend  
Our daily sweat and blood; if this we do,  
This hour is marked in time's eternal trend.

EDGAR M. SWAN.

*Rockford, Ill.*

# How to Care for the Baby

By DR. W. E. BOYNTON

I stopped on the corner the other day to let a procession of carriages pass. In one of them on the front seat was a small, white coffin, on the back seat a broken hearted father and mother, themselves but little more than children. I turned my head aside for there was something misty before my eyes and a strange lump in my throat, and looked the other way. The procession passed, and I went on my way, but the pang in my heart remained. I could see the home from whence the little one had gone. I could see that young wife as with nimble fingers she had made her preparations against the coming of the stork, and sang as she worked. There was the basket of baby's things, trimmed within and without in such dainty taste as only a woman's love can conceive. I peeped inside, there were the little shirts so cozy and warm, soft little flannel bands, little night gowns, feather-stitched, one with pink, one with blue, one with white; little bootees—grandma made those I'll wager; little white slips for everyday and such dainty little dresses for "company;" here a little blanket of the softest flannel, its white silk embroidery yellow with age, an heirloom doubtless, perhaps one that papa had worn when he was a babe, and there by themselves nameless things, lots of them, white as snow and all folded diamond-wise to be ready for use; little bows of ribbon here and there and a faint odor of sachet powder. I closed the lid lest I be discovered in my intrusion and reprimanded for my sacrilege. Everywhere about the house were signs of the baby; and there on the mantle was a rattle. Daddy couldn't hardly wait till he could buy one for the baby.

My heart beat fast and I thought, truly here is a *home*. I listened; all was still; perhaps the baby is asleep! I tiptoed up to the little crib and peeked over the edge. It was empty! Then I remembered, and stepped back into the shadow for there were footsteps at the door; someone entered, I looked, it was the two I had seen in the carriage. The man was a sturdy fellow, scarcely thirty, broad shouldered and deep chested, a picture of perfect manhood; the woman, lithe and trim, fit for an artist's model, but the joy of youth was gone from their faces, gone forever, for sorrow had gripped their hearts with a band of steel that knows no breaking. They entered and closed the door softly, perhaps it was from habit; then the big fellow stopped, he could go no further. Softly the little woman stole to his side, put her arms around him and led him on.

Even fancy could bear no more and I cried aloud as I walked along the street, "My God, why must such things be!"

When I reached my office I saw on my desk a report of the Bureau of Vital Statistics, I read, "Two-fifths of all children die under five years of age." Of every five children born to man and woman two must live only in memory! With feverish haste I grasped a volume from the shelf and read: the cause, the great cause for this frightful mortality among children was *improper care*. It stood out in every sentence; improper care bred of ignorance, ignorance of the little one's needs and the care that should be given it. First and foremost came improper food and improper feeding, then insufficient clothing, then neglect of general care, and *lastly* disease.

Improper food! What should a baby eat? Milk, of course, we answer promptly. But wait a moment, let us think twice before we make a final answer. Have we not forgotten that Baby was living with his mother for nine long months before any of us saw him. If we are to consider his food properly we must not neglect this important period of his life, a fact too often forgotten.

To know what food baby needs we must first consult some work on Anatomy and Physiology. Here we learn that baby must have bones and muscles, nerves and blood just like grown-up folks, and these various structures contain just the same elements in baby's little body as in yours or mine. Yes, dearie, baby needs just what you need. What his mother needs to make her well and strong just that baby needs that he may be well and strong when the stork leaves him on your doorstep. The only difference is that you must set the table for *two*.

"But, doctor;" you say, "I have heard that if I eat only fruit while I am carrying my baby I will have an easy labor and child-birth will be robbed of its pain and danger, is that true?" Yes, little girl, it is the truth, but unfortunately it is not the *whole truth*. Your labor will be easy because baby's little bones are not properly developed and baby's flesh is soft and flabby. You have gained but baby has lost. Baby's flesh is like your flesh, baby's bones are like your bones, and if you would have a healthy child you must see that while baby is with you he shall have every element supplied that is necessary to build his little body aright; and fruit does not contain all these necessary elements; what you would eat to make you well and strong will be just what baby needs for his proper development.

"But, doctor," you say, "*what should I eat?*" Look at your teeth and Nature will answer your question. There are the incisors

sors for biting and gnawing, and canines for tearing flesh, the bi-cuspids for munching fruit, and the molars for grinding grain. What does Nature tell by this array of different kinds of teeth? She says that man is an omniverous animal, that he may and should eat all kinds of foods; fruits, meat, vegetables. And Nature knows best. Child bearing is a purely physiological process and needs no further thought so far as diet is concerned than those simple rules which are necessary to keep you well. Remember you have a boarder now and must set a good table, the best of food, plain, good and nutritious. If the mother is well, eats what she desires, avoiding excess, takes plenty of exercise in God's fresh air and sunshine, sleeps well at night, and looks forward with bright anticipations to the coming of her child, baby will be born a healthy and robust little chap, ready to be one of the three-fifths who stay to gladden our homes if given half a chance. Eat what Nature craves. Nature knows best what you and the baby need. Does she! See how your appetite has increased! It is Nature calling for more! And sleep! Why, you can sleep like a baby yourself. Nature knows best what to do; follow her advice and leave all theories to those who know not Nature's laws. If Nature orders "weenies" and sauerkraut, let her have it. Maybe baby is a Dutchman! Eat with moderation, exercise with discretion; sleep with regularity and await with happiness God's greatest gift to woman, motherhood, and Nature will do the rest.

### A Child's Sorrow

Little Goldenhair was weeping;  
Stormy skies  
Her brow and eyes.  
Sorrow had her heart in keeping,  
Tears of pain  
Fell fast like rain.

Like a thunderstorm that dashes  
On summer noon;  
For I saw soon  
Eyes like sunshine through wet lashes,  
And sweet, the while,  
A rainbow smile.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

# Animadversions

By EDWIN DAVIES SCHOONMAKER

The seer of this age is the financier.

The south wind is the north wind in love.

He who is too busy to be helpful is an idler.

Love is friendship raised to the highest power.

A polite man is not necessarily a gentleman.

Where the brain is to-day the hand will be to-morrow.

Those who cannot live freely should at least think freely.

To be wise one must have in him something of the fool.

Those who spell God with a small letter still use the capital I.

When law becomes common sense humanity will have become free.

It is not enough to know. If you would understand you must do.

The materialist of one generation becomes the sensualist of the next.

"Ah, but you do not know this theological slumber."—Erasmus.

Churches are like caravansaries—something to be left behind if the journey is to be continued.

Great minds change their felloes and spokes but never their axles. Small minds have no axles.

When the chain galls it is easily broken. After that, if it is ever broken it is only by a double effort.

The age needs a Rabelais to laugh out of existence the cant of the churches, the mummery of the universities, and the solemn technicalities of the courts.

The unkind word finds its way back at last into the heart of him who uttered it and nestles there with all the pain it has accumulated in its progress through the world.

One human being in a million has evolved beyond the crab state. The rest go through their mental lives with their faces toward the past, and so advance backwards.

Have you ever seen the sun struggling to get through the mist in order to light up the streets of a city? The sun is a new idea, and the mist the teachings of the fathers.

"If you take me you must take my brother also," who hath ever said that unto God? In what creed of what church is that to be found? No; this is a religion that dweeleth above the tops of the steeples.

# To-Morrow's To-day and Yesterday

BY MURRAY S. SCHLOSS

Was time ever so electric as now, with the rush and crash of events. In even the last two transforming centuries did ever developments so pregnant of power for human uplift pass in gay procession so swiftly as during the past few weeks? Economic and industrial issues at home, and continuous signs of the dizzy shifting of the balance among nations abroad are again, through a striking series of news-chroniclings, first in the attention of thoughtful observers; and in the religious world the chaos and the bewildering counter-currents are exhibited to us through several noteworthy happenings.

Lawson, most dangerous of rebels to our economic rulers, by virtue of what he knows, defies the aggregate regnant powers of American capitalism and forces its smitten heads to shake and rage in impotent silence. More placid, but also of great consequence, is Commissioner Garfield's proposal, backed by President Roosevelt, to take the trusts—organized autocrats of America—practically out of state hands into federal control and while centralizing nationally the functions of government, centralizing and clarifying at the same time the corollary question: what forces shall rule the government? The corporations give reluctant consent. The lessons of the election were not entirely lost, it seems. Mr. Trust evidently sees the meaning of the absurd fiasco of the conservative Democratic party and in order to extract the fangs from the great new radical party that is sure to rise pretty soon he will put himself under the stern supervision of the people's government at Washington. What an awful concession! Instead of forty-six legislatures to influence there will be only one; instead of forty-six administrations to conciliate there will be only one; instead of forty-six campaign funds to swell, there will be only one. But let us rejoice. The destruction of the general power and importance of the individual states, which the Civil War began, is at hand. Economic evolution and concentration are already converging all important issues to the single central, national arena. As for the Lawson movement, it is of more subtle and far reaching interest, and will be carefully treated a little later.

In the industrial world progress is of the liveliest, most commanding sort. A great independent labor convention is summoned to meet in June to organize a gigantic national association on

progressive industrial lines to take charge of the trade union movement throughout the country in its present terrific and dangerous fight with the organized employers of the nation. If successful, this will replace the loose-jointed, unwieldy colossus of the American Federation of Labor and the conservative time-serving Gompers clique, intrenched in power, that now rules it. Back of this historic call are the leading labor rebels of many descriptions. If the plan succeeds, the social revolution will be upon us before many more to-morrows—perhaps too soon. We shall watch developments and discuss the whole fascinating subject from time to time. This convention call is partly the direct outcome of the convulsive industrial struggle in Colorado during the past two years. An echo of the war—for there is no peace, only a truce—is the governorship contest in that state in which the corporation backers of Governor Peabody, the czar, suddenly deserted him, seating Adams, the moderate. Peabody contests. The end is not yet. Speaking of the social revolution, if all men of wealth were to follow N. O. Nelson's recent example of giving his employes and patrons a fair chance to purchase away from him completely his industrial establishment, paying with the profits, revolutionary measures might be totally averted. But never fear, they won't—that is, the men of wealth. Meanwhile we are waiting to hear from Mr. Nelson on the subject.

Now as to the religious world—including the air and the clouds. Lyman Abbott, influential publicist, chief among defenders of the ancient Christian creed, declares boldly for pantheism and is secure—orthodoxy may only complain. The remarkable thing is not the idea of an impersonal God immanent, resident in each thing in the universe. That is old in origin though modern in wide spread acceptance. The noteworthy thing is that Abbott thus speaking keeps his place, and thereby sets a precedent for all pastors who are Protestant or reform. The steady decline in the influence of orthodox religion is evidenced strongly yet very differently by these rationalistic declarations and by the Smoot-Mormon inquiry in the Senate. Smoot, chosen spokesman of a church organization potentially among the greatest in America is brought to book before unwilling fellow-senators, themselves goaded by an army of sensitive moralists; and the inquiry revealed the Mormon Church as an intensely ambitiously organized conspiracy for temporal and spiritual conquest. The two main reasons for this decline—in orthodox influence—could not be better shown. One is that theologies generated in barbarism and maintained by fear can no longer, in this age of iconoclastic science, hold the soul of thinking humanity in thrall, and no sophistry can reconcile the materialism of Loeb and the pan-

theism of Abbott with the personal deity of a Trinitarian revelation. The other reason is the failure of the old-time churches to afford a religion of life that is of real practical service to modern industrial man, and the success of the Mormon Church lies just herein, that it affords material help accommodated to present conditions for its devotees—no wonder it grows. The significance of this Mormon controversy is set forth below.

War breeds war. Several of the world's greatest nations strain with striking coincidence in time to redouble their ponderous navies and heighten the amazing efficiency of their military preparations; what good can it bode? Efforts at peace, from whatever source, come to naught, and will come to naught, until peace is enforced by the logic of compulsion. Meanwhile, the supreme recent happening, climacteric perhaps to Russia, opening a mine of meaning for all the peoples of the world, implying a rising, freshened Orient challenging white supremacy in an epoch soon to come, is the critical pivotal flash of news which came January first as if to herald a year rich with the destiny of clash and change—the long-looked-for fall of Port Arthur. Said the London Daily Telegraph, January second:

**Significance of** "To-day a new epoch in history has been opened.  
**Port Arthur's** Henceforth the yellow peoples have opened to  
**Fall** them a prospect of an independent future parallel with that of the white peoples. The war has a vital bearing upon the control of the Pacific no less than upon the renaissance of Asia. In this respect it affects the interests of America and Australia alike, as obviously as it affects the position of every great power in Europe. It may prove, indeed, before many generations have elapsed, to have been more decisive than any incident in the relation of Europe and Asia since the Battle of Marathon overthrew the power of Persia and created in the spirit of Greece the genius of the West which at last after 2,000 years stands in the unmistakable presence of the counter genius of the East."

Port Arthur's fall means one-half the world's rise. Henceforth the Pacific competes with the Atlantic as the world's greatest avenues of trade, the theater of rivalry of the world's mightiest nations fronting on her coasts, and may we look forward to the time when the fulcrum of the balance of power will pass to the Pacific from the Atlantic, as once it passed, not so very long ago, to the Atlantic from the Mediterranean. The industrial hells of West and Central Europe are depleting the vitality of the people even as we are waning and sickening in the grasp of the God of Greed gone mad. Industrial Europe has the start of us in this:



Our youth, our hope, our unfilled imperial domain may yet save us, but the Germanic and Latinic peoples of Europe, wasted and poor of natural resources, must yield supremacy just as surely as the vigorous races of East Asia, refreshed with the sleep of centuries will come into their own. Port Arthur's fall, the first decisive victory in ages of East—or newest West—over the older West, may signal the coming of this change, this Oriental awakening, far earlier—in these flying times—than the most sanguine predict. Old Europe, with muttering jealousy, already fears it; renovated Japan, with ill-hidden eagerness, already hopes it. Lovers of humanity may well hope it too, so that the backward half of the human race may not be used by the Masters of the Bread on both sides of the Atlantic as unconscious tools to batter the rest of us into hopeless economic slavery. Thus may another historic crisis be passed in safety; and may it be some intuitive glimmering of the issue that has been drawing the feelings of the democratic masses throughout civilization in sympathy with Japan.

Anthropologists tell us that the yellow-brown or Turanian race is fundamentally not inferior to the white. A famous University professor has recently reminded us that the white races of most of Europe and America are on the road to exhaustion. The Russians, a nation young, barbaric, and half asleep, are yet the frontiersmen and defenders of white culture and modes of thought in this war against the pristine strength of the ancient Oriental civilization aggressively represented by Japan. The yellow race, original pioneer of civilization back in the misty twilight of history which had been passed and left far behind in the march by white Christendom, now re-asserts its primal social genius and arises through successful defense to ultimate mastery, after escaping by a thread the ignominy of foreign dominion.

The question is economic chiefly. The Jap, or "chink," similarly placed, is as good a workman as the white, and a clever merchant. Free from the degeneracy which modern industrialism entails on the dominant nations, he is yet superbly amenable to discipline and works well in organized masses as modern industrialism demands. He is ready; unnumbered centuries of high culture have prepared him. A breath of the new modern life stirs China to-day and she is surely beginning to tread the necessary path so courageously pioneered by Japan; and it may not be so long. Who says that the Chinese is so much slower than the Japanese? Can he prove it? It has often been pointed out that the far Easterner, working with American machinery and economic methods, working harder and living more cheaply, can soon make our products needless to his country

—and then gradually expel our competition from the markets of the world. The elimination of competition of Mongolians with our laborers in America will soon be no longer served by a Chinese exclusion act. It will be necessary to exclude the far Eastern nations from the earth, and they might object to that.

These facts and others like them are impregnable; yet democracy has nothing to fear by the coming of new races to their own, by the entrance and press of humanity into the broadening circle of Western culture. Indeed, the young world of progress welcomes rich new elements that the varied, peaceable Oriental culture have to offer us; the young democracy, constructively aspiring, knows that the "yellow peril" threatens the supremacy only of white exploiters. Earth's heritage is so richly sufficiently for all, it needs only a saner distribution; earth's peace is so profound, it needs only an awakening of the divinity within us and in our work to be realized. Port Arthur's fall means half the world's rise; means a redoubling of the strident fury of the jarring, warring competition, economic and political, that is driving the world frantic and frenzied, eager America in the forefront. "Port Arthur's fall means Japan's definite entry into the circle of the great powers," said a Japanese plenipotentiary abroad. He might have added that China's emergence is soon to follow.

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New Japan shows no intention of accepting Christianity, China still less. Hitherto one of the strongest arguments held in reserve by the dominant faith has been its widespread acceptance throughout the world. Christianity is losing ground step by step throughout civilization. Is the spirit of Christian pride destined to be humbled before the first confession that a nation may be strong and healthy and humane without it? Will the Buddhist system or the Confucian, with the rise of their votaries, hurl successful defiance, both moral and physical, at the aggressive militant conscience of America and Europe? It may be observed that while missionaries from the West are supported in the Orient by contributions from home, and though specially trained for their labors, yet are unwelcome as a rule, and make converts only among the working classes—and these by a sort of main force and virtual bribery; missionaries to us from the cults and creeds of the Orient, on the contrary, maintain themselves among us and gain converts here—and souls—of our most cultured elements.

It is not intended here to predict—only to present a side of the case other than that which is taught in every shape, from every standpoint, by nearly every agency of public opinion with a sanctified air that would make discussion a sacrilege.

Peace in the far East is not to be expected very soon; though it is difficult to say what Russia, her naval bases mostly lost, expects substantially to gain by prolonging the agony. Vladivostok is the next natural objective. It is said to be the second Port Arthur in point of strength. If the islanders investing it can make its harbors untenable there will be nowhere for the Russian fleet to go. Its capture will kill gigantic Russia's dreams of Pacific empire and force the ponderous pressure of Muscovite expansion elsewhere; to the Persian Gulf, perhaps, threateningly close to Great Britain's preserves, or to the Levantine Mediterranean, crushing Balkan independence in its march, if not clear through to the Adriatic, through the tottering moribund bulk of heterogeneous Austria.

Unless the Baltic fleet completes its journey and destroys Japan's essential navy by pure preponderance of bulk—and we do not believe that will happen, Japan cannot be defeated in this war. She may not drive the Muscovite home but a successful maintenance of her defenses will mean victory for Japan, just as a check to the apparently invincible sweep of overbearing Russian imperialism means defeat to Slavic autocracy. Not only defeat, but later—perhaps not much later—the death blow to czarist absolutism. Russia's huge mass takes long to move, but there is every sign that the unrest that sways and rocks her foundations from Finland to Caucasia is waxing, rather than waning. Just now Russia is stunned by the blow. But its smart will penetrate to the minds of the moujiks and the aura of invincibility and infallibility that surrounds the throne and awes the common folk will be shattered. The students who are organizing revolution on a stupendous scale may soon prevail upon a disillusioned soldiery to strike in rebellion and to knock the props from under the rotten imperialist superstructure with its three-winged plan of bureaucratic state, brutal army, and idolatrous church. The rumblings sound louder. We may not have long to wait.

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The Mormons expelled from the settled part of the country a half century ago fled to the unknown desert of Utah. Their terrible economic struggles with an unwatered soil and a strange sort of environment, as well as with enemies, red and white, made them naturally a close-knit, tightly organized self sufficient and self dependent body of fanatics. Church, state and economic fabric were one under church hegemony. It was the church that took charge of the great irrigation works that have made the desert flower, that have forced substance for increasing population in the dry hole of the Great Basin. It was the church that planted

immigrant farming communities in every direction from the great Salt Lake, and governed them with a firm, efficient, kindly discipline till they reached a reliably self-supporting basis. It was the church that fostered and governed the commerce of the people and controlled, directly or indirectly, the principal distributing agents of Utah. Likewise education. And when we contemplate their real success, can we doubt that Mormonism is a real religion, an American religion of today governing the thoughts and helping the lives of its enlarging circle of adherents? Why shall not people be sincere in a faith that helps them, that organizes their communities and supplies a sufficient philosophy of life? The Mormon circle is enlarging. The wise old pioneer saw clearly that their hated handful could not long prevail against the fast on-surfing tide of anti-Mormon immigration, so to preserve their cause, their methods of life and thought, the missionary spirit seized them and they went forth to the ends of the earth with voluntary eagerness to preach their gospel and make extensive the tremendous intensive power of their society—a blade steeled in the fires of persecution and privation. Its missionaries sturdy in the faith go forth to preach as did the apostles of old, relying for support on themselves and the Lord.

Is it to be wondered they make converts everywhere? Is it to be wondered that laughing at the pampered worn-out creeds, they are solidifying their power throughout the far West and conquering state after state to the firm control of their practical, spiritual kingdom, while their business power aided by bodies of converts growing up throughout the country, hushes and paralyzes ever more effectively the voice of opposition? Not very effectively as yet perhaps, but this is what it is coming to.

Polygamy is not the main question. That hideous institution is dying out, has nearly died out even in Utah. Not because of the promises of the sanctimonious old elders—oh, no! Because the younger generation of women, enlightened by the Gentile example of monogamy, instinctively revolt and assert their feminine right and self respect. The few cases remaining of old plural families, surviving by grace of family ties Utah's covenant with the nation, offer no great problem, nor even the few plural marriages solemnized by grace of old time habits since Utah's admission to statehood. The problem is the dominion of the Latter-Day Saints' religion over the minds of a growing fraction of America that recognizes no bonds higher or holier than its own (the Church), whether to nation or family or associates in work or play.

As for the Senators trying Smoot it is like Satan rebuking sin. Magnates or hirelings of the trusts themselves, or debauchees, do they come into court with clean hands to try their fellows? Smoot

is a man clean of life, whom the fate of things combined with its own interest makes an apostle of a church whose extremist practice he does not approve. It is not a matter of defending Smoot, but a pointing out of the grotesque absurdity of questioning the moral qualifications of anyone for a seat in that robbers' roost, sanctum of senility, the United States senate.

Out of all this fog of controversy has hidden, is sure to issue some project to serve and conserve our ruling classes. Here it is evidently; the talk of repealing Utah's statehood because of the unkept covenant with the Union regarding polygamy. Arizona and New Mexico would be refused admission for fear of the same development, possibly even Oklahoma, not that any occasional case of open polygamy would scald the delicate consciences of our lords of commerce who practice it secretly. But the people in these Western communities are naturally rebels. They bear less lightly than in any other section the galling commercial yoke of these aforesaid lords and governing classes; even now they are too near ripe for revolution.

Whether Smoot keeps his seat matters nothing. An outsider can serve the church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints as well as an "apostle." Let us not begrudge the United States senators, uneasy of conscience, professional traitors to the American masses, the unusual pleasure of sitting in moral judgment, piously indignant, over a fellow-senator. Let us laugh.

### After the Storm

The fields were lying frozen, brown and bare;  
 Reft of their garbs of green, the naked trees  
 Stood starkly shivering in an icy breeze  
 And making mournful echoes in the air.  
 The stream but slow between its banks could fare;  
 Above hung brooding skies, like shoreless seas,  
 With huddled clouds. All things in their degrees  
 Were monuments to ruin's triumph there.  
 One night, and lo! the sun burst on a world  
 New garbed in beauty: far as eye could gaze  
 All shone resplendent, white-robed. Rainbow rays  
 Sprinkled their fire; the wind's wings all were furled,  
 And in the calm, too fine for words to praise.  
 Each branch hung, diamond-flashing and empearled.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

# Some Vital Books on Economics

By OSCAR L. TRIGGS

The first book of the month is Robert Hunter's "Poverty," published by the Macmillan Company. It is not a pleasant book to read, for it is the most terrible arraignment of American civilization that has ever been made. With a vividness like that of Dante's "Inferno," with an imaginative grasp of social facts wholly unusual, this appalling book siezes the mind of the reader and will not release it until its message is delivered. This is no idle tale of charity organizations or of palliative remedies for poverty. It strikes at the root of the disease of which poverty is a symptom—the economic system which sacrifices human life to material profits. Indirectly the book gives a modern interpretation to the allegory which opens Dante's great poem: A traveller terrified toils up the face of a barren precipice. He is weary and almost without hope. Three beasts beset him; a leopard with a beautiful spotted hide, a lion fierce and terrible, and a wolf lean and hungry. In despair the traveler turns and flees from the dangers of his course. In its retelling this allegory is given a modern setting:

"In this community of workers several thousand human beings were struggling fiercely against want. Day after day, year after year, they toiled with marvelous persistency and perseverance. Obnoxious as the simile is, they worked from dawn until nightfall, or from sunset until dawn, like galley slaves under the sting of want and under the whip of hunger. On cold, rainy mornings, at the dusk of dawn, I have been awakened, two hours before my rising time, by the monotonous clatter of hobnailed boots on the plank sidewalks, as the procession to the factory passed under my window. Heavy, brooding men, tired, anxious women, thinly dressed, unkempt little girls, and frail, joyless little lads passed along, half awake, not one uttering a word as they hurried to the great factory. From all directions thousands were entering the various gates—children of every nation of Europe. Hundreds of others—obviously a hungrier, poorer lot than those entering the gates; some were most ragged and almost shoeless, but all with eager faces—waited in front of a closed gate until finally a great red-bearded man came out and selected twenty-three of the strongest, best-looking of the men. For these the gates were opened, and the others, with downcast eyes, marched off to seek employment elsewhere, or to sit at home, or in a saloon, or in a lodging house, until the following morning, when they came wistfully again to some factory gate. In this community, the saddest in which I have ever lived, fully fifty thousand men, women and children were all the time either in poverty or on the verge of poverty. It would not be possible to describe how they worked and starved and ached to rise out of it. They broke their health down; the men acquired in this particular trade a painful

and disabling rheumatism, and consumption was very common. The girls and boys followed in the paths of their parents. The wages were so low that the men alone could not support their families, and mothers and babies toiled in order to add to the income. They gave up all thought of joyful living, probably in the hope that by tremendous exertion they could overcome their poverty; but they gained while at work only enough to keep their bodies alive. Theirs was a sort of treadmill existence with no prospect of anything else in life but more treadmill. In other words, these men, women, and children were, to my mind, struggling up the face of a barren precipice—not unlike that up which Dante toiled—sometimes in hope, sometimes in despair, yet bitterly determined; the abyss of vice, crime, pauperism, and vagrancy was beneath them, a tiny ray of hope above them. Flitting before them was the leopard, persistently trying to win them from their almost hopeless tasks by charms of sensuality, debauch and idleness. The lion, predatory and brutal, threatened to devour them; the she-wolf (Greed), hungry for them, enriched herself by their labors. Some were won from their toil by sensual pleasures, some were torn from their footholds by economic disorders, others were too weak and hungry to keep up the fight, and still others were rendered incapable of further struggle by diseases resulting from the unnecessary evils of work or of living."

The volume invites to further quotation, but I forbear. I challenge any member of the leisure class who attends the Charity Ball to read this book without self-questioning; only they will never understand.

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The keenest mind at work in the university field in America is that of Professor Thorstein Veblen. Almost alone among economists Professor Veblen writes from the point of view of a fundamental philosophy. His "Theory of the Leisure Class" marked an epoch in the economic interpretation of life, because it was absolutely basic in social fact, and therefore beyond controversy. His recent "Theory of Business Enterprise," published by Scribner's Sons, is the most complete analysis that has yet been made of the working of what is known as "capitalism" or "the system." This book and Hunter's "Poverty" show the upper and under side of the same thing. Let business be conducted for profit and divorced from consideration of human welfare and the deterioration of the race immediately sets in. Some of the main theses sustained in the book will be found in the following quotations:

"Business is the quest of profits."

"Industry is controlled by business exigencies and is carried on for business ends."

"Questions of business are fundamentally questions of price."

"Business enterprise is swayed by considerations of nominal wealth rather than by considerations of material serviceability."

"Work that is on the whole useless or detrimental to the community at large may be as gainful to the business man and to the workmen whom

he employs as work that contributes substantially to the aggregate livelihood."

"Profit is a business proposition, livelihood is not."

"'Liberty does not mean license' would be transcribed in economic terms, 'The natural freedom of the individual must not traverse the prescriptive rights of property.'"

"The workmen do not and cannot own and direct the industrial equipment and processes, so long as ownership prevails and industry is to be managed on business principles."

"In the ideal case, the general body of owners are necessarily reduced to the practical status of pensioners dependent on the discretion of the great holders of immaterial wealth; the general body of business men are similarly disfranchised in point of business initiative and reduced to a bureaucratic hierarchy under the same guidance; and the rest, the populace, is very difficult to bring into the schedule except as raw material of industry."

"Armaments and warlike demonstrations have come to be a part of the regular apparatus of business."

"Representative government means, chiefly, representation of business interests. Modern politics is business politics, even apart from the sinister application of the phrase to what is invidiously called corrupt politics."

"The principle of pecuniary liberty has found its most unmitigated acceptance in America. To a greater extent than elsewhere public esteem is awarded to artists, actors, preachers, writers, scientists, officials, in some rough proportion to the sum paid for their work."

"Business enterprise as applied to periodical literature conduces mildly to the maintenance of archaic ideals and philistine affectations and inculcates the crasser forms of patriotic, sportsmanlike, and spendthrift aspirations."

"The discipline of the machine process enforces a standardization of conduct and of knowledge in terms of quantitative precision, and inculcates a habit of apprehending and explaining facts in terms of material cause and effect. It involves a valuation of facts, things, relations, and even personal capacity, in terms of force. Its metaphysics is materialism and its point of view is that of casual sequence. The intellectual outcome of machine industry is an habitual resort to terms of measurable cause and effect, together with a relative neglect and disparagement of such exercise of the intellectual faculties as does not run on these lines."

One is happy to note in conclusion that this machine discipline, bad as it is in itself, acts to disintegrate the institutional heritage of the business mind and to cut away the ground of law and order on which business enterprise is founded. In the friction of classes and social forces the control of the world is destined shortly to pass from the hands of the traders.

Of course Professor Veblen is not an advocate; nor does he take sides; he gives a coldly scientific explanation of business phenomena. At the same time the case of business is so stated that no one is likely to adopt its principles from love or admiration. The fatal effects of business are seen when it controls the output of art studios, author's workshops, theaters, the press, and the universities.



The reader should not fail to note the superb style of the author, his mastery over the phrase, the sately logic of his sentences, and the occasional flashes of satire.

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Another basic book is Kenworthy's "Anatomy of Misery," published by Small, Maynard & Company. Civilization has come to a pretty pass when an examination of its economic system can be called an anatomy of misery; but Hunter's book on poverty is a proof that this is the true view. Mr. Kenworthy gives in brief outline form the essential facts of the existing mercantile system, opposing to these, the ideal humanized economics of Ruskin's "Unto This Last." Following Ruskin, Kenworthy defines "wealth" as comprising those products of labor which are good to be used and enjoyed by man. This is unusual doctrine but it is not more strange than the adoption of a biblical commandment as the first principle in economics: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The conclusion of the book that reform is to be sought through personal conduct is weak, but otherwise the book is the strongest possible compendium of the "changing order."

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Since writing his satiric "Benevolent Feudalism," W. J. Ghent has joined, I believe, the Socialist party. In any event it is socialistic philosophy which underlays his new book on "Mass and Class," just published by the Macmillan Company. Without ado Ghent adopts the doctrine of the economic interpretation of history—a doctrine which means as much for history as Darwin's "Origin of Species" meant for science. History is now being rewritten so as to represent adequately the play and manifestation of social forces. History, economics, and sociology are now one subject and merge into one document. It becomes us to understand first the meaning of society as a whole and then of the classes into which society is divided and in accordance with which the sentiments, ideas and ethical conduct of the members of the class are determined. It is this task of clearing the ground for the right understanding of society that Ghent essays in his "Mass and Class." He shows how and why the ethics of the producing classes is different from that of the class of traders. "Graft," for instance, is not an individual matter; it is a class principle; it is the outcome of trading-class morality working under conditions of individualistic competitive industry; it is the "system."

Trading-class ethics is an ethics of profit—and nothing else; profit by exploitation of labor, by employment of children, by fraud, by adulteration of goods, by open graft, by any means

whatsoever. At present the traders dominate the world; hence poverty, hence brutality, hence "man's inhumanity to man." However the traders are destined to disappear. They have been tried and found wanting. They are socially inefficient. Their "business" ends in social bankruptcy. Social bankruptcy—to this pass the traders with their "business enterprise" have brought us. Says Ghent:

"Whatever their individual virtues or defects may be, the traders as a class have failed dismally in administering the world's affairs. And so obvious to great numbers of men is this failure, and so intolerable is the burden which it entails, that now an opposing class, ever increasing in numbers and ever attaining to a clearer consciousness of its mission, threatens the traders' dominance. A class it has been termed; but it is something more than a class. It is the union of all men whom the burden and pressure of the trading-class regime force to like action in the assertion of their economic claims, and in whom is awakened a common hope of reorganization of society and a determination to achieve it. At its center is the class of wage-earning producers; and it is flanked by other producers; by such social servants as have risen above the retainer mind; by such of the petty manufacturers and dealers as see in the continuance of the present regime an approaching ruin of their livelihood; by men of whatever class in whom the love of usefulness, or the love of fellowship, or the passion for social justice, is intrinsically stronger than the love of profit or of individual advantage. It is the Social-Minded Mass arraying itself against the unsocial-minded classes."

In the conflict thus impending can any one doubt which side will eventually triumph?

### Books Received

From Small, Maynard & Co., Boston:

"CHANTS COMMUNAL," by Horace Traubel.

"WALT WHITMAN," by Isaac Hull Platt. Beacon Biographies.

"AN AMERICAN PRIMER," by Walt Whitman, edited by Horace Traubel.

"WALT WHITMAN'S DIARY IN CANADA," edited by William Sloane Kennedy.

"THE ANATOMY OF MISERY," by John Coleman Kenworthy.

From Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York:

"JULIUS CAESAR," edited by Porter and Clark. The "first folio Shakespeare."

"THE FIRST FOLIO SHAKESPEARE."

From Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York:

"HOW TO KNOW THE STARRY HEAVENS," by Edward Irving.

From B. W. Huebsch, New York:

"MORAL EDUCATION," by Edward Howard Griggs.

From the Hammersmark Publishing Co., Chicago.

"THE OPEN SHOP," by Clarence Darrow.

"RESIST NOT EVIL," by Clarence Darrow.

From A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago:

"FARMINGTON," by Clarence Darrow.

"THE ILLINI, A STORY OF THE PRAIRIES," by Clark E. Carr.

From the Macmillan Co., New York:

"POVERTY," by Robert Hunter.

"MASS AND CLASS," by W. J. Ghent.

# MARCONIGRAPHS

FROM TO-MORROW'S READERS



*To the Editor:*

Behold what thou hast wrought. Another impossibility is. The tantalizing, elusive phantom of the ages has *arrived*. To-MORROW is here, and very bright and attractive it is. I am so proud of my copy I handle it tenderly and reverently. Now that I have made good on my enthusiasm may I ask you to print the following verse:

## Wander-Thirst

I know not where the white road runs, nor what the blue hills are,  
But a man can have the Sun for a friend, and for his guide a star;  
And there's no end of voyaging when once the voice is heard,  
For the river calls and the road calls, and oh! the call of a bird!  
Yonder the long horizon lies, and there by night and day  
The old ships draw to home again, the young ships sail away;  
And come I may, but go I must, and if men ask you why,  
You may put the blame on the stars and the Sun and the white road and  
the sky!  
Oshkosh, Wis. Yours truly,  
MARGUERITE MAUDE JACOB,

## To-Morrow To-Day

I received To-MORROW to-day;  
Can we then from the future borrow?  
Shakespeare, did'st thou not say  
It never comes, to-morrow?

If time can be gained this way,  
I am sure that we would not sorrow  
If the past were made to stay:  
Then we'd have to-day to-morrow!

Mexico, Mo.

A WITTYCUSS,

*To the Editor:*

I wish to assure you of my hearty co-operation in the work which you are doing for a better "system". Your magazine is a message of light.

EDGAR M. SWAN.

*To the Editor:*

I read with much pleasure the beautiful "Old Poem" entitled "*Fate*" on page 51 of your January number. About ten years ago a controversy arose between certain literary magazines as to who was the author of these exquisite verses, and it was ascertained that they first came out in the London Graphic twenty-eight years ago, and the author was Susan Marr Spaulding. This for your information.  
Buffalo, N. Y. LOLA GRAY GREENWOOD,

*To the Editor:*

I have read your new magazine To-MORROW. Unfortunate name, suggestive of procrastination, of uncertainty, of agnosticism.

To-MORROW is prophetic of *the possible*, not of the *I will*, but of the *I may*.

JAMES HARVEY LYON.

*To the Editor:*

I have so long and anxiously waited for To-MORROW to come and it arrived to-day. It is vibrant with life and thought. I thank the world for sending it.

VIOLA RICHARDSON.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

*To the Editor:*

It came, we saw, it conquered. We are very much pleased; in a word, delighted with the initial number of To-MORROW. Russell's poem "A Man", is worth a whole year's subscription. I could love Darrow for saying that no man has a right to make a grammar, much less a rhetoric.

"To-Morrow did'st thou say?

"Methought I heard Horatio say 'to-morrow'.

"Go to! I will not hear of it. 'Tis a sharper who stakes his penury against your ready cash and pays thee nought but wishes, hopes and promises."

ELIZABETH KNOX,

Knoxville, Tenn.

*To the Editor:*

"The devil was second in coming in—  
For the woman led the way."

By the way, speaking of To-MORROW, the enclosed clipping reminds one that it might have been "Yesterday", in fact, it might have been "Last Week", so stale is the low-born thought, if one had not been conscious that time has gone on and this is 1905. It would almost seem to be the Sixteenth Century when *women* were called witches and were burned at the stake.

From a well wisher, regardless of the criticism.

SILAS MERRYMAKER,

The best antidote for your sorrow,  
Is the new magazine called To-MORROW.

You surely should read it,  
It's good, and you need it,  
And if you can't buy it, just borrow.

L. F. W.

### Owed to Triggs

O Oscar L.'s the wondrous man  
Who wills his will and cans his can,  
And ever heroically digs  
Into the deeper depths of Triggs.  
O may he never have to borrow  
To-day the troubles of To-MORROW,  
But make To-MORROW day by day,  
The bills of Triggs & Co. defray!

Yours cordially,

W. N. G.

Ohio has learned from her Cassie,  
 That ladies sometimes get brassie.  
     In fields of finance  
     They make the bulls prance,  
 While the bears think such women are sassie.  
L. F. W.

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*To the Editor:*

While perusing a sample copy of your To-Morrow Magazine I became wholly oblivious of the scenery between Chicago and Milwaukee, and consider this fact alone worth several years subscription.

Yours truly, C. C. WHEATON.

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Now that Prof. Triggs' new magazine, To-Morrow, is out we may look for some envious competitor to begin publishing "The Middle of Next Week."—*Chicago Daily News*.

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Prof. Triggs is never satisfied unless he is smashing precedents. He has named his new magazine To-Morrow, though we have always been taught that to-morrow never comes.—*Chicago Evening Journal*.

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Unless Prof. Triggs' new magazine, To-Morrow, eschews the magazine habit of publishing last month's news its name will be a misnomer.—*Milwaukee Daily Sentinel*.

## Announcement

The Henry George Lecture Association presents the following lectures at Handel Hall, 40 East Randolph Street, Chicago:

**PROF. W. L. TOMLINS**—Director Tomlins' School of Music. Subject, "Music, Its Relation to a Larger Life," Thursday, January 19, 8 p. m.

**CLARENCE S. DARROW**—Subject, "The Vain Pursuit," Thursday, January 26, 8 p. m.

**PROF. W. D. MacCLINTOCK**—Of the Chicago University. Subject, "Poetry and the Common Life," Thursday, February 2, 8 p. m.

**LOUIS F. POST**—Editor *The Public*. Subject, "Altgeld's Last Book: 'The Cost of Something for Nothing,'" Thursday, February 9, 8 p. m.

**PROF. W. M. R. FRENCH**—Director of the Art Institute. Subject, "An Hour With the Caricaturists," Thursday, February 16, 8 p.m.

**ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY**—Subject, "Walt. Whitman: A Study in Democracy," Thursday, February 23.

**Course Tickets, \$1.00. Single Admission, 25c.**

Tickets may be procured from the following: Miss Leonora Beck, 36 South Wood Street, 'phone 625 Seeley; Dr. Anna M. Lund, 1014 Masonic Temple, 'phone 3691 Central; Nellie Carlin, 1202 Ashland Building; Grances L. Dusenberry, care of Purity Publishing Co., McVicker's Theater Building.

**The Publishers of "TO-MORROW" offer the following Books for Sale**

**PROPHETIC WRITERS OF  
"THE CHANGING ORDER"**

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| SYNTHETIC PHILOSOPHY (10 Vol.)     |         |
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Is man the only creature whose nature is unfit for publication?

Love being always a voluntary offering, why scold it to death?

You will never find real joy until you stop looking for it and go to work.

Let up on egotism and money worship and get into humanity's procession.

To be intellectual is to have a mind that operates in harmony with cosmic law.

Oscar says, "Never do TO-MORROW out of a subscription that should come in today."

The "Business End" has no time for mystic thought, it is a case of HERE and NOW.

Be sure you have a large mental surplus before expending brain force on the unknowable.

Use your energy, conserve your vitality, and remember that when you stop dying, you stop living.

The Pepsin Trust will go to ruin when the doctrine "He who does not work cannot eat" becomes a law.

The Trusts depend upon the Kerosene Kollege to furnish reliable recruits for bench, bar and legislature.

Insurance corruption will get a real jolt at the hands of Lawyer Westover in the columns of TO-MORROW. Well!

Your spirit will live on here in proportion as your life has blessed mankind. This is no cheap, selfish immortality.

Not until you have mastered all the useful knowledge in this world can you afford brain room to speculate on worlds beyond.

Our estimate of intellect, behavior and worth is too often based on convenience to self. The "good" boy seldom amounts to anything.

After two thousand years of protected hypocrisy Christianity should get wise that after all, man's nature is good enough to be studied for guidance.

A vow of eternal constancy between misfits glows with the same romantic beauty as the oath of a christian endeavor drunkard who signs the pledge weekly.

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# To - M o r r o w

EDITED BY OSCAR L. TRIGGS

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE

# The Right to Labor in Joy

By EDWIN MARKHAM



**C** Reprint from *The Public*. Read by the author at the twenty-fifth anniversary dinner of "Progress and Poverty," Hotel Astor, New York City, January 24th, 1905.



UT ON the roads they have gathered, a hundred thousand men.

To ask for a hold on life as sure as the wolf's hold in his den.

Their need lies close to the quick of life as the earth lies close to the stone;

It is as meat to the slender rib, as marrow to the bone.

They ask but the leave to labor, to toil in the endless night,  
For a little salt to savor their bread, for houses water-tight.  
They ask but the right to labor and to live by the strength of their hands—  
They who have bodies like knotted oaks, and patience like sea-sands.

And the right of a man to labor and his right to labor in joy—  
Not all your laws can strangle that right, nor the gates of hell destroy.  
For it came with the making of man and was kneaded into his bones,  
And it will stand at the last of things on the dust of crumbled thrones.

# To-Morrow

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OSCAR L. TRIGGS, EDITOR  
PARKER H. SERCOMBE, BUSINESS MANAGER

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VOLUME I.

MARCH, 1905

NUMBER 3

## The Poet-Seer

Two months ago we chronicled the appearance of Russell's volume of verse "Twin Immortalities." This month we record the publication of a metrical drama, "The Saxons," a drama of Christianity in the North, by Edwin Davies Schoonmaker. The volume falls noiseless from the press, but nevertheless its publication is nothing less than an "event." Better work than this has not been done in America. In point of scenic vividness, dramatic logic, insight into social and historic meanings, and sheer skill in verse, this Chicago drama is unsurpassed in American literature. I feel sure that, on account of the liberal movement now in process in this country, immense stores of emotional and psychic energy will be released for the further emancipation of mankind. The poets represent always the forces of liberation.

Without vision a people perishes. The need for "seers" is greatest in a democracy where autocracy fails and the people must fall back upon broad instincts, intuitive reasoning and average intelligence. The poet-seer is the highest type of the visionary. His message comes in the form of rhythmic speech which has the widest carrying capacity. Poets, however, do not come into the world by accident. The poet comes only after preparation is made and reception is assured. For support he can depend no longer upon an indulgent king or upon patrons. Today the people stand in place of these. But as yet the collective mind has not worked out the problem of protection in spiritual properties. This is one of the main problems America has to meet: to create and sustain a race of poet-seers which will stand in right relation to the people and move in these broad lands as broad as they.

Perhaps it is just as well that the poet must earn his livelihood as any other citizen. It is right that he should emerge from the

general life and remain, even by force of grim necessity, in contact with the life from which he came. For a special class of poets we do not ask. Here more than elsewhere professionalism is dearth. The difficulty in democracy is to adjust the claims of technique with those of expression. But if either is to be sacrificed I am sure that one will be the technical. We can spare skill more than character. When a great man bungles and botches he is judged by his motives and his product is actually the more significant as it bears the impress of his character. Much will be forgiven the poet who halts in his meters if he has come duly to "the divine power to speak words"—the great words, that is, of human experience.

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### Specialism

The whole question of specialism in education is involved here. Specialism gives skill in a certain field but leaves the man untrained in a thousand others. The man is divided, not integral.

The complexity of modern civilization is due to the action of this principle. Specialism implies classes and feudal relations. Only a perfect social system could prevent the friction which arises from the transfer of products from class to class. From want of a central authority in distribution a veritable chaos at present ensues. To prevent this chaos in competitive production the factory system was devised. Specialism was the parent of the factory; indirectly it is the source of the "trust." By application of the principle to both distribution and production we shall get socialism. Socialism will inherit the System.

It is in this way that at any moment in history the world is held together. The hands of all the clocks cross the dial plate at about the same time. To destroy the System you must destroy the roots and branches of the System. To create something to take the place of the System you must make the change uniformly in all the institutions of society. Specialism, I say, is one of the roots of the feudal order. The opposite principle is that productive of wholeness, integrity, organic unity. Division of labor means division of the laborer. Suppose we bring these sad parts of men together again: Start with the human integer of thought and feeling and imagination. Now what would a whole man demand in respect of institutional forms whereby he might express himself? Is sectarian religion the answer to the question? Is a party system of politics the answer? Or a class system of education? Or factory industry? Give a man like William Morris institutional embodiment and what will you have? Think out the problem. Morris represents in history the reintegration of human nature. He was poet, novelist, social reformer, artist, craftsman, and manager of business affairs—one of the world's genuine

workers—a whole man. His appearance in history prophesies anew the doom of specialism, the passing of the feudal order, and the rise of social democracy. Cooperative individualism is the next stage of social evolution.

Give me to shape the prophetic types of human nature and I care not who makes the laws.

---

## The President and the People

Wise is the president or czar who discovers in time that the true source of power lies in the people, the masses. Government by and for the privileged classes will succeed for a season, but such success is historically not worth while. Every nation which has made privilege the basis of its power has been destroyed—and rightly so.

The most critical moment in American history is near. Near at hand is a struggle between the classes and the masses for the possession of a government devised originally for the entire people. The American government is now, of course, a plutocracy.

To President Roosevelt will come an opportunity for noble, disinterested action such as has been offered but twice before in our history. Washington held the balance between the parties forming about Hamilton and Jefferson in the early days of the republic. Lincoln was the friend of the North and South; he exhibited malice toward none and had charity for all; had he lived he would have prevented the wrongs of the reconstruction period. These men thought socially—continentally, so to speak.

What will Roosevelt do? The forces now aligned for combat are the most gigantic that have ever gathered in the history of the world. This will be a true world-war. Capitalism and Socialism cross all boundary lines. The revolutions progressing in Eastern Europe, although they take on political and social complexion, much as the American Revolution did, are in reality industrial and economic at base.

The American Revolution, by the way, was in fact an industrial "strike." Even then the elements which make up the present situation were being segregated. Hamilton is responsible for American plutocracy—this government of the people by the privileged classes and for the privileged classes. Hamilton, America's arch-enemy, foresaw clearly the culmination which is now taking place.

Now, in view of these facts, what will President Roosevelt do? Has he the intelligence, the insight, the strength of character, to know what to do in critical moments? Has he the capacity to rise to the moral heights demanded of him as a tribune of the people?



## Insurance Corruption in Illinois

Our readers will be highly interested in the series of articles on Insurance Legislation contributed by Lawyer Westover, of Chicago, which commences in this number and will continue each month until the theme is finished.

Mr. Lawson, in *Everybody's*, has given a graphic picture of the misuse of the surplus assets of three great life insurance companies. Mr. Beardsley, in *Era*, delves still deeper into the same subject and furnishes a most startling array of facts and incidents of mal-administration of the affairs of these companies, including the "Big Three" mentioned by Lawson, and other instances equally as startling, of corruption in other concerns.

Commissioner Host of Wisconsin is giving to the public in Sunday issues of the Milwaukee *Free Press* an elaborate series of articles covering the entire field of abuses by life insurance companies, with an able argument in favor of the power of the courts to compel a fair distribution by life companies of the profits accruing from the business amongst the policy holders whose money has created the surplus.

Mr. Westover in *To-Morrow* will reveal the evils existing within the life companies and those that appertain to the operation of five insurance companies and their corrupt combinations. In addition, the imperfections and evils of the law governing the business of life and other insurance companies, the corruption and inefficiency of departments of insurance with a remedy for all the evils complained of by the various contributions on this subject.

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## Illiteracy

Professor Jebb, professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge, England, has been ridiculing New Zealand as an illiterate land because one of its citizens spoke of Andromache as "Andromach." In his speech Professor Jebb called New Zealand a part of Australia. But which of these twain is illiterate?

In any case we are prone to make too much of illiteracy. Character is not a product of reading or of learning: it is a by-product of doing. We need a new word to describe the ignorance of one who does not know how to harness a horse, or row a boat, or plough a field, or build a house, or run an automobile. The word illiterate is not much older than Shakespeare. It came into use as indicating one who could not decipher holy writ or pagan manuscript. It has now little more meaning than the words "rising" and "setting" as applied to the sun. The "new" learning is something very different from that which was "new" in the fifteenth century

## The Love of Money

"Money is freedom"—someone says. And it is true. There is no freedom for any of us without the economic independence which the possession of money brings. Some choose to secure their freedom by this means. These are the worldly-wise. Nevertheless, to make freedom depend upon money is a subversion of civilization. Money is quantitative: what one gets another must lose. Freedom is qualitative: a form of action but also a state of the soul.

The love of money is the root of all evil. For the development of "capitalism" the big fish swallow the little fish: it is the law of their increase. It is a part of the "game" for the large banks, through the agency of the press, to throw discredit on the small banks. The small institution may be honestly conducted and perfectly sound, but its business is interfered with, nominally in the interest of the public, but really because it assumes to be independent. The System demands dependency. For this reason "business" is so devised that the majority of business men "fail."

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## Poverty Again

I have been trying to get Hunter's book on "Poverty" out of my mind, but it will not let me rest. These are some of the indictments Hunter brings against the System: all of them reminding us that, as Goethe said of America, here is our Russia or nowhere:

a. One eighth of the population of the United States lives near or below the poverty line. In the industrial states twenty per cent of the people are in poverty.

b. Poverty is bred of unjust social conditions. These conditions are all subject to betterment but with a stupidity and selfishness that passes understanding we refuse to deal with causes, but instead build with alacrity almshouses, prisons, asylums, hospitals, homes, etc., for the victims of our injustice and neglect.

c. The modern system of industry will not work without a reserve army of unemployed laborers. The cost to society of this casually employed reserve is vagrancy. The competitive system of industry not only makes the tramp, but actually requires his existence. The tramp is one of the props of our industrial civilization.

d. Sickness is the most savage and fearsome of the wolves which cry at the doors of the poor. Certain forms of disease are social. Consumption, for instance, which destroys annually one hundred and fifty thousand persons in the United States alone, is a social disease and is by social action preventable. "The Great White Plague," says Mr. Hunter, "is one of the results of

our inhumane tenements; it follows in the train of our inhumane sweatshops; it fastens itself upon children and young people because we forget that they need playgrounds and because we are selfish and niggardly in providing breathing spaces; it comes where the hours of labor are long and the wages small; it afflicts the children who are sent to labor when they should yet be in school; the plague goes to meet them. It is a brother to the anguish of poverty, and wherever food is scant and bodies half clothed and rooms dark, this hard and relentless brother of poverty finds a victim." And for the correction of this disease we provide places in which the afflicted may die!

*e.* Child labor is one of the evils of the poverty system. The statistics here are too appalling. Hunter remarks on this point: "The history of child labor, when written, will be a tragedy of toil in which the bodies of children are maimed and their minds dwarfed solely that we may have cheap labor, increased profits on our capital, and a slightly reduced cost of commodities." Child labor as now enforced simply means the degeneracy of the human race.

*f.* As Hunter states the case the question of immigration takes on new meaning. The slave-trade of the South was a minor matter compared with the present slave-trade of the North. Immigration is stimulated solely in the interest of the selfish commercial forces of the land. Under the competitive system immigration brings on a competition of standards and the lowest standard prevails. Those races survive which will accept the lowest standard of living, the greatest poverty, and the highest mortality. Those who win at this struggle win at death: this is the real "race-suicide."

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Perhaps William Vaughn Moody had the industrial system in mind when he wrote his terrible poem called "The Brute":

"And they fling him, hour by hour,  
Limbs of men to give him power;  
Brains of men to give him cunning; and for dainties to devour,  
Children's souls, the little worth; hearts of women, cheaply  
bought;  
He takes them and he breaks them, but he gives them scanty  
thought."

# William Morris

BY OSCAR L. TRIGGS

## I.

"Morris," said someone recently, "is in the air." There is everywhere a widespread curiosity about the man and his works. Calling this summer upon one of Morris's associates in London, I met travelers from Germany and from France intent upon the same mission as myself: here were representatives of four nations drawn together by a common interest.

Connected with this general curiosity is a feeling that Morris's true proportions have not yet been revealed to the world. Like a great mountain he looms larger the farther we are removed from him.

More than statesmen or scientists, more than the great artists, more than Tennyson or Browning, even more than Ruskin, he indicates, I am sure, the important creative impulses and tendencies of England in the nineteenth century.

He represents especially the movement towards democracy, and his philosophy of life—drawn largely from Ruskin—is such as the world must eventually accept and apply, or suffer loss through divagation in a wilderness of barren aims and useless endeavor.

He is representative of a century of transition. With Tolstoi he passed through the whole cycle of change from aristocracy to democracy. Exclusive and aristocratic in his early years, he became before his death the expositor and the living exemplar of the doctrine of brotherhood. A reactionist in his youth, judging the world by mediæval standards, he became the voice of prophecy announcing the better day that is to come. From a mere poet and idle dreamer, writing to please himself or some "lady of an ancient bower," he passed to perfect with his own hands a model system of industry in the full spirit of social service.

His restlessness carried him through plane after plane of development. Not only did he represent at different times in his life the aristocratic and democratic spirit, but also at each moment he touched the world at many points and threw back its reflection from many facets of character. He was, in truth, an unspecialized type, like certain of the great mediæval poets and artists—like Dante who was both scholar and poet, like Angelo who was poet, painter, sculptor and builder. More than any of

his contemporaries Morris saw life "whole," if not quite "steadily." As an epic poet he belongs with Chaucer and Spenser. Professor Moulton calls him appropriately "the English Homer." In the field of pure romance, in stories such as "The Story of the Glittering Plain," his work is without counterpart either in English or continental literature. He is equally conspicuous as an artist and craftsman. He was beyond doubt the leading craftsman in Europe and this characterization is true as referring to his decorative designs, his household arts, and his printing of books. He had, moreover, a genius for social reform, although in this field his place is due not so much to what he accomplished as to what he contributed in respect to ideals and impulses. There are many—and I am one—who think that in the long future he will be most universally known and honored because he loved mankind and pointed the road to social betterment.

What other Englishman shows such a record? Keats was a poet and dreamer but he had no constructive ability of any kind. Carlyle was a "man of letters"—and nothing more. Shelley was a great poet and had, as he said, "a passion for reforming the world," but his hands were untrained and he made practical shipwreck of his own life. Rossetti was poet and artist, but he lacked modernity and rarely touched reality at any point. Burne-Jones was Morris's intimate associate, but he saw the world from the vantage ground of but a single art and his mysticism betrays remoteness from practical life.

Ruskin and Tolstoi approach nearest to Morris's standard of universality. But Ruskin resisted the democratic and scientific tendencies of the age and dissipated his large fortune in miscellaneous enterprises no one of which has the economic stability of the Morris manufactory at Merton Abbey. Tolstoi is great above all his contemporaries as writer, teacher, moralist, and peasant; he is a true world-citizen, having passed like Morris through every stage of development and come out into the open modern world. But Tolstoi, more than Morris was, is limited to his environment. He has not yet contributed a romance of pure unconditioned type, like the fabulous "Story of the Glittering Plain" or "The Well at the World's End," revealing thereby a defect of fancy and imagination.

Morris's distinction, it seems to me, consists in this: that he combined the poetical and the practical, the romantic and the real, mythology and science, aristocracy and democracy, past and present, the arts and crafts; and that these he combined with an integrity and logical consistency which can be predicated of no other modern man.

*(To be continued.)*

# Statutory Control of Insurance

BY J. HENRY WESTOVER

Statutory control of the business of insurance and of insurance corporations as it exists in this country is of comparatively modern origin. Laws fixing a minimum of capital for insurance companies and the numerous other things appertaining to their authority to transact business, and creating insurance departments, either as a separate and distinct institution or as an auxiliary of some other department of state, are peculiar creations of this country. In England, so far, at least, as fire insurance companies are concerned, no such law exists.

The ostensible object in creating these laws is to protect the citizen from the danger of dealing with irresponsible or oppressively disposed corporations. This has been the argument used to secure and sustain such legislative enactments, but the real motive which has often inspired them has not always been in harmony with the ostensible object nor the argument in favor of such laws. A careful study of the subject will show that the legislators who have worked so assiduously in this extensive and changing field of legislation for the last forty years have often "done those things which they ought not to have done, and left undone those things which they ought to have done." Some measure of excuse for this may, perhaps, result from the fact that this branch of the law is still in its experimental stage, for it is all of comparatively recent origin, and has not until within a few years assumed any approach to its present elaborate and comprehensive proportions.

In discussing the merit of these laws it is well to look, first, into the motives which inspired their enactment—the influences that wrought upon the minds of legislators to create them; second, what benefits and disadvantages, if any, have been derived from them; and third, the remedy for such imperfections and evils as exist within them.

## CAUSES WHICH BROUGHT ABOUT THE LAW.

A variety of influences have worked to bring about the present state of the law:

1. Insurance companies have themselves been directly responsible for the greater part of them. Some of the older ones, operating under charters obtained by special grant of legislatures and possessing thereunder valuable special privileges, though in many instances their total capital and assets were originally less

than five thousand dollars, but, aided by the profitable conditions of the business at the time, having gained wealth, sought to prevent or discourage competition by securing the passage of statutory enactments which made the organization and operation of new companies as burdensome as possible. Thus, largely under these influences, came into existence laws fixing the minimum of capital which a company might possess, prescribing the character of their investments of capital and other funds, fixing an arbitrary standard of solvency, differing often from actual solvency, and numerous other provisions of a like character. These great companies have also encouraged the organization and the enlargement of powers of departments of state for the supervision of the business, for they have often found in the managing officers of insurance departments valuable allies to assist them in preventing the successful organization and operation of competing institutions.

2. When, about the year 1874, the wave of granger sentiment swept over the country considerable interest was awakened toward supposed reforms in the law governing insurance—an influence that is still active in several of the agricultural states. These people saw in every policy holder the helpless victim of corporate greed, and in every insurance company a colossus of ill-gotten gain. Whatever the victim might ask the granger demanded should be granted. They found encouragement and ready aid from the “professional” or “practical” politician, ever hungry for profit or filled with greed for political power. The plausible argument was that the settlement of losses should be made easy and the cunning of the adjuster should not be permitted to take advantage of the honest policy holder. Thus came into existence the odious “valued policy” laws and “standard forms of policies”, the one tempting fraud and the other sometimes inviting crime, and both resulting in the end to the serious detriment of the really honest policy holder; for the insurance companies advanced their premium rates to such a point as to relieve themselves from the losses resulting from those increased “moral hazards.” The standard form of policy adopted in Minnesota offers more profit to the crime of arson than any other form of crime can possibly yield; and valued policy laws everywhere are essentially bad, for by whatsoever fraud an excess of insurance is secured, they require the payment of the full amount of insurance on the property insured even though its actual worth may be but one-half of that amount. What the honest insurer really needs and is willing to pay for is indemnity against loss, and he cares not for either a law or an insurance contract that will give him more. If a statute invites fraud by policy holders there will always be found those who will avail themselves of the

opportunities for profit thus offered; and the result is that the really honest policy holder suffers the consequence of his brother's wrong by a premium to recompense for this loss increased to an amount in excess of the cost of actual indemnity.

3. A third element, and one that most menaces the public interest, is so-called "politics." Between the parasite in the public crib known as the "professional politician" and the other sometimes more dangerous invader of public interests, the "practical politician," lie manifold dangers. The one is the petty pick-pocket of the legislative body, the other the gentlemanly gambler who stacks the cards in the game of public pelf. The work of the one is bad, the work of the other is infinitely worse. Both have used the vehicle of the legislature to accomplish their ends.

A few years since a professional politician, a member of the committee on insurance in a branch of the Illinois legislature, introduced, or caused to be introduced, in that body a number of bills, all more or less offensive to the insurance companies. One only of these bills was passed, but when passed its text was changed by one word so as to give it the very opposite effect from what was originally intended. There had been no great stir in the legislature over this bill—not even an argument about it outside of the committee. The insurance companies, however, had their usual quota of lobbyists hovering near the legislative body, and there is every reason to believe that this particular professional politician acquired material pecuniary benefit at about that time. The vice of this and of hundreds of other similar occurrences is not so much in what is done, for the interests of the masses are not seriously affected, except in the increased premium rates, but more especially in the fact that it shows how a commendable measure may be defeated—by what methods the legislature is sometimes induced to leave undone those things that it ought to have done.

But the hand of the practical politician is more frequently noticed in respect to the laws concerning the insurance business. Behind his efforts are the party machines, the departments of state, and often, indeed, the powerful influence of the Insurance Trust—that most stupendous of economic evils. Wherever the legislature has segregated the supervision of insurance companies from the offices of Auditor or Secretary of State and created a separate and distinct insurance department, and especially where the chief official thereof is not elected by the people, wherever one finds a law increasing the number of fat offices connected with the department of insurance, wherever an act of a legislature is passed enlarging the powers and duties of such a department, especially where the perquisites of cash profits accompany such enlargement of powers and duties, and



wherever one finds a tax or license fee provided for which pours into the coffers of this "department," with no means prescribed for its escape therefrom, in every such case one may be sure the hand of the practical politician has been at work. It will not be possible within the limits of my story to mention all the laws, of questionable value or otherwise, that legislatures of this country have passed\*by which practical politicians or their supporters may have been benefited. The mention of some of those in Illinois will be a fair index of what has been done in the average state.

In 1869 a general law was passed by which the Auditor of State was clothed with power to supervise the business of insurance, to examine into the affairs of insurance companies and to correct such evil or dangerous practices as they might be guilty of. This law made it necessary to secure the aid of a number of assistants to attend to this branch of the Auditor's department, all to a very considerable expense to the state.

In 1874 a law was passed by which the Auditor was given power to wind up the affairs of companies found to be insolvent, or which had ceased to transact business for a year or more, to have receivers appointed, etc. This also increased to a very great extent the powers of the Auditor, and it increased as well the perquisites, and largely the number of paid employes, of the office organized for the additional work. Some expensive receiverships have followed this law, resulting in great pecuniary profit to the attaches of the office, some of them to the considerable expense of the state, but none of them to any considerable advantage to those who had pecuniary interests at stake in the companies.

In 1893 the insurance department was established with an Insurance Superintendent, possessing enlarged powers in addition to those which before had been exercised by the Auditor, and which, by this act, passed to the insurance department.

In 1897 a special attorney, by act of legislature, was engaged for this department. What necessity there was for this office has never been made to appear, nor by what authority or right his employment. Clearly his supposed duties are within the constitutional duties of the Attorney General of the State. The incumbent secured was State Senator Berry. He did little more than make mistakes and create bills for the state to pay, and the principal part of the litigation in which, under his counsel, the department took part, was evidently trust inspired. This litigation had no bearing upon the business of insurance in the state, and its citizens, whose interests he was supposed to subserve, had not the slightest interest in it. The first incumbent

of this position has been followed by others secured without sanction of law or authority of the legislature, but nevertheless, to the very considerable cost of the people of the state. Chiefly the work of the succeeding attorney for the department, as filled by Mr. F. H. Rowe, has been that attached to his position as chairman of the party machine in the state. Through the aid of his more competent assistant laws have been conceived and constructed that helped to fatten and fill the "department" purse, but beyond this his usefulness to any citizen of the state has not been disclosed.

In 1901 a law was enacted providing for the licensing by the department of insurance (fee attached of two hundred dollars for Chicago and twenty-five dollars elsewhere in the state) of brokers writing surplus lines of insurance on fire risks. It also provides that, periodically, these licensed brokers shall make sworn statements to the department of all premiums received on surplus insurance—that is, insurance that the policy holder is unable to secure in recognized companies—and shall remit to the department 2 per cent of such premiums. It is a significant fact, however, that no provision of this law indicates that any public benefit is to be derived from it. Apparently the total of license fee and tax on premiums paid are swallowed up by the "department."

The institution of an insurance department should not be condemned merely because officered by incompetent or even by vicious officials. These are evils that may be eradicated, at least periodically.

In spite of the menacing danger to the public utility from incompetent or vicious officers of insurance departments, in spite of adverse legislation inspired by unwise zealots, interested insurers or corrupt legislators, if, on the whole, a public advantage is gained overbalancing the evils passed, present and future, arising from the present state of the law, then, of course, its principal features, unless a better way is shown, should be retained.

In further numbers of this magazine will be shown, more specifically, the imperfections and inadequacy of these laws; the mal-administration of them by department officials; the systems of graft existing in and out of the departments; and how the dangers to the people by reason of these things render the present system of insurance supervision worse than worthless.

Incidentally the existence of the "wild cat" in fire insurance as the result of conditions brought about by the laws favoring the larger companies will be considered, and it will be shown how their extermination by a simple and effective law was strenuously opposed by the trust combination.

And, finally, a remedy for the imperfections and evils existing in the law, and a means of compelling restitution to policy holders by life insurance companies of the vast sums withheld from them by their untrustworthy managers, will be suggested.

## Mai Ann's Intended

BY LUCY SEMMES

Aunt Caddy had settled herself for a morning's visit with her favorite "child" for hostess. As usual, when in need of sympathy or groceries, she sought the aid of her "white fo'ks"; but, to mildly disclaim any interested motive on her part, she came provided with some small offering which served the double purpose of gift and "open sesame" to the hearts of the entire household, especially of the children.

Today the offering took the form of some enormous red potatoes.

"I brung you dese here nigger chokers, chile," ranging her gifts on the nursery mantel, "'cause eve'ything else done gone back on me," she prefaced gloomily.

"Lord, chile," extending one foot at a time over the red coals in the big fireplace, "I sho' is had worl's o' trouble sence I fotch you dem peaches in August. I sho' is," with melancholy satisfaction. "Dere's dat Efum Jordan, my niece's boy, dey tryin' to keep him offn de County Farm, but de Lord knows how it'll turn out."

"Efum's a mighty sharp boy but he got his foot in it dis time. He been trabblin' all through de state makin' out he was a lawyer an' lookin' up niggers whut had husban's killed in de war. He done fooled all dese ole womens out dee tensions (pensions) and took de money and sent hisself off to school, an' Sally his ma, like a fool nigger, giv' him away. Dey wus huntin' fur him five mont's," she laughed, mockingly; "en den Sally sont him a Christmas box, en de pertectors (detectives) was on de lookout. Dey jumped on dat train an' eve'y time dat box got off dey got off; en ev'y time de box changed kyars dey changed kyars, an' dats de way dey foun' him. Dem pertectors sho' got Efum, but not till he done spent all dem tensions." chuckling again. "Don't ketch me layin' han's on other fo'ks' money do I does need it pow'ful bad, en I might er been a rich ooman dis day ef Joe, my husban', had a died jurin' de war, but twarnt in him to do nothin' at de right time. 'Sides, ef I'd a had it I spec Efum 'od a stole it fum me—he such a covechus, lightfingered lim' o' Satan. Him en dat boy o' ourn didn't learn nothin' but dev'mint at school."

"No, ma'am," she emphasized, "I don't b'lieve in no mo' schools. Here's my Mai Ann; she been waitin' all dis time fur dat

Efum to come home fum collige, when Bill Webb des hankerin' after her. Bill he ain't got no book sense but he got a farm and a mule, but she won't have nothin' to do with him. So her an' Efum gwine er git mar'id of a Sadday; 'lowin' Efum gits out o' cote free."

"La," she exclaimed wearily, "I sho' is tired of dis business. Got to git 'em up some kin' o' spread, reckon yer ma'll have to he'p me out.

"Giv' a look at de gyarden es I come in. Mighty fine fur dis time o' year.

"Does I want veg'tables? Yas'm, anything; turnips an' yams comes in mighty handy jes now. We kin git possum in de country, an' if yo' ma'd gimme a little flour an' sweetnin' I might make some kin' o' weddin' cake," with increasing cheerfulness. "An' I got some turkey red caliker whut ud look mighty purty under a lace curtain fur a table clof. Yer ain't got air ole curtain, is yer?" insinuatingly.

"You is? You de chile for me, I know'd you'd fish most anything A'nt Caddy axed you fur."

She labored to her feet and with some assistance deftly gathered the vegetables she needed and packed the supplies obtained from my mother. Folding her turbaned sunbonnet so that the slats lay flat on her turbaned head and the tail hung down behind, she climbed into the rickety sulky.

"I's comin' in Sadday wid Mai Ann, an' when de jedgment's over ef Efum ain't sont to de farm, we gwine roun' to de mair an' jine 'em up quick. Dese school niggers mighty slippery.

"Nex' trip I'll fotch you chillun some scaly barks," she promised, as her bony steed wearily jerked the little vehicle unsteadily down the lane.

When Aunt Caddy came Saturday it was very late and she had no scaly barks.

"I des come to tell yer Mai Ann's mar'id off at last," she said, with elation.

"Was Ephraim acquitted?"

"Quitted?" indignantly, "quitted? You know dat good fur nothin' black ape say he done quit Mai Ann long 'go, ain't never had no notion o' mar'yin' her, an' Bill what was layin' fur him. 'lowin' he got off, say he ain't goin' to see no low-lived nigger put off on Mai Ann dat er way, an' he gwine ter git dat liseness hisself. He did too, an' fur once Mai Ann upped an' acted 'greeable.

"When de Marshal took Efum to de farm where dey sent him after all, Bill, he took Mai Ann to de Mair's an' I giv' 'em away," she said with pride. "We gwine er have de weddin' dinner to-morrer."

# Charles A. Sandburg

BY OSCAR L. TRIGGS

Charles A. Sandburg is a young man unknown to fame, but if one may judge by the few poems he has written, he will not remain long in obscurity when once his quality is appreciated. He comes of Swedish stock, and this fact will account probably for the freshness and vigor of his work. Besides these poems contributed to *To-Morrow* he has published only a small pamphlet of verse called "In Reckless Ecstasy," which was privately printed by friends in Lombard College. Unstudied and artless these poems are, but they are vibrant with poetic energy.

\* \* \*

## THE PAGAN AND THE SUNRISE.

Swarthy, dusky, dappled, alive,  
Off in the East, reds and purples splash,  
And beams of silver suspire and glow,  
And a disc! huge, white, and glistening.

Wild and hot, a longing beats in me,  
As some lone atom of the sea,  
Cast up as spray might palpitate in mutiny.

I am looked at  
By that silent, rising, vibrant Thing—  
Pierced and quelled and hushed—  
And I soothe and caress my stricken eyes  
And dare no longer turn toward that great Face.

\* \* \*

## THE REBEL'S FUNERAL.

(AN ARRANGEMENT IN RED AND OCHRE.)

He knew the lure of the Faraway  
And where abysms riven deep in darkness were,  
He talked across to gracious, wished-for things;  
And some half-uttered, dusky honor called him,  
Bell-like through a mist of outstretched arms;  
He turned, headstrong, hilarious, gay,  
He curled his lip and tossed his challenge,  
Babbled oaths and launched a vow.  
He who passes, recumbent, conquered, rotting.

He fought a fight with those forbidden things  
From which we slink away;  
He threw the gauntlet down to Law,  
And thought to throttle all the Weariness of Life;

He gambled with the stalking Lords of Night  
And was awarded for the chance he took,  
A meteor!  
No star, no sun, nor moon is his.

He fought, defied, and gambled,  
Bade care begone and laughed,  
Then lost himself and wept,  
Yet made his way as bold, abandoned musketeers,  
With only lives to sell,  
March on to bleed and freeze and starve  
At haughty looks from damozels with roses in their raven hair.

Erect, resourceful, sinewy.  
He yelled defiant jeers.  
Or whimsical, he stood—  
A statue! mute as bronze.

He understood not peace, compliance, nor submission,  
His work was war, his gladness, battle,  
And he found not what he sought ;  
So now he lies supine, sardonic, thwarted ;  
His fling with Fate is done,  
And the gods and the Lords of the Night laugh last :  
But he took from them no common thrill,  
He who passes, prostrate, vanquished, mouldering.

\* \* \*

#### A LEPER ON THE ROAD TO BETHANY.

Here we sit as the days drag by,  
And pilgrims come from all earth's ends  
To roll their eyes at the old, old call,  
"Unclean! Unclean!"  
The last of my hand—it dropped last night—  
I had watched it long with a hope ;  
Now both are gone and I look at my arms,  
Arms sans hands!

My brother's ears are shriveling,  
They'll pass ere another month ;  
Then nevermore he'll hear me say,  
"Brother! Brother!"  
Little Saul, I had hoped for him,  
But to-day as he moved his hand,  
A shred of skin dropped on the ground,  
Dry as the sun.

I am so numb, it's getting hard  
To cry my cry for the pilgrim's alms—  
I with my soul in a broken house,  
    A house on sands.  
They shiver, shudder, hurry on,  
Who have been to the tomb of Christ ;  
For we shake their faith with our awful cry,  
    "Unclean ! Unclean !"

Had I only been an olive-tree,  
Then they would have blessed my shade,  
Nor hastened away with knotted brow,  
    Tossing their coins.  
Had I only been a thief on a cross,  
To hang when the world was dark,  
Then I'd have known the touch of a Man,  
    A Man on a cross !

But the pilgrimage of each and all  
From Dust to Dust must sometime end,  
Whether blowing rose, or rotting weed,  
    "Unclean ! Unclean !"  
Good-by ! his ears are in the dust !  
Yet he knows as I move my pallid lips,  
I am his brother, his loving brother,  
    "Unclean ! Unclean !"

# The Outlook for Radical Journalism

BY WILLIS J. ABBOT

(Editor of *The United States Daily*, Detroit, Mich.)

It is to be feared that a great majority of active journalists, if asked, as I have been by the Editor of *TO-MORROW*, to discuss the possibilities and the future of radical journalism, would answer with somewhat irritated brevity that it had neither a present nor a future, and that its possibilities were merely certainty of disaster for those who practiced it either as owners of publications or as editorial workers upon them.

But the majority is not always right. Indeed we have had eminent philosophers who maintained that the majority was always wrong. It is my fixed belief and has been for more than ten years, that the one field which lies invitingly open to an American daily newspaper is the field of radicalism. It is a field that can be occupied only by a paper which cannot be controlled or influenced by commercialism or the money class, and which will take the lead in the movement forward and upward of that producing class which is as certain ultimately to dominate the civilization of the world as it is certain to-day that the trading class dominates it.

I am able to understand how, facing the present pressing situation, in which 99 per cent of all publications are simply the hirelings and the mercenaries of capitalism, the tone of the journalists as a class should be one of cynicism. But I cannot understand the temperament which leads the man having capacity enough to write, and to influence others through his writings, to accept this situation as inevitable and supinely yield to it without revolt.

Mr. W. J. Ghent, whose delightfully satirical and intellectually stimulating books, "*Our Industrial Feudalism*" and "*Mass and Class*" mark an epoch in sociological writing, has not spared the journalistic mercenary. He has classed him with the men who should be social servants, namely persons pursuing occupations of service to society and tending "to increase the productiveness of the workers or to minister to their mental, ethical, æsthetic or prosaic needs and thereby foster the general welfare." In this class he names educators, clergymen, physicians, and writers. Mr. Ghent points out truly enough that "the economic and consequently the moral pressure exerted upon this class by the dominant class is constant and severe and the tendency of all moral weaklings within it is to conform to what is expected from above." When they do so conform he regards them as actually in the class



which he names "retainers," a sort of social valets, and the clergyman or the writer who passes into this class becomes "a degraded type whose greatest activity lies in serving as the reflex of trading class sentiment and disseminators of trading class views of life." I think it is pertinent to my discussion of the question which the Editor of *To-Morrow* has put to me, to quote Mr. Ghent's summary of the moral position occupied by the minister, teacher, or writer who thus sells himself to the feudal laws of commerce.

"But the minister, the teacher, or the writer professes a social service. He assumes an attitude beyond and above the special interests of class. Rightly, it may be said that it is to his economic interest to preach and teach the special ethics of the traders: that the good jobs go to those who are most eloquent, insistent, and thorough-going in expounding such ethics, while the poorer jobs, or no jobs at all, go to those who are most backward or slow-witted in such exposition. But for all that, such teaching is a contradiction of his professed mission. His tacit contract with society obliges him to serve as a disseminator of learning, or as a stimulator of social virtues. Generally he is a man of education and experience. He has eaten of the tree of knowledge, and knows, or ought to know, good from evil. When, therefore, he serves merely as a reflector of upper-class ethics, as an encourager of profit-hunger and a suborner of treachery and betrayal among the working class, he perverts his contractual function to society."

If any journalist having pride in his profession—and no writer having no pride in his profession deserves to be known as a journalist—can read that indictment of the servile literary slave of plutocracy without shame, he is following a profession which he is destined to debauch rather than adorn.

"But," he will complain, if he happens to hold a salaried place in journalism, as to-day most of the actual writers must, "my field is circumscribed by the opinions, prejudices and interests of the owners of my paper. A daily paper has become an enormous money spender. It has become the tool of capital because it needs capital for its establishment. The great daily is dependent on the millionaire class and in turn is of service to that class. The time when it or those editing it could be truly independent and speak for the mass instead of the class, is vanished."

To a certain extent this is true and yet the most widely circulated daily newspapers in the United States to-day are those which take persistently the radical view of all public questions. The most widely known and most influential editorial writer in daily journalism to-day is a man who judges every public question from the most radical view-point imaginable, and who is the strongest agency in securing for the papers in which his editorials are published, a circulation which keeps them at the front.

Again while it is true that the money of the millionaire is necessary to put a paper on its feet, experience has shown that public knowledge of the fact that a typical modern plutocrat is

back of a newspaper is fatal to any great success. Nothing is harder than to find out who actually owns certain New York newspapers. They are owned in Wall Street—that much is known—but some figurehead is thrust forward as the ostensible proprietor, and the public is asked to believe that properties representing investments of several million dollars and annual losses of several hundred thousand dollars, are owned by the gentlemen whose names appear as their publishers but who are known to be persons of very slender means. Plutocracy in journalism is afraid of itself and it has reason to be. Certain Chicago newspapers intimately attached to street railway millionaires and political national bankers have long languished because the public knew for whom and for what they stood.

As against the notorious ill success of papers which are frankly plutocratic we find that those which are progressive are prosperous and that those which at heart are wedded to the existing order recognize at least that they are trying to run counter to public sentiment and endeavor to disguise their actual quality. They pay to virtue that tribute of hypocrisy for which vice has ever been noted. Moreover, although to radicals even the advanced journalism of to-day, such as is represented by the Hearst newspapers most fully in the daily field, may seem still unduly restrained, it is fair to recall that it is an immense advance upon anything which we had ten years ago.

If I may be pardoned a personal reminiscence I might cite one instance when an excursion into radical journalism promised great success, but was nipped in the bud by forces having no connection with it. In 1893 *The Chicago Times* passed into the hands of the elder Carter Harrison, who, while by no means a radical, was to some extent free from the exaggerated deference to business interests which is manifested by most newspaper publishers. After his death the paper descended to his sons, the present mayor of Chicago being the dominant influence. While hardly to be called a radical, the younger Harrison was willing to permit and did permit the newspaper, which at that time was under my editorial management, to take a more advanced stand on social questions than any newspaper had taken up to that time and possibly a stand quite as advanced as the Hearst papers take to-day. For example, it was friendly to Debs in the A. R. U. strike. The *Times* was moribund when the revolution in its policy took place, and neither its income nor the private fortune of its owners permitted the lavish expenditure necessary to build up a decaying property, but simply through its attitude on social questions it increased rapidly its circulation so that when as a result of a business deal it was consolidated with the *Herald*, a

comparison of the two papers showed the circulation of the *Times* in a vastly healthier condition than that of the *Herald*, though the latter had long been credited with a greater output. What was done with the *Times* in my judgment could be done again with any paper now lagging superfluous on the stage because it is given over to the commonplace, the conservative and the cowardly.

As to the future of radicalism in journalism outside of the daily field it must be evident to anyone that it is almost here. Five years ago we saw no magazine attacking the Standard Oil Company as *McClure's* has been doing in Miss Tarbell's articles, nor assaulting the Wall Street system as *Everybody's* does with Lawson's articles, nor breaking a lance against the gilded armor of the great insurance companies as the *Era* is doing, nor attacking such a trust as the theatrical trust as *Frank Leslie's* has done for months past.

This is not fundamental, you will say; none of them dares preach the only remedy for the evils they describe.

All true enough, but it is a sign of the times that these magazines, published as they are for profit, and in certain instances owned by men of large means belonging themselves to the capitalistic class, should even undertake to describe evils, the remedies for which more progressive publicists are ready to preach.

To me it seems probable that for the immediate present the safest field for radical journalism is that of the weekly and monthly press. This field already has its excellent exemplars of a journalism which stands for conscience and which is not pursued by mere retainers of the trading class. But I am not hopeless of the early development of a daily journalism which shall be the servant of the people rather than of plutocracy. It is a well-worn maxim that capital is cowardly, and the capitalists take great pleasure in parading their shame by announcing this whenever anybody attempts to expose any of their corrupt or criminal methods. But timid as capital is a newspaper is more timid. I have followed the calling for almost twenty years and I know. Today in nine out of ten daily newspaper offices of the United States a hint from an advertiser will carry more weight than all the fundamental principles of ethics, economics or sociology. But mark you that it is the situation to-day, and it is the situation because capital is organized, coherent, triumphant. When the people, recognizing that the newspaper which is afraid of its advertisers will be even more afraid of its subscribers, shall unite to conquer, then the newspaper will become the popular organ instead of the hireling spokesman of a single class. To put the matter more directly, if those who approve of radical journalism would take

pains to support, not merely with their subscriptions but with letters of applause and commendation, every essay made in the direction of a more progressive, a more outspoken, a more truthful journalism, as those who would make journalism the bound servant of plutocracy condemn such essays, we would speedily find a more tolerant and more open-minded mental attitude on the part of the owners of successful publications.

### A Journey

Come! I cried to my soul,  
A journey let us make  
Far from these boundaries—  
Beyond the edges of the sun—  
Where the light of love expires  
And oceans lap on soundless shores—  
Where all ends, hope, dreams, ambition!  
And girdled like a pilgrim,  
I started, guided by my soul,  
Bethinking of those rank abodes  
Infested by those grimy shades  
That wallow in the pits of hell.  
And shuddering o'er the gap  
Between me and the unseen,  
I raised my staff and journey,  
Going onward, onward slowly  
To a city, huge, tumultuous,  
Where the brawl and clang  
Turned men to things, and people  
Worshipped monsters.  
Impatient for the quest  
Of scenes unvisited, I cried:  
Let's hasten to our journey's end.  
"We are here", moaned my guide.

JOSEPH LEISER.

# Hypnotism and its Relation to Crime

BY WM. HELD, M. D.

The subject of hypnotism has again been forced to the attention of the public. It is a matter of regret to every scientific man to know how inadequate a knowledge the people, and too many of so-called educated men, have on the subject. The proper understanding of this branch of science would make impossible such gross imposition as has been practiced of late. With better knowledge such a farce as that of the "hypnotized" French woman Strangler would fail to impress a jury or judge to whose attention the "mystery" might be brought with the intention of defeating justice. In this country the plea of hypnotism is a favorite defense for criminals of all shades. Kleptomania has in many instances given way to this, for the laity, more startling, strange, and mystery-savoring subject.

A jury composed of men ignorant of the real effects of hypnosis can be more easily imposed upon by a theatrical relation of circumstances which are supposed to show that the accused, who invokes hypnotism as a defense, could not resist the strange magnetic spell, that he was "forced," against his better self, to obey the command of the hypnotist. Accompany such claims with a hypnotic demonstration, as has been done in the Gabrielle Bompard case to shame the scientific world, and one may easily succeed in beguiling the uninformed of the influence of hypnotism. Whatever the merits of the French case may have been, the very fact that a criminal succeeded in invoking hypnotism as a defense is a powerful testimony to the shallow-mindedness of a nation who, with regard to just this branch of science, were credited with better judgment. There is somewhere a laxity among lawyers who as yet have failed to classify properly the subject of hypnotism. Insanity, if proven, may be a good defense, but hypnotism, if positively shown to have been a factor in the perpetration of an unlawful act, could be of no avail whatever if the mantle of mystery were torn from it and the proper steps taken to divorce it from its "awful possibilities," which, as a matter of fact, exist only in the mind of the wrongly informed. In the light of truth this ignorance would disappear and further abuse of this absolutely natural phenomenon become impossible.

What proofs do those offer who would have us believe in the possibility of using hypnotic power for criminal purposes against the will of the subject?

Their claim is, that under the hypnotic influence an individual can be forced to commit a crime against his will, and in support of this claim they offer laboratory tests, experiments with paper daggers and wooden rulers as revolvers. The most sincere and honest investigators have gone a step further by using real knives and pistols.

Nevertheless all observed phenomena, under the strictest precautions solicited, have only shown that hypnotism cannot be used as criminal means unless the hypnotized person's mind is normally occupied by criminal thought. The very deepest state of hypnotism, somnambulism, cannot belie the real character of the subject, and criminal suggestions are of as much effect upon the mind of the hypnotized as they are upon the mind of the waking normal person. We know that a person in the hypnotic state is able to obey suggestions more readily than he would in the waking condition, but we also know that the hypnotized person is absolutely unable and unwilling to carry out suggestions which do not appeal to him in the normal state. This fact is supported by countless proofs. The adversaries of this truth, and strange to say some well educated men among them, after watching experiments in which a subject in all apparent earnestness proceeded to stab or shoot an imaginary enemy according to suggestion, considered such test proof of the positive connection between hypnotism and crime. In the endeavor to prove their theory they become short-sighted.

I will educe sufficient examples to show that the most ardent students of psychology and the most relentless experimenters have most signally failed to establish any tangible proof of their theory. It cannot be denied that many of the various "crimes" as arranged in the laboratory bore the stamp of ingenuity and were often dexterously executed. Indeed, the expenditure of brain energy in some of these tests seem to have been worthy of better results. But in the absence of strategism no other effect was possible. The fatal mistake of the operators who are willing to believe in the crime theory lies in the fact that they start out with the intention to prove a certain theory—their theory. The reports of the advocates of the crime theory were marveled at by the ignorant and superficial thinkers. All such stories are welcome food for the sensation-loving public.

Let us examine how much of the dangers of hypnotism remain under scientific and logical probing. No respectable hypnotist of modern times denies the existence of a subjective mind alert in the hypnotized individual. This subconsciousness cannot be subdued, although the objective mind is in abeyance. It is this subjective mind which enables the hypnotized subjects to realize

unconsciously as far as any objective activity is concerned, that in all suggestions, criminal or otherwise, they are playing a borrowed part. They remain aware of the fact that they are only following harmless suggestions. The irrepressible factor, auto-suggestion, says to the brain of the hypnotized individual: "You can do no harm; you are surrounded by men of science who only experiment and who will protect you, and if need be prevent you at the critical moment from executing a harmful suggestion." In no case has a demonstrator ever succeeded in surrounding a subject with such environment as to divest him of the auto-suggestive brain activity. No one ever succeeded in dulling this faculty.

At the very outset, when a subject is required to submit to a series of tests, the mind of such subject becomes immediately aware that he is about to assist in some experiments, that he is to play a comedy as it were, and whatever the result, the subject feels safe in the hands of the operator. He or she knows well that a public demonstration before invited representatives of the medical and legal professions, are not given for the purpose of seriously permitting criminal suggestions being carried out.

Bernheims admits the automatic brain activity of the hypnotized individual. The brain reacts automatically to suggestions received by either accepting or repelling such, according to whether or not any inherent chord has been touched (affected) by the suggestion. Where there is no affinity for a received suggestion it will fall flat. The real character of the hypnotized person determines the acceptance or refusal of a suggestion. A medium may, in his desire to please the operator with whom he is generally on good terms, even exaggerate and perform acts which in normal life—that is, without the protection offered by the position occupied as a hypnotized individual—he would not do.

Before educing scientific reasons for the futility of the crime theory, I desire to dispose of the logical common aspect of the proof. Whenever hypnotism was invoked as a defense for crime, the perpetrator of the unlawful deed claimed his utter inability to remove himself from the hypnotic spell, and declared the hypnotic power of the hypnotist under whose influence he acted so powerful that he was forced, against his will, and without his knowledge, to obey the hypnotist's commands. The question presents itself: Why should a subject so completely succumb to the will of a criminal hypnotist and become a willing tool of the operator in every point except when manifestation of his own free will becomes essential for self protection. It is a conspicuous element that the hypnotist who abuses his "awful" power is so well able to "force" a subject to perpetrate any ever so unnatural act, but

on the other hand is unable to wield his hypnotic power for his own safety. Will any sane man believe that a criminal hypnotist will fail to impress his subject with the necessity of forgetting who hypnotized him and to make such suggestions as are necessary to prevent his detection, if such were the effect of hypnotism? Is it not a silly proposition to believe that the hypnotized individual who tries to escape legal responsibility by the claim of having acted under irresistible hypnotic influence, is able to remove the hypnotic power just as soon as it becomes a matter of interest for his safety; that he should, in spite of the strongest suggestions, be able to denounce his hypnotist who commanded him to forget his name and every other connection with him?

To show the weakness of all the various office experiments, as far as such would serve as proofs, it is necessary to present some of them to the reader for consideration. Dr. De Cournelles tells of a girl who was hypnotized for the purpose of proving that under such influence she may be forced to commit a crime. She was ordered to mix arsenic into the beverage of a man in order to poison him. The girl obeyed the suggestion, threw the powder into the glass, walked over to the man, gave him the drink and induced him to empty the glass. She was dehypnotized and taken before a police officer who interrogated her with regard to the murder. She admitted, under posthypnotic suggestion, that she performed the deed, saying she could not help it. Right here, I would call attention to the fact that the subject admitted the deed, under posthypnotic suggestion; that is, she was ordered, previous to being dehypnotized, that whenever asked about the act she should confess. Now then, why have we never met a genuine case where the criminal, also under posthypnotic suggestion, while confessing denies hypnotic influence? Every hypnotist of any large experience knows of the shrewdness and acuteness of the mediums, as a result of which they readily act in just the manner expected to without receiving any oral suggestions. This we may term deductive power or instinct, called by some observers phreno-hypnotism. By this faculty the subject deduces from surrounding circumstances what he is expected to do. The patient in the arsenic case knew that she was expected to commit and confess a crime, just as if she could not help it; she knew that her master was interested to prove this and she was willing to prove just so much. I do not say that she was not deeply under hypnotic influence, but I do maintain that she could not prevent her brain from appreciating the part she is to take in the experiment. The knowledge that it was an experiment she could not banish from her subjective mind. To doubt this would be to deny the existence of a subconscious brain activity.



The same author tells of a patient who, under hypnosis, refuses to attack a student, remarking that she bears him no ill, but after repeated suggestion (the subjective mind understands the real object) she consents to shoot the student and does so with a wooden ruler which was given her under the suggestion that it was a pistol. I ask any sensible psychologist whether or not the patient knew (subjectively) that she did not have a real weapon. I mentioned before the lack of strategism displayed in the conduct of most of the experiments.

By this I mean that if the operator had placed a dangerous weapon in the hands of the subject or made her think she had a real pistol, she would not have shot the student; she would have refused to obey the suggestion. I have proven this to my own satisfaction many times. Whenever I have hypnotized subjects for the purpose of similar experiments and suggested that they should now kill themselves with this knife (handing the subject a pasteboard knife), they would stab themselves with great force and crumble the quasi knife, but if by previous arrangements (strategism) some one secretly exchanged the paper dagger for a real knife in the hands of the hypnotized individuals, the result was very different. The subject did not then obey the suggestion, but manifested symptoms of excitement, mental disturbance, falling at times to the ground, becoming hysterical, and in many other ways expending energy, instead of the commission of the suggested act.

The reason for this is that the subjective mind of the subject knew that I was unaware of the exchanging of the knives and therefore unable to protect him.

I was careful to arrange it so that in exchanging the knives my assistant would make some remark to another person present, to the effect that he would play a trick on me. In answer to the question, how the patient can become aware of such affairs while deeply hypnotized, I would answer with another question: How is it that in case of a sleep walker, when, in an effort to cure such patient, one without his knowledge puts a tub with water at the side of his bed, he does not step into the tub, but carefully avoids the well meant trap in spite of his being asleep? A subject who was well known for his daring exhibitions under hypnosis, when asked whether he feared no bad consequences, answered, that if he should be ordered to jump through a window he would unhesitatingly obey, for, he said, if they would not stop him before he could jump through the window, he would be sure they had some kind of protection concealed outside of the window. Who will, in the face of this, doubt the shrewdness of hypnotic subjects? The ever alert auto-suggestive brain activity of a person steps in for

his protection. At a glance he is able to realize his position long before he allows himself to be hypnotized, and during all following experiments the subjective mind whispers to him, as it were: "They want me to do it; it is only a test, so I will obey. Should it be real then I am acting under their direction; they know what they are doing and how far to go; they, not I, are responsible; I am hypnotized."

The mere fact that a person allows himself to be hypnotized without preventing it is an act of free will. He acts, therefore he wills. Every hypnotized person acts in accordance with suggestions made by the operator, but only in accordance with his own tastes, aspiration and disposition. It is just as in normal life. In the waking state one may at the sight of a certain occurrence, laugh, while another has nothing but expressions of disgust. It always depends upon the natural, congenital mental constitution of the person. If that were not true, we all would be of one pattern, have the same aims, the same tastes, hopes, fears, and emotions.

It is true a hypnotized person finds suggestion a driving force for many deeds which in the waking state he would not perform, but it can never transform the real character, never alter the moral poise of the individual to any greater extent than could be done by the exertion of continued suggestion in the waking state. Dr. Charcot said: "The School of Nancy pretends that by means of suggestion an individual can be sufficiently influenced to make him commit a crime, but there is not a single example of such a case and the School of Nancy would be extremely embarrassed if it were asked to prove what it alleges."

The magnet tests have clearly shown that the subject surmises the desired effect. In these tests it was observed, that if a person approaches a hypnotized individual with a magnet or a piece of coal, restlessness and awakening of the sleeper takes place. These changes were also produced if the magnet was well covered with a cloth and then brought near the sleeper. This nice test, very much more elaborately stated by those who deny the free will under hypnosis, receives a cruel shock from the fact that all the same phenomena were elicited when a wide awake psychologist used a paper magnet, so long as the intuitive faculty of the subject was aware of the object in view. To learn the truth in all these experiments, absolute neutrality of the subject is necessary. If the magnetic action were true, every bystander could prevent the hypnotization of a subject or awaken such by touching it with a piece of coal concealed about his person. And this suggests to me that a piece of coal ought to be an effective talisman for those who have yet to learn that no person can be hypnotized against his will.

I have said before that the moral poise of a person cannot be altered under hypnosis, by which is meant that the subject will submit to nothing which he would not be willing to submit to when waking. All manifestations are limited to the extent of the mental capabilities of the hypnotized person and not the hypnotist. It is the subject's brain which reacts to suggestions and which cannot give what it has not. Sleeping or waking, hypnotized or normal, under the influence of narcotics or dreaming, the brain of a person (not insane) cannot produce thoughts which are foreign to it in the normal waking state. Truly no man who could not entertain the thought of theft or murder applied actively to himself, in the waking state, ever saw himself in such position in a dream. Dreams, coming from the brain, are unimpeachable witnesses of the quality of the brain that produced them. I am accustomed to diagnose serious mental derangements by becoming acquainted with the nature of the patient's dreams. You may dream of the most absurd things and occupy the most peculiar positions in a dream, fly or float through space, dive to the bottom of the ocean, but all these phantoms are creations of your brain and nothing is instilled there that would be incompatible with your nature, that would not respond to your feelings. There is no thought so noble, none so base, as not to be tolerated by the dreamer in the waking state. There is no perversity in dreams. He who flees danger in his dreams will do so when awake, he who dares in dreams is daring awake. I have made these remarks in order to enable the reader to prove for himself the presence of a dual mind by recalling some of his own dreams.

It is not within the scope of this article to record many of the experiments which have been conducted to establish the impossibility of using hypnotism for criminal means, since that would lead to consideration of questions more properly belonging in the domain of the physician. It is, however, proper to pay some attention to the vital points of a case to which the undeveloped psychologist points as a strong proof in favor of the crime theory. It is the case of "Ilma S." reported by Krafft Ebing. We certainly admire the masterful mind of this psychiatrist and accord him the respect due a student of his depth and splendid mentality. But we cannot in fairness concur with erroneous ideas just because the advocates of the crime theory have extracted what there was supportable in the case for their hypothesis and wrote the name of the splendid scientist upon their banner. We, too, are willing to stand by the weighty judgment of this man, but for the sake of truth and justice Krafft Ebing's case must receive the interpretation which is compatible with good common sense. All hypotheses must be banished and the case decided according to the facts thereof.

I cannot cite in detail here, but the point is that a girl in a convent is hypnotised by a sister, and under a suggestion stole a box of money, and having done so, realized the wrong of the action, placed the box where it could be found by the owner and fled. She was arrested wandering about aimlessly and in a dazed state of mind, and told her story in autobiography including many other interesting, peculiar events of her life. Her account of how she was ruined by hypnotism is a clever piece of writing mingled with well coined phrases, bewildering scenes, despair, misery and agony. It is a piteous tale of a woman who went to the convent seeking the quiet and forgetfulness missed in her worldly career, only to be thrown into indescribable wretchedness by the art of a sister who understood how to hypnotize her. I recommend the perusal of the case to every reader who would obtain a complete account of hypnotism. (See Hypnotism, Krafft Ebing.)

The death-blow to the crime theory as reducible from the hypnotic side of the case, is this. Investigations have shown that the story regarding the hypnotic episode in the convent were invented by the patient, that no such thing occurred in the convent. However, I am willing to take no advantage of this statement, and give the patient the benefit of the doubt, assuming that the convent people would rather lie than admit such an act. So I call attention to the condition of the patient, who in my mind is not a hypnotic subject par excellence at all. The tainted history of this patient is well calculated to let one place very little if any reliance in her word or action. Already in the year when the experiments with the patient took place, the veracity of the subject was attacked and simulation charged by good men of the medical profession.

But let us look more closely at the "hypnotic subject." She suffered for months with fever when she was fourteen. At about that time she exhibited signs of catalepsy, standing for hours in a public place without moving or giving any sign of life. Her father, a drinker, died by suicide. Her mother's father shot himself while insane. A brother and sister died by suicide; one sister was subject to hysterical convulsions. Again I will be charitably inclined and waive any great weight that may be attached to such family history. But I would here note this: I said that no one will commit a crime unless his brain is normally occupied or capable of conceiving wrong ideas. This very same patient, in all her virtue, honesty and pretended unwillingness to lend herself to dishonest purposes, except under the influence of hypnotism, stole while in her father's house the amount of Fl. 600.00 and ran away. She then dressed as a man and became a private teacher in the house of a wealthy lady who remained ignorant of her real sex.

We may add that epileptics and hysterical patients without the use of outside influence manifest hypnotic phenomena, and that hysterical patients aspire to be the object of attention at any cost ; that they will contrive and employ every means to center the attention of others upon themselves. We must not be influenced by the fact that medical men of standing have indorsed such and similar cases. We cannot be influenced when we remember the case of Casper Hauser, who, by virtue of his mysterious appearance, stirred all Europe, and in whose case, after many years and after his death, it was shown that he was a liar and idiot. Yet the best physicians of Europe spent their time on his case and wrote volumes about him. So in the "Ilma S." case we have clearly a hysterical patient whose mind is swayed by various impulses, a patient who appeared as a welcome material at a time when the subject was eagerly accepted by everybody. In being made the subject of experiments, the result of which was watched by the scientific population of Europe, this patient felt herself in her element. It was part of her abnormal condition to desire to appear remarkable, to be the object of pity, curiosity, and to know herself (imagine it so at any rate) the promoter of science.

What medical man with any experience in mental and nervous cases does not know how well this class of patients understand to influence everyone who cannot interpret their emotion. Their pleadings are often most heartrending ; their sobs, promises and narrations of suffered wrongs very often unnerve even steady physicians. For this reason it would be unjust and unscientific to base any opinion upon experiments conducted with persons of diseased mind, and this is the universal opinion of the majority of psychologists. Skillfully conducted experiments will lead to the conclusion, now held by the majority of psychologists, that the crime theory of hypnotism is a myth. There is no doubt that subjects may be induced to commit all sorts of imaginary crimes in one's study. (Moll.) Indeed, it is difficult to understand how anyone who recognizes the law of suggestion and its universal application to psychologic-phenomena, can believe for one moment that hypnotism can be made the instrument of crime. (Hudson.)

No innocent and honest person was ever transformed into a criminal, no chaste, virtuous woman ever victimized by means of hypnotism. But, on the other hand, many good, true, pure-minded and upright persons have been scandalized and black-mailed by unscrupulous pretenders, who knew the weak points of human nature and imposed upon this weakness and capitalized the general ignorance and prejudice of the people. And therein lies the great and only danger of hypnotism, namely, the readi-

ness with which the people give credence to the story of the poor "victim." The danger lies in the temptation which insufficient knowledge of this subject affords to those who would shield themselves under the mantle of hypnotism. If it were for once and all understood that the plea of hypnotism would be no longer tolerated to cheat justice, the number of such cases would quickly minimize. A woman well knowing that the people have learned the real merits of hypnotism would not dare come forth with such a claim, for it would be an admittance that she desired, and permitted, in full possession of her own free will, the deed complained of.

A plea of hypnotism is an appeal to the ignorant, a mockery of all established scientific facts on the subject of hypnotism.

### The Striker

Tossing his unowned tools from toil-worn hands,  
Accepting want, he dimly reaches higher  
For decent living and brotherhood's desire;  
Thus executes the great Creator's plans.  
Strong-hewn as blocked from rugged granite, he stands,  
Yet molten with volcanic bursts of fire.  
He's hate, despair, rage, starvation dire  
And passionate brother-love with fellow-bands.

Unknowing what it does or final end,  
The coral insect deep in ocean's brine,  
Doth give its life to build the land to light.  
Can man with starving wife, e'en dimly comprehend  
The blind-fold, want-driven blows he strikes for right?  
He buildeth, better than he knows, a shrine.

East Orange, N. J.

ELTWEED POMEROY.

# Book Notices

BY THE EDITOR

NEW WHITMAN BOOKS, *published by Small, Maynard and Company, Boston*: The first edition of "Leaves of Grass" came out in 1855 and was greeted with wonder, ridicule, and some applause. Year by year the volume of debate and criticism concerning this strange product has grown until the Whitman literature of any year is the largest respecting any single American author. The remarkable thing about this discussion is that it is still elementary. Longfellow, Bryant, and the other New England writers, are laid on the shelf. They are bounded and measured. They are known quantities. Not so with Whitman. He is elusive and does not yield his meanings at the first or the second reading. So that now fifty years after the publication of his poems we are still exploring and still undecided. "My words," said the poet, "will itch at your ears until you understand them."

Last year when the Putnams put out the ten volume edition of Whitman's writings it was thought to be definitive. But now appear two volumes of original material; one, Whitman's "Diary in Canada," with extracts from other diaries and literary notebooks, edited by William Sloane Kennedy; the other, "An American Primer," with facsimiles of the original manuscript, edited by Horace Traubel, being the rough notes of a lecture on words and their meanings and uses. These volumes should go at once into your Whitman alcove.

Meanwhile Isaac Hull Platt has tried his hand at a Whitman biography. In less than one hundred and fifty pages he has compressed the main facts of Whitman's life, with added touches of personal criticism and eulogy. Some academic reviews of Platt's work complain of the "too sympathetic" treatment accorded his subject. But nice well-balanced academic minds have no claim to adjudicate in matters of Whitman. Sympathy gives the first condition of understanding Whitman and academicians are the last persons in the world to go to for sympathy. "Roughs and little children shall commune with me sooner than they," said the poet of the over-nice scholars who would instruct him.

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"HERBERT SPENCER," *by Professor Josiah Royce. Fox, Duffield and Company, New York*: The intellectual habit of criticism, of looking at all sides of a subject and balancing evil against good, destroys enthusiasm and paralyzes action. I find this academic fault in even Prof. Royce's admirable essay on Herbert Spencer. In exposition Prof. Royce is unrivalled, but one's admiration

for his analyses is tempered by his over-cautious conclusions. After stating Spencer's position on education, for instance, and quoting approvingly the philosopher's dictum: "How to live, that is the essential question for us. Not how to live in the mere material sense only, but in the widest sense. To prepare us for complete living is the function which education has to discharge; and the only rational mode of judging of any educational course is to judge in what degree it discharges such function. To live means to carry out certain kinds of activities; first those activities which directly minister to self-preservation; second, those activities which, by securing the necessities of life, indirectly minister to self-preservation; third, those activities which have for their end the rearing and discipline of offspring; fourth, those activities which are involved in the maintenance of proper social and political relations; fifth, those miscellaneous activities which make up the leisure part of life, devoted to the gratification of the tastes and of the feelings"—after quoting this and other passages which sum up the modern problem of education, Professor Royce will conclude concerning some relatively unimportant matter: "Let us honor him for what he was. But let us be glad that he was not the trainer of our children." This is an effectual "slam," making nugatory everything said in Spencer's favor.

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Wrong action is better than no action at all. Movement purifies but stagnation corrupts.

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"CHANTS COMMUNAL," by *Horace Traubel*. *Small, Maynard and Company, Boston*: "Chants Communal" is the title Horace Traubel has given to a series of essays dealing with conditions of modern society. If there is a freer spirit than Traubel's on any of the high-roads of the universe I have yet to meet it. I have yet to meet one with greater faith and love and sense of justice or one with a finer temperament and will to do. Traubel is editor of *The Conservator* and *The Artsman*, secretary of the Whitman Fellowship, and one of the leading spirits in the Rose Valley Association—a communal crafts-colony near Philadelphia. You may open this book anywhere and it will startle you with sudden direct truth. I open at random and read: "Civilization is examining its dollars. It is trying every dollar by a test of justice. It is going back of the reputation of the dollar to the character of the dollar. Property has got to report to the soul. The soul is civilization. We are going to wash every dollar clean. We will wash and wash until it is clean. We suspect every dollar. Every dollar is as bloody as the hands of Lady Macbeth. Property is tangled and mixed with cruelty. We must make property



human. We will subject all possessions to the most drastic indictment. There is no escape. You think that you can dodge with your dollars round the chairs of professors in colleges or of editors in sanctums. You think that if you can put your dollars into the prayers of the priest all will be forgiven. You think that if the poet will rhyme your dollars, that if the singer will sing your dollars, that if the painter will paint your dollars, your dollars may escape the perilous questions. But after the rhyme has been rhymed, after the song has been sung, after the picture has been painted, after the cherished silences have convened, the question still remains, interrogating, forever interrogating, your fortified fortunes."

### Books Received

From Scribner's Sons, New York:

"THE THEORY OF BUSINESS ENTERPRISE," by Thorstein Veblen.

From the Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

"THE LAW OF THE LAND," by Emerson Hough.

From the Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York:

"THOREAU," by Elbert Hubbard.

"JESUS OF NAZARETH," by Elbert Hubbard.

From Harper & Brothers, New York:

"TRUE BILLS," by George Ade.

From Fox, Duffield & Co., New York:

"HERBERT SPENCER," by Josiah Royce.

From Purdy Publishing Company, Chicago:

"DAWN-THOUGHT," by J. Wm. Lloyd. \$1.00.

From E. P. Rosenthal & Co., Chicago:

"THOUGHTS OF A FOOL," by Evelyn Gladys.

From the Hammersmark Publishing Company, Chicago:

"THE SAXONS," a drama of Christianity in the North, by Edwin Davies Schoonmaker. \$1.50.

From Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago:

"THE SOCIALIZATION OF HUMANITY," a system of monistic philosophy, by Charles Kendall Franklin.

# MARCONIGRAPHS

FROM TO-MORROW'S READERS



## To-Morrow

They say to-morrow never comes,  
And yet To-Morrow came to-day;  
I read it, and its message hums  
And sings a tuneful roundelay.  
It is a prophet, and its note  
Springs from a soul, and where it falls,  
Vibrations sympathetic float  
Upward, outward, beyond the walls  
That would confine with feudal might  
And make man's better man a slave.  
The System digs, with Standard right,  
Unsystematic "wrong" a grave.  
Oh, do not say, "This world is good enough for me"  
Until your loftiest aspiration is set free.

Chicago.

FRANK HONEYWELL.

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### To the Editor:

I think just such a magazine as To-MORROW is needed, and have for a long time, and hope it will prosper. I like it far more than *any other*, and wish I could assist it.

SARAH PHELPS,

Hudson, Mich.

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### To the Editor:

I read my To-MORROW with great interest. It seemed to me to be excellently made, and to deserve life and prosperity.

If I can be of any service to you, or to it, do me the favor to let me know.

CHARLES G. RUSSELL.

Chicago, Ill.

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### To the Editor:

I like To-MORROW! If you keep up the gait you have set in No. 1, you'll reap success, I am sure. Enclosed is my subscription. If you can spare me a few sample copies I think I can put them where they will do good.

LUCIUS D. MORSE.

Atlanta, Ga.

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### To the Editor:

I wish To-MORROW every possible success. The shape is good, the cover is abominable, and who is responsible for the atrocity on the back? There is some good stuff in this issue, but I am surprised at Darrow publishing such a platitude article as his. He only says "Have something to say." And why do you print such an idiotic poem as "An Artistic View"? Let the plutocratic papers have stuff like that, it is not up to To-MORROW.

Yours truly,

ELTWEED POMEROY.

*To the Editor:*

Your advertisement about the school to be is a good one. Let me know when you get started, as I shall wish to see it. The Freak Book ad is the best thing in the output. My regards to Sercombe himself—go on, start the school, love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, cultivate the Chicago critics so that they will say more in their papers. I am going to buy your February number, and you dassent print this.

Elgin, Ill.

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*To the Editor:*

TO-MORROW and your good work are moving in the right direction, and you have my sympathy and appreciation. I enclose check for year's subscription.

J. T. G.

Chicago, Ill.

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**To O. L. T.**

You, whom mine eyes saw never, think I true  
In thinking that your soul, bared in your honest speech,  
Has given my soul a little higher reach—  
To my dim, peering eyes a little clearer view?

Man, it is true! Me, whom your eyes saw never,  
Whom you may never, never see, you teach  
The voiceless valency of every true endeavor.

God give you speed!

God grant your need!

L. A. L.

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*To the Editor:*

I like your magazine immensely. It is sanely radical. The great fault of most progressive magazines is that they go off half-cocked. You seem to know just how hard to press the trigger, and when. I wish you great success. The Magazine is needed. To-MORROW is a good thing for to-day.

ROBERTUS LOVE.

St. Louis, Mo.

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**The Limit**

Wear long hair and sandals too,  
Be extreme.  
Hubbardize the things you do,  
Be extreme.

What care you what others dream,  
Evolution is your theme,  
You and Oscar are a team,  
And extreme.

MRS. J. W. KNOX.

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*To Sercombe Himself:*

My congratulations on the appearance of To-MORROW, which I am glad fails to justify its name by "never coming". It is sound through and through. Please ask Dr. Triggs what is good for the "cosmic emotion." I think I have it.

ATLANTA OTTLEY.

Scranton, Pa.

**The Diet of Worms**

In fifteen hundred twenty-one,  
 My history affirms,  
 A banquet great was held whose di-  
 Et was composed of worms.  
 The thought may seem revolting, but  
 It's told in black and white:  
 Diet of Worms, the occasion's called --  
 I know I read it right,  
 Or such a thing I'd never dare  
 On paper to indite.

To me this great historic farce  
 Is all-mysterious,  
 And works confusion in my mind  
 Well-nigh delirious;  
 But facts are facts, and always were,  
 No matter how we squirm;  
 So let us on this maxim stand  
 With resolution firm,  
 And face the truth and steel ourselves  
 To call a worm a worm.

Now, I have turned this matter o-  
 Ver many, many ways  
 And tried to reason out the cause  
 Of that vermivorous craze  
 With poor success, and then I struck  
 A new suggestion great:  
 Perhaps 'twas vermicelli, mac-  
 Aroni that they ate!  
 But no, my hist'ry calls me back  
 To worms on every plate.

Of course, I'm eager to learn how  
 They did the worms prepare—  
 How were they served, how many kinds  
 Were on the bill of fare?  
 Was't worms with gravy, a la mode,  
 And vermi-fricassee?  
 Was't worms with buttermilk and worms  
 With croquette hominy?  
 And were the tables wormwood of  
 That mighty company?

And were there any bookworms eat-  
 Ing worms and consomme?  
 Did Luther, too, eat worms upon  
 That gastronomic day,  
 Or did he sturdily refuse  
 And say he'd signed the pledge,  
 And then denounce the diet and  
 Put harmony on edge,  
 And stop the vermicide, as worm  
 Mythologies allege?

Well, Martin Luther was all right  
 If he denounced that shame;  
 If e'er again such diet rose,  
 I'd gladly spoil the game.  
 I'm sure that worms I wouldn't eat,  
 However cooked they be,  
 With tapioca, a la creme,  
 Or a la misery;  
 No tissue made of worms shall grow  
 In my anatomy. FRANK HONEYWELL.

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### To-Morrow

Hail, to the infinite era of thought!  
 Hail, to the world of vast consciousness wrought!  
 Hail, to the message of truth in a page,  
 Wisdom of poet and wisdom of sage,  
 Sword of Omnipotence, pen of the seer,  
 Sending its gospel to peasant and peer,  
 Promise of justice and promise of right,  
 Promise of fortune and promise of might,  
 Making the far-off Tomorrow Today.  
 Ending injustice forever and aye.

ADDISON BLAKELY.

---

Now doth the busy Traction ant  
 Improve each darksome hour,  
 Trying to get the city's streets  
 Completely in its power.

Now doth the foolish citizen  
 In fancied safety sleep,  
 While boodle-hungry aldermen  
 Are anything but cheap.

L. F. W.

---

"To-MORROW: The Magazine of Hope," edited by Oscar L. Triggs, formerly a professor in the University of Chicago, has been born.

The first issue of this magazine of protest against things that should not be and hope for things that will be was sent out yesterday to be placed upon the newsstands today. It is a monthly magazine for progressive people. Its publishers announce that the object is not primarily to make money, but to quicken the industrial conscience of the United States.

The salutatory—"The Changing Order," by Triggs—is strong and perhaps surprising to the general reader. It is revolutionary and shocking to the American that believes he is free. It is strictly Trigguesque, and it bares, with the incision of a skilled surgeon, the ills of the nation, and prescribes remedies.

There is a poem—virile and striking—written by Charles E. Russell, entitled 'A Man.' The verses furnish a fitting prelude to the editor's "Appreciation" of Mr. Russell's book of verse, "Twin Immortalities." The praise of Mr. Russell's poems contained in the article is enthusiastic, for the poems contained in that striking volume of verse chime true with the tone of To-MORROW.

"The Lessons of the Election" is a symposium by William Jennings Bryan, James H. Ferris, chairman of the People's party, and William Mailly, secretary of the Socialist party.—*Chicago American*.

**A Literary Boomerang**

He was a youthful poet, writing much;  
 He wrote some barking doggerel and such.  
 One day he sent a dozen oath-provokers,  
 With a letter filled with self-conceited joke-airs,  
 To a paper, ending with this brilliant touch:  
     "You may choose the best  
     And send the rest  
 To the place where paper burns easiest."

In expectant jubilation he awaited  
 The result of the sensation he'd created  
 In that editor's appreciative mind;  
 But a more dejected soul 'twere hard to find  
 When by mail he got this poem, imitated:  
     "There being no 'best',  
     We return the rest  
 To the devil, according to your request."

Chicago.

FRANK HONEYWELL.

---

War on the established order of industry, vaguely described of late as the "system," will be started today by Professor Oscar Lovell Triggs, by the publication of the first edition of *To-MORROW*, a magazine which he and his associates expect to use in their educational campaign for an industrial revolution. While this issue of the paper is devoted largely to outlining the plans of the People's Industrial college, which they will locate somewhere near Chicago, considerable space is given in it also to a denunciation of the "economic tyranny" with which the country is now declared to be burdened.

**"ENTERING REVOLUTIONARY ERA."**

"We are now entering another revolutionary era," says Professor Triggs in his opening article. "Those who do not see this are as blind as bats. Do you think this placid reign of 'prosperity' will last forever? The system has but to order two things and rebellion would occur to-morrow—but let it order, 'Kill Lawson' and 'Make Peabody Governor of Colorado.' If we defrocked priests and dethroned kings once, do you suppose that we are unable to free ourselves from economic tyranny?"

"The system is deeply intrenched. It has given the world its ideals. A man is judged, is he not, by the property he owns and by his ability to display wealth? The world, in short, is thoroughly commercialized, and our god is Mammon. It is the will of the system that this should be so.

"Do not suppose for a moment that the makers of the system have overlooked any possible means of support. The buying of legislatures, endowment of universities, investment in newspapers—these are all forms of social control."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

---

It seems a pity that Mr. Bryan, Tom Watson and Prof. Triggs should be issuing periodicals separately. Think what a wonder they could get out if they were to collaborate!—*Chicago Daily News*.

# NOTES AND NEWS



Cities of the size of Rockford solve the problem of living more perfectly than cities larger or smaller. Rockford is large enough to attract the best in schools, libraries, and other cultural institutions, but it is not so large as to lose the sense of civic unity and human fellowship. Rockford contains, for one thing, the manufactory of W. F. Barnes, and if all employers of labor had the large-mindedness and generous spirit of W. F. Barnes there would be no labor troubles in the world. Rockford is the home, also, of Fay Lewis, and where Lewis is there is a radiating center of light and good fellowship. In Rockford was built many years ago one of the first people's churches, a liberal non-sectarian "Church of the Christian Union." It has for its object to cultivate a religious spirit that shall be reverent and at the same time rational, being in harmony with the unfolding ideas and knowledge of the age, to learn and teach a higher faith in God, a higher justice among men, and to do all the good it can. Robert C. Bryant, thoughtful and eloquent, is its presiding genius. Its winter course of lectures includes addresses by Ernest Crosby, Professor Tomlins, Raymond Robbins, Mrs. Virginia B. Le Roy, and the editor of *To-Morrow*.

\* \* \*

A monthly magazine, with motives similar to those of *To-Morrow*, has been started in England. It is called "Saint George", and is an expansion of a review published by the Ruskin Society of Birmingham. Its prospectus states that it will deal with sociology, education, adolescence, civic development, social problems, literature and art of social and ethical import. These new liberal magazines are signs of the times.

\* \* \*

An advertisement of *The Craftsman* appears in this issue. We take pleasure in commending this, the most practical and progressive of the art magazines. Everyone will wish to read the biographical sketch of that noble pioneer, John Muir, in the March number.

\* \* \*

Among the men with vital ideas on art and life is Professor John Ward Stimson, of Redding Center, Conn., now lecturing through the west. In his lectures and publications ("The Gate Beautiful", etc.) Professor Stimson takes philosophic and social ground nearly identical with that of Ruskin and Morris.

\* \* \*

The Morris Society has decided to discontinue the publication of its monthly *Bulletin*. Hereafter, by vote of the Council, the notes of the Morris movement, reports of lectures, etc., will appear in *To-Morrow*. The annual dues of the Society will be reduced to one dollar.

\* \* \*

The western branch of the Whitman Fellowship was organized recently in Chicago, with Oscar L. Triggs as president, Marguerite Warren Springer, vice-president, and Mrs. Hoswell, secretary. On February 17th the Fellowship gave a dinner and reception to Ernest Howard Crosby at the home of Mrs. Springer.

\* \* \*

The portrait of William Morris on the front cover of this issue is a reproduction of a photograph of a bas-relief in clay, executed by Julia Bracken, the Chicago sculptor. This portrait in photogravure, size 9 by 6, may be secured from the office of *To-Morrow* at price of one dollar. In the same form also portraits of Ruskin and Tolstoi.

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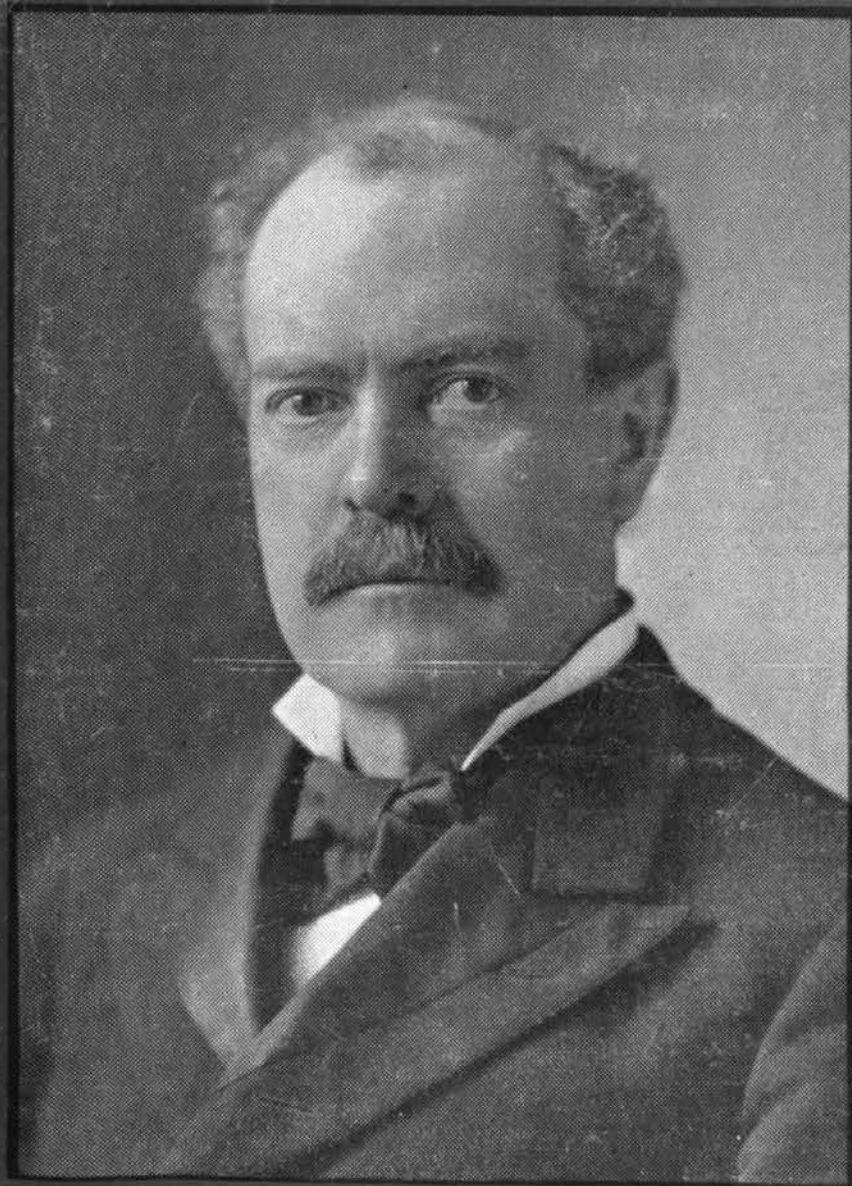
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**INSURANCE CORRUPTION IN ILLINOIS**  
IN THIS NUMBER

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APRIL, 1905

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A MONTHLY HAND-BOOK OF THE CHANGING ORDER



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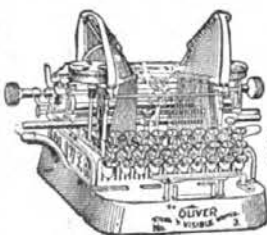
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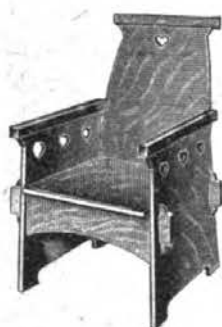
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*An appreciation by  
Horace Traubel in  
the Conservator for  
December, 1904*

If Mosher's talent and inclination had run in the direction of painting pictures he would have painted good pictures. If toward poetry he would have written good poetry. If toward music he would have composed good songs. The

synonym of Mosher is completeness. He likes to do things well. Mosher has talent for publishing books. He chooses to publish books. If he had chosen to make shoes instead of books he would make the best shoes. But he chose books. So he makes good books. Mosher sees to the fore and aft of product. His books are not accidents or incidents. They are designed. They are the main thing. Mosher's reprints have the unmistakable air of a good pedigree. They come of the surest foregrounds. An old book is made new by his touch. A new book is given a better chance between his covers. If I was a man who wrote anything that I thought anybody would care to read the day after tomorrow I would be ambitious to appear in a Mosher book. So I can be glad for the fellows who are to be read the day after tomorrow. They are sometime likely to come under the Mosher wing. Mosher belongs to the group of men who have given publishing back to art. Who have rescued books from the machine and given them to men. Who have shown that publishing need not be a swell affair, like serving victuals on a plate of gold to the elect. Who have shown that publishing may be a plain affair taken direct to the crowd and offered in return for the pennies of the average man. Mosher has not only helped to give publishing back to art. He has helped to give art back to the people. Back to the people, to whom all art belongs. Back to the people, in whom all art has its root.

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**ANITA TRUMAN**—Sunday, March 26, "Walt. Whitman, The Prophet of Individual Freedom."

**WESTERN STARR**—Thursday, March 30, "The Ethics of Conservatism."

**PARKER H. SERCOMBE**—Sunday, April 2, "Co-operation."

# Future Contributions

"TO-MORROW'S" MAY, JUNE AND JULY  
NUMBERS WILL CONTAIN

**The Storm and Stress of the Popular Economic Movement in the Various Countries of the World**..... *The Editors*

**Frenzied Finance in Mexico**  
How the "System" works and who gets the velvet.  
..... *By an "Amigo"*

**The Strange Case of Triggs**  
The double personality wrought by the imps of publicity..... *Dr. O. L. Triggs*

**Behind the Scenes in Colorado**  
A stirring and dramatic recital..... *"Mother" Jones*

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**Wagner and Morris**  
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SPICY..... *Peggy from Paris*

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CURRENT PROGRESS will be set forth each month by the Editors in a manner unique, vigorous and incisive.

A few writers whose good stuff will appear in future issues: Ernest Crosby, George Wharton James, Dr. John Roberts, Rudolph Bismarck von Liebig, C. Hanford Henderson, J. D. McIntosh, Geo. Bernard Shaw, W. F. Barnard, Dr. W. E. Boynton, Edward A. Steiner, N. O. Nelson, Charlotte Teller, Page Waller Samson, Willis J. Abbot, and others.

Each number will be rich in new, real poetry. The new age of expression through beautiful verse will find worthy exponents in Mr. Russell, Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Barnard, Mrs. Isaacs, Mr. Swan, Mr. Schoonmaker, Mr. Sandberg, Mrs. Hunt and others.

Our column of "Merriment" will be replete with appropriate selections, ancient and modern, ranging in time and substance from Mrs. Chadwick's fetching humor to the Creator's greatest coup entitled "Adam's Fall."

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## Are You With Us?

We stand for "The Changing Order" with its higher ideals, its greater humanity and real worth. "TO-MORROW" holds a promise of better things than today, and in order that our initiative may attain the success that must benefit all, we urge your substantial co-operation. The time is ripe for an organ of "The Changing Order," interesting, instructive, filled with short things and beautiful, which shall be forum and record, hospitable to any new idea, discovery or revelation, in fact a digest of the world's current history in thought and work.

A few of us are now bearing the burden, but our numbers will increase and thus fulfill the promise of success. We ask you to consider yourself one of our *informal brotherhood* who, by literary and artistic contributions, or by influence and personal work, help to make this long cherished ideal a reality. Send us something! Contributions, subscriptions, advertising, any kind of co-operation. Don't try to make things like the other magazines have them, just tell the truth, reserve nothing, write of things you really know about, whatever the subject, whatever the manner. We are not looking for the *conventional*, just *be yourself*. Look us up at our ranch, 1926 Indiana Avenue. You will be surprised at the spirit and the work of our cadets. Simple-hearted, earnest, informal. A fine circle of interesting people to grow up with.

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# *The Craftsman*

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The fourth decorative scheme for the mural treatment of the nursery and the school room, based upon the child figures found in the work of the early Italian artists, including Botticelli, Luca de la Robbia and others.

## **NEW HOME FEATURES**

### **HOME TRAINING IN CABINET-WORK**

Complying with requests from many sources, especially from parents, Mr. Stickley will begin in the March number a new Series of articles under the above title, ranging from the simpler to the more difficult forms in a natural evolution of structural integrity in both design and workmanship.

These practical lessons will be clearly defined and fully illustrated with measured drawings, and are intended not only to teach the use of tools, but also the nature and beauty of natural woods, their proper selection and fashioning, and artistic treatment in the finish, grain development, staining, etc. Mr. Stickley's expert skill and experience, thus freely given will aid the cabinet worker or the layman, in a wide range of cabinet making possibilities, and will serve to educate the young in sound principles of taste and construction, and in case of natural mechanical bent, to fit a boy, by practice, to become a skilled workman, builder or designer.

Nature has endowed the average boy with the ability to drive a nail into a board, and sometimes with the ambition to build a chicken coop or a dog kennel, a go-cart or a pair of stilts, and like everything else that is worth doing, is worth learning how to do it well.

To start the boys right, to encourage thoroughness and integrity in all work, to teach them to combine beauty with utility, and to take pride and pleasure in every form of excellence, is both a duty and a privilege of the thoughtful parent or teacher, and builds a sure foundation for self respect and usefulness.

## **FOUR COTTAGE HOMES**

In addition to the regular Craftsman House Series, but entirely independent of that proposition, THE CRAFTSMAN will prepare and publish designs and descriptive plans for four Cottage Homes in the near future, limiting the cost of each below \$1,500.

This special feature has been called for by requests from many readers seeking low cost, but comfortable homes. Plans for two of these cottages will be given in the March number, in advance of the building season.

## **A CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW**

In anticipation of the coming season at the shore and mountains, the next in order of The Craftsman House Series for 1905, will be an original design, with accompanying plans, for a comfortable, modest and practical Bungalow, adapted to the general landscape features and requirements of such temporary or permanent homes by the shore, the forest, or the stream, where Nature revels and man may rest.

These COMPLETE PLANS will appear in the MARCH NUMBER in season for spring building, and will be FURNISHED FREE OF CHARGE to any annual subscriber to The Craftsman.

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# The Business End

"To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day  
Till the last syllable of recorded time,  
And all our yesterdays have but lighted fools  
The way to dusty death."

Conquer appetite and be a *Man*.

Culture consists in learning to live in a maze of lies.

The new chronology: To-MORROW comes once a month.

The careers of most children are blighted by their parents.

If happiness is a mental state you can have it for the taking.

The best part of vegetarianism is the mental discipline it enforces.

The world's philosophy may be condensed into sixteen epigrams.

The strictly respectable are never remembered beyond their own generation.

The World of Talking and the World of Doing do not move in the same orbit.

Look to Lawyer Westover's story of Insurance Corruption in our May number.

Judge Dunne and Municipal Ownership are the features of to-day's To-MORROW.

People who are able to decline love on the terms offered may be said to be getting on.

If you remember that the world is for the *Race*, and not for *Individuals*, your problems will be half solved.

Christian Science has at least taught many that their own minds were capable of discipline and direction.

After consuming three-fourths of his time and energy, she complains of neglect and wonders why he is not a financial success. Well!

There are now ten million paupers in the United States. If the trusts keep up the pressure for ten years more, there will be fifty million—a voting majority.

Mexico City banks have loaned twenty million dollars to corporations largely owned by the bank and government officials. These loans are extended from year to year and will never be paid, all of which forms a part of our story of Mexican High Finance, crowded out of this number by Judge Dunne and Municipal Ownership.

---

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Send us **Five Dollars** for every  
Six Subscribers

To To-Morrow Readers **The Dollar for You**

# To - M o r r o w

EDITED BY OSCAR L. TRIGGS

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE



# In the Van *of* the Marchers

By ROBERTUS LOVE



WOULD march in the van of the thinkers,  
Bear the brunt in the front of the fray  
That is waged with the dogma-tinkers  
Whose thought is the thought of Cathay.

For to me are the roar and the rattle  
Of the conflict of Error and Truth  
As the thrill of the din of the battle  
To the fiery spirit of youth.

Yea, and sweet are the clash and the clamor  
When the new thought throttles the old  
As the ring of the Argonaut's hammer  
On the fresh-found mountains of gold.

I would march on my mission attended  
With the soul of the Christ and the wraiths  
Of the dauntless martyrs and splendid  
Who have died for the deathless faiths.

For the faith that the Man is supernal,  
For the faith that the Purpose, the Plan  
Of the Father, Inerrant, Eternal,  
Is the growth and the glory of Man!

So I march in the van of the marchers,  
Bear the brunt in the front of the fray,  
In the thick of the fight, with the archers  
Whose darts are the doom of Cathay.

# To-Morrow

PUBLISHED BY TO-MORROW PUBLISHING COMPANY

OSCAR L. TRIGGS, EDITOR  
PARKER H. SERCOMBE, BUSINESS MANAGER

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE CHANGING ORDER

*Advertising Rates on Application*  
*Address all Communications to 1926 Indiana Avenue,*  
*Chicago, Illinois*

VOLUME I.

APRIL, 1905

NUMBER 4

## The Barbarian Invasion

There is a period in history called the Dark Ages. As a boy I thought that for some reason the sun did not shine during that time. I pictured the world as in gloom and despair. Now I know that in the Dark Ages men labored for their daily bread very much as they do now, that the seasons came and went as they do now, that the green of Spring turned to the brown of Autumn, and that the material world was just as bright as it is now. Now I know that it was the light of mind which was then obscured, that men lived in spiritual darkness, that the moral forces in the human soul had suffered eclipse.

It is a commonplace to remark that history repeats itself. This, too, is a Dark Age. We are living on the lower plane of physical endeavor, where might makes right and selfishness triumphs over justice and virtue. The light has waned in the churches. It has failed in the colleges. Art wants its revelation. The soul suffers in gloom and despair. I do not know a person not perplexed by consuming problems, unharassed by doubts and desires. Where in this world is there one who is simply and naturally joyous? Or, if there be such an one, is not joy secured in the manner indicated by Tennyson in his "Palace of Art"?

"Full oft the riddle of the painful earth  
Flash'd thro' her as she sat alone,  
Yet not the less held she her solemn mirth,  
And intellectual throne."

## The Wages of Materialism

The wages of materialism is death—death physical and moral and spiritual. In England, in the industrial towns where the materialistic regime has been longest in force, the people have undergone physical deterioration, a deterioration which is visible even to the casual traveler. With material profit as the object

of business, how can justice be considered as between man and man? With material "success" as the goal of endeavor, the one doctrine of a spiritual nature which can be advocated is that of the Simple Life. But who can live the simple life? Civilization and Simplicity! Bedlam and Elysium! Nirvana on the Tower of Babel! "All these alliances," says Zenobia Cox in Tom Watson's Magazine, "are equally possible."

---

## Commercialism and the Theatre

Manager Klaw says of the theater: It is governed by the rules and observances of all other commercial enterprises. It is out to satisfy the public demand. It is the duty of the manager to label his wares, honestly and clearly, that they may not be mistaken, just as it is the obligation of every other merchant to display indications of the character of the contents of his establishment"—and more to the same effect. I do not remember to have seen a franker admission than this of the commercial policy that governs the production of art in this country. In a mechanical age the mind seems to think mechanically in the sequence of the "machine process." To this condition we shall soon be brought. In an earlier period of impending revolution the wise Goethe said: "The end is everywhere. Art still has truth, take refuge there." But with art closed to the aspiring soul, there would seem to be no slightest place of refuge left for those who would escape the barbarian invasion of our times.

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## In Kansas

What wonder the world is restless! I hear the wind rising and stirring in the mountains and the far-off forests. Here and there are men who live in expectation of some great thing about to happen. But the time is not yet ready. No immediate progress will be made except in mechanical and organizational directions. Kansas and other states have sent forth feeble challenges to the monopolists. Kansas will do nothing of importance. The cry is to restore competition; that is retrogression. The only possible advance is toward state ownership and direction of the entire industry in question. It must be acknowledged, however, that Kansas, in establishing an oil refinery, is adopting the characteristic method of "socialism," and in doing so is taking the first step in a process which must end logically in the complete socialization of industry.

The clearest statement I have seen of the meaning of the movement in Kansas has been made by Louis F. Post in *The Public* for February 25th: "Socialism is an intellectual force,

working through the minds of men in masses, and shaping public opinion. It may come with a new party or without one, through one or both of the old parties, or in spite of them. When employers throttle workingmen, you find this socialistic force active among workingmen. When some employers secure exceptional advantages and by forming trusts throttle other employers, the socialistic force begins to influence the employing class. When trusts grow so powerful as to hold a State at their mercy, and the fact that they are doing it is patent, the socialistic force gives an impulse to public opinion, and socialistic remedies are vociferously demanded and promptly applied. This is what has happened in Kansas."

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### **Socialism as an Economic Force**

When socialism is understood as an economic force working in society, coming into action when it is demanded by conditions, it takes its place as any other impersonal movement. To think of socialism as a vagary of the mind of some individual or group of individuals is to misinterpret its meaning and to prevent the utilization of its forces.

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### **Post of "The Public"**

In quoting from *The Public* I was reminded of what some one said the other day: "Post is the only man I allow to do my thinking for me." This was said by a thinking man and was a tribute to the clarity and correctness of the intellectual processes of this great editor.

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### **Industrial Versus Political Government**

I said in the January To-MORROW: "Back of all politics is the System. The System is not a political but an industrial form of control. Its rewards and punishments are economic. Political liberty does not in any way mean or guarantee industrial liberty. Hence the impending revolution in this country is not to be political but industrial."

"The above paragraph," writes John Z. White, "has barely the color of truth. Industrial liberty is guaranteed (or denied) by political power. Hence, all the evils found in the industrial field are effects of political denial of industrial liberty. The 'impending revolution' must be political, in order that it may be industrial. There is absolutely nothing wrong with industry in this country, save as a result from dishonest legislation. Deplorable industrial manifestations are but symptoms; the cause is always political."

It may be we are speaking at cross-purposes, as not fully understanding each other's terms and positions. Industrial conditions depend upon law only as in the order of time it happened that the development of the political state preceded that of the industrial state. We are today in America politically free—that is, we have self-government by means of the device of the ballot. But this system of political government was not devised with reference to industrial conditions. And though industry uses law, it is in the main quite independent of it. What law operates inside the Standard Oil Company with its thousands of employees (or subjects)? If the political and industrial state in any large degree coincided, Kansas would not now be adopting the new method of socialism. Socialism itself is not a political but an industrial form of government. A man may be a political freeman and still be an industrial slave. Out in Montana a man is known not as a Republican or a Democrat but as an Amalgamated Copper man or as belonging to some other of the industrial “parties” of that state. In Montana the state, as to its judiciary and legislature, is owned by one or another of the great copper companies. These companies do not need the state; they use its equipment simply because the equipment exists. As a matter of fact they dictate rewards and punishments wholly by the power residing in themselves as industrial agents. Any man who is obnoxious to the copper kings may be discharged from work and compelled to leave the state by a system of control, economic in its nature, devised from within the companies' offices. What does this mean, if not that an industrial government has been built up inside the political system? It is not too much to say that the Standard Oil government is the most perfect government in the world. The hope of progress is not in seeking to restore the political state, or of correcting its corruptions and abuses, but in frankly accepting the trust-model of industrial government and socializing it for the service of the whole people.

Editor Post has already anticipated my answer in saying that socialism will come into effect when the economic conditions require it. In my opinion the industrial revolution will occur under our present system of politics, and this system will then tend to disappear part by part, just as the disused organs of the body wither and become atrophied. My political rights do not seem to be precious to me, but I would lay down my life if industrial freedom might so be gained.

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## **In Montana**

The curse of copper rests upon the state of Montana. The fumes from the smelters destroy the vegetation in all that region.

It seems as if a terrible blight had fallen upon the land, robbing it of its beauty and fecundity. In the same degree the life of the people is being destroyed. Where the blighting hand of Amalgamated Copper falls, there the people lose their freedom.

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## Universities and the People

What are the colleges doing in this crisis? We have a right to go to the sages for wisdom and guidance. But the sages are asleep—asleep in the midst of the greatest revolution the world has known. Compared with the changes in process and to come, the American Revolution was as a battle of kites and crows. The French Revolution was local: this one is world-wide. It involves as its issue the passing of present-day civilization, with its brutal competitive struggle of man with his fellows for life, and the creation of a civilization which shall have as its principle “each for all and all for each.” In some such terms Jack London spoke recently to the students of the University of California, and in closing he uttered these words: “As I look over the universities of my land today, I see the students asleep, asleep in the face of the awful facts I have given you [facts from Hunter’s book on “Poverty”], asleep in the greatest revolution that has ever come to the world. Oh, it is sad! Not long ago, revolutions began, grew, broke out, in Oxford. Today Russian universities seethe with revolution. I say to you, then: University men and women, you men and women in the full glory of life, here is a cause that appeals to all the romance in you. Awake to its call. Line up! Line up! All the world despises the coward. Read our books. Fight us, if you do not agree with us. But, by all that is brave and strong, show your colors! Line up! Line up! I say.”

This call—this “call of the wild,” if you please, was sounded in the presence of nearly three thousand students. How many responded? Not one, I dare say. The American student is not only non-progressive, he is reactionary. The education of America, in its general structure and in its details, is part and parcel of the System itself. Some day I will show how this is the case.

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Why should I who love peace and books and art—why should I be disturbed by “man’s inhumanity to man”? Nearly my whole life has been spent in schools, and I have cultivated the arts of gentleness and peace. Oh! if I could only return and be indifferent to this “riddle of the painful earth”!

# Judge Edward F. Dunne and Municipal Ownership

## Rights Versus Privileges

BY WESTERN STARR

For the time being, Chicago is the cock-pit of Democracy. For the first time in many years, if not in all its history, Chicago is the scene of a non-partisan political struggle, the fundamental issue of which is essentially economic.

The issue is clearly recognized as being a skirmish in the age-long war between rights and privileges. The concrete question, stripped of all disguise, is whether the people of Chicago will consent to an extension of their period of bondage. The discussion has taken high ground of principle and the test applied is, the effect of franchise, as an institution, upon the social, economic, industrial, political and ethical development of the community.

We are being told that the fundamental principles of civilization, the basis and laws of social progress, condemn as utterly evil any practice by which one set of men is enabled to appropriate the fruits of industry created by other men; that any theory of government which sanctions the use of public property or establishes any form of privilege in order to encourage private enterprise, can only succeed by enforced contributions from the general public to enlarge the private gains of privilege holders; and it is urged that this constitutes an infringement upon the liberty of the citizen.

The plane of civic consciousness developed by local experience indicates conclusively that public ownership of our public utilities is necessary as a protection of popular government and to preserve political equality.

Our people have come to understand that the highest type of statesmanship may find abundant opportunity for its exercise with something less grandiloquent than international relations, tariff schedules or colonial possessions; and that less conspicuous, but by no means less important, matters of local concern are worthy of the clearest thought.

We are told, as a general principle, that the art of true statesmanship consists in leading public opinion and the acts of communities into harmonious correspondence with the fundamental laws of social organization, and in finding lines of safe transition and least resistance upon which society may pass from insti-

tutions and practices that are outgrown, to others that shall embody new realizations of economic and political truth.

There is a manifest desire on the part of the people of Chicago that the largest intelligence shall be applied to local problems, in order that the public treatment of political and economic conditions may conform to ethical principles.

Notwithstanding the old, familiar howl of privilege holders is now in the local phonograph, while franchise magnates and their agents turn the crank and the machine squeaks "Confiscation," "Robbery," "Socialism," "Lunacy," "Piracy," "Vested Rights," "Sanctity of Law," "The Constitution," and all the patter of the privilege holding cult, yet the mass of our people understand that the municipal ownership movement, as locally expressed, is not an attack on property, but a defense against privilege; that the movement is not a conspiracy to obtain office, but an effort to realize the highest political truth.

Privilege in any form is a social, political, economic, and therefore, ethical untruth, only maintainable by false pretenses to the end that some men may prosper at the expense of others. Local conditions have developed a belief in the essential unity of social phenomena and that the true test of all institutions is the influence they exert on the character and liberties of men. If institutions tend to enlarge human liberty, that is a sufficient reason to adopt them and to maintain them so long as they serve this purpose; if, on the other hand, they tend to deprave character, as is always the consequence of restricted liberty, that is a sufficient reason to abolish them. Human liberty, we are beginning to see, is, in its last analysis and highest essence, social and economic, and where depravity exists, it is conclusive evidence that liberty is in some form incomplete.

Local experience, reinforced by universal experience, conclusively shows that franchise is privilege and that it can prosper only at the expense of liberty; that it is, and has universally been, the parent and sum of all social evils and villainies. Therefore, it should be abolished in all its forms.

The intelligent voter realizes that the question at issue (rights against privileges) is so important as entirely to submerge the personality of candidates and the interests of partisanship. It would appear that party lines have been abandoned; it would appear as though the two candidates for the office of Mayor had been placed in nomination, each, in spite of, rather than because of, the respective party organizations with which they have been affiliated.

With reference to Mr. Harlan it may be said that his early career as a local character was remarkable for the apparent



courage with which he assailed corruption within the ranks of his own party. His conduct as a member of the City Council inspired a hope that at last had come a Tribune of the people, a very St. George, who should slay every dragon of political corruption. His early work was in the direction of progress and a larger liberty; but the hope thus aroused was dissipated by an apparently growing disinclination to bare his arm when opportunity was rife and finally disappeared entirely when Mr. Harlan was found to be in active co-operation with those elements he had formerly assailed. When this "tassel gentle" had been lured again to wrist, had become sufficiently tame to come to hand, it was found that he belonged to an entirely different species of being; and when he came at last to feed at the trough provided by his party foes and accepted a salary as Special Attorney for the Sanitary District, which is under the complete control of his old enemies, the story of Ichabod returned to mind.

"It is a condition and not a theory that confronts" Mr. Harlan. The condition being that the great mass of independent, thinking people of the City of Chicago, who are moved by the deepest impulse to a right decision, are compelled to choose between a candidate who, in their belief, represents vested interests and is the associate and nominee of plutocracy masquerading as benevolent paternalism; whose career in the past is one of vacillation and indecision; who is more than suspected of opportunism and whose utterances thus far in the campaign are a systematic avoidance of the question at issue, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, Judge Dunne, a man who has stood for years upon the firing lines of Democracy; whose thought has contributed high ideals to the new civic concept; who has earned and justly received and fully justified the highest marks of confidence of the community in which he has lived his life and done his work; whose record shows a consistent growth of usefulness; who has not hesitated to assail the strong and to protect the weak; a man who has not sought, but who has been sought out by opportunity, because there is no vacillation or indecision in his make-up; a man who has, largely as any, made up and defined the issue now before the people.

The services Judge Dunne has rendered to progressive thought cannot be measured by his interest in the concrete issue now on trial. Since he has reached man's estate, wherever a conflict between rights and privileges has engaged the attention of the world, the friends of liberty and progress have numbered him among their staunchest allies. In South Africa, in the Philippines, in anti-trust leagues and conferences, his name and his services have been conspicuous; on the bench and in private

life his influence and example have shown his recognition of the fundamental verities of progressive social order.

The friends of progress in Chicago realize that they are to-day in the focus of the reform movement of the world, and that progressive thinkers throughout the land are watching the course of events here with intense interest. They also realize that the conservative, vested interest, privilege holding element know full well the meaning to privilege of the outcome of this contest. The foes of progress here have unlimited authority to draw at sight for any form of help which may be deemed necessary.

This consideration and a recognition of the larger field upon which the problem must ultimately be solved have nerved the common people of Chicago "to type Democracy's ideal, here, where her bugle blows," in the next step toward the fundamental equality of man by securing, no less for others than for themselves, the public ownership of public utilities in Chicago; they realize that the "ordered state" cannot exist apart from the "related man," and they propose to translate into practical fact the broad Democracy of "each for all and all for each" to the end that men may become free through freedom of opportunity.

### **In Silence Bound**

O, noble soul, in silence bound,  
Sitting apart, in pain, thorn-crowned,  
Thou canst not teach thy lips to sound

Thy anthem nor thy solemn psalm.  
Silent thy ministries of balm,  
Like far eternal stars thy calm.

Thy careless neighbor passes by,  
And wonders why nor smile nor cry  
To her complaining makes reply.

Yet many a wayside sufferer's seen  
Thy violet eyes through misty sheen,  
And read their pledge of help, I ween.

And service ready of hands and feet,  
Ministries tender, tireless fleet,  
Though wordless, bring their message sweet.

GERTRUDE BRESLAU HUNT.

# A Fling at the Riddle

BY CHARLES A. SANDBURG

I think to filch a Story from the Sphinx,  
Outface that old Egyptian questioner,  
And cry, "Behold! I know! I know!  
I know I do not know!"

Poignantly sad, and beautiful unspeakably,  
That we must pass, that all must pass,  
And change and pass away again.  
Poignantly sad that noble men  
With massive sinews girt with gladness,  
And women fair as sunsets, morning stars, and roses,  
Pure as frost-embowered grass of winter days,  
Must pass into dust and be blown by the idle winds—  
Into nothingness?

Into nothingness?  
When mystery but threads back into mystery  
And you may tumble wonders into space  
And sound and plumb in seas of secrets  
So you may learn that rocky bottoms bar you  
From the nether seas, the seas on seas,  
That underlie the oceans we traverse?  
What ho! to think our eyes may span such fathoms!

One day despondent, shall you think  
That Time and Things spell "Vanity"?  
Next day the sun shall rise  
So all the earth-held atoms glow and tingle,  
Madly thoughtless, moaning little sobs  
Of thankfulness that this can be—  
That here is Life! life! life!  
Hurrying, glad, and endless,  
New and ever-new, fresh and ever-freshening,  
Throbbing and moving onward to change on change,  
And men and women and valor and war and want,  
And nowhere a soul despoiled and bankrupt  
Of some dear fondling of a hope,  
Some stray blithe romance, coming, coming, coming,—  
Some shining gleam of a woman's hair,  
Some trusty tone of a hero's voice,  
Some palace, cottage, ship, or child,  
Coming, coming, coming,  
Coming from out of the great and beautiful Unknown.

# Statutory Control of Insurance

BY J. HENRY WESTOVER

## PART II.

Laws governing the organization and business of fire and marine insurance companies are, in most respects, wholly unlike those which cover life insurance, and, so far as this distinction exists, will be separately treated.

### THE FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE SIDE.

In the United States the business of fire and marine insurance is principally carried on by joint stock companies. The statutes of most states provide means for the organization of mutual fire insurance companies with power to seek admission into and operate in other states; and, in several states, mutual county and township companies are authorized to operate within the municipal organization of their birth. But the business of all these mutuals is inconsequential as compared with that of the stock companies; neither has their mode of operation offered as many opportunities for corrupt combinations, profit by mismanagement or graft by public or private officials as has that of the joint stock fire or the life companies, and they are therefore, largely exempt from the evils which surround the operations, the business and the supervising control of the companies referred to in these articles.

Many of the older and larger stock companies were organized under special legislative enactments by which they were granted valuable special privileges, including perpetual existence, of which they cannot, by any subsequent legislation, be deprived. In nearly all the states where these valuable franchises were given, constitutional provisions have since been adopted prohibiting further special acts of the kind. Now, therefore, it is necessary that a new insurance company must organize under the provisions of general laws, and such laws are subject to alteration and amendment at any time. A company now organizing under a general law is ever menaced by the possibility of a new legislative whim. Another feature of these companies is that their corporate existence is usually limited to a comparatively brief period. In Illinois it is thirty years. Usually under these general laws a company organizing must have a certain minimum of capital, the amount differing in the various states and ranging from \$100,000 to \$200,000; and, with the plea of the necessity of guaranteeing conservative management, require that its assets

shall be invested in a high grade but low paying security. Thus a newly organized company embarking in business must compete not only with the long established business of the older and larger company but one possessing the additional advantage of its various special privileges, a perpetual existence and of being able to invest its capital more profitably. And so the greater corporations having, as we have seen, materially aided in procuring the passage of legislative enactments which tend to discourage the organization of competitors and otherwise advantageous to themselves over the new competitors, have increased vastly in wealth and power in a proportion far exceeding the increase in the business of the country. All this tends to encourage a centralization of power between the favored few and a combination of enormous wealth between them has been effected. A trust is the result. A board of underwriters with numerous auxiliaries and branches, which fixes the premium rates, controls and dictates the course of business to the thousands of their agents in the country. In every hamlet in the United States at least one such agent representing several "board companies" is sure to be found, and an increased number in all the towns in proportion to the population until, in the great cities, several thousands of them may be found; and this huge army of men is working as a unit to carry out the will of the trust. They are men of activity, and of influence in their communities, and one may well imagine the tremendous influence they wield not only in the matter of the business of insurance, but, through their political affinities, over legislators and insurance legislation. But this is not all. This combination has for years persistently sought and often bought the favor of the insurance departments of state, until there are not half a dozen of them whose most active officials are not themselves slaves of the insurance trust. So common has it come to be—this attitude of the department officials towards the trust—that many of them would be astounded if told that their official duty requires them to represent the *people* and not the *trust*.

Shortly after the late Henry Yates was appointed insurance superintendent of Illinois he was given a banquet by the trust combination—the board of underwriters—at which he made the usual speech expected from the recipient of such honors, in the course of which, after having asserted his absolute innocence of any knowledge of the business of insurance, he expressed his sincere hope that he would be able to so conduct his office as to "please the insurance men"! Mr. Yates, doubtless, had never read the law creating the office of insurance superintendent, else his sense of honor would have compelled him to decline that

office. Under the law the incumbent of this office must be one learned in insurance matters; and, furthermore, it is not a part of the official duties of the superintendent to "please the insurance men." On the contrary, the sole object in creating this office (at least so the politicians said) was to please the citizens of the state—to protect them from the machinations of insurance men. Superintendent Yates was not, by any means, lacking in moral character and pure motives. He was better than "Tin Tag" Van Cleave who preceded him, and wiser, perhaps, than the mere figurehead who succeeded him, and is now, by some uninformed people, supposed to be the present incumbent of the position. But it was not Van Cleave nor Yates nor Vredenburg that was the real head of the insurance department. Long years before either of these men in their wildest flights of fancy ever dreamed of possessing this rich field of graft grazing, the real head of the insurance department, during their official incumbency, and while the supervision of insurance was exercised, nominally, by the auditor, John J. Brinkerhoff was the master of the whole affair; and there he remains dictating now, as for years he has been, the policy of the state supervision of insurance and insurance companies. Unlike the past and present figurehead insurance superintendent, Mr. Brinkerhoff is learned in matters of insurance—profoundly so. There is none more capable of profiting by experience than he, and none who has had so vast an experience. But his education has been with and by and for the insurance men. He has himself occupied a prominent position with an insurance company, thus, it is supposed, accomplishing the feat, heretofore considered impossible, of serving two masters at the same time. This is, however, a mere supposition, for, whatever the outward appearance of things, every act in his long career proves his entire devotion to the interests of the insurance men, unrestrained and uninfluenced by any considerations supposed to be due to the citizens of his state who are in search of safe insurance at reasonable cost. Let no one say that Mr. Brinkerhoff has stood a bulwark and a shield against the "insufficiently capitalized" concerns, and thus proved his devotion to the people's interest, for, as has been shown, this large capitalization of insurance companies is what the great trust combination has long sought for and has secured, to be incorporated into the statutes of many states; and knowing this and the motive for their great interest in it, one can readily understand why Mr. Brinkerhoff is also interested.

If the possession of a large capital made a company's policies more secure, then this might be given as a valid reason and sufficient excuse for such a statutory requirement; but experience

teaches that it is not capital nearly so much as honest and intelligent management that makes a company good. Some of the best companies in the United States—that is, companies possessing the greatest average of assets to liabilities—never had but \$25,000 of paid up capital. Iowa has eleven stock companies, none of which started with over \$25,000 paid up capital, but they are honestly and intelligently managed to the benefit and protection of the citizens of the state, and, most of them, to the very great profit of their stockholders. The policies of the Hawkeye of Des Moines, Iowa, with but \$25,000 paid up capital, are as good and secure as those of any company in the United States, yet the Hawkeye cannot, by reason of its having but \$25,000 paid up capital, be permitted to transact business in any other state. The Buffalo German of New York, with \$200,000 capital stock, has \$3.02 of assets to every dollar of liability, while the great Home Insurance Company of the same state, with \$3,000,000 capital, has but \$1.05 of assets to every dollar of liability. It is a notable fact that in Iowa, where the organization and operation of small companies is encouraged, it practically pays no tribute to outside concerns for its insurance, while Illinois, with an insurance department ever ready to do the bidding of the trust, pays an annual tribute of five millions of dollars largely to eastern and foreign companies for its insurance protection. Can any one give a good reason why the Iowa companies should not be permitted to go into other states and transact business? Can any one say what valid excuse there is for preventing the organization and operation of companies honestly conducted with smaller capital than now required? It is safe to assume that ten companies, each with \$25,000 capital, could be organized and operated where one only of \$100,000 could be embarked in business. Laws requiring large capitalization of companies when newly organized are born solely of the trust scheme to prevent as much as possible the organization of competing companies. Successful combinations to increase premium rates is another trust scheme that has compelled insurers, in their desperation, to search for insurance at fair rates. It has resulted in creating a demand for insurance outside the board companies. Hence the “wildcat” came to meet that demand. A constantly growing army of small unlicensed fire insurance companies, devoting themselves to “surplus lines,” and “Lloyds” have sprung into existence to meet this “surplus” demand. All these must, at last, succumb to the inevitable and expire, for the trust combination, if permitted to pursue its course, will secure all the business of fire insurance in which lies the germ of profit. It is favored by the statutes of most states, and its hold becomes more secure from year to year,

and, unless a remedy is soon found, the thumb-screw of premium rates will be applied. Later the question of a remedy will be considered.

One thing only can be said to the credit of state supervision of insurance. Insurance policies of companies licensed by the state, can, as a rule, be relied upon as offering safe indemnity.

Statistics furnished by these departments are interesting, and perhaps of some value. But the making of statistics is something which, doubtless, the companies themselves will look after, as private parties would prepare these equally as satisfactorily if none were made by the departments.

But the object of such laws being the protection of policy holders from the dangers of dealing with irresponsible or designing insurers, the question naturally arises whether this end may not be better secured, and much more economically, than by the intervention of an insurance department; and when we consider to what extent this department has become the tool of professional and practical politicians, the vehicle for public graft, the willing instrument of the trusts, and what a financial burden to the state, may it not be dispensed with to advantage? If so, the department is simply a useless and burdensome fungus growth upon the body politic which merits only amputation by a repeal of the law which brought it into existence.

### Sigurd and Brunhild

Closed in by clouds and wavering walls of fire,  
Of old your sweet betrothal vows ye made;  
But blue between you lay a glimmering blade;  
When next ye met. Nor yet the sentence dire  
Of gods was wrought—for on the funeral pyre  
Between you still the sword of fate is laid,  
While o'er your pulseless bodies, rich arrayed,  
A wailing wind shrills loud your lost desire.

All unfulfilled your fire-encircled vows;  
Too well the norns have plied their ruthless art;  
Lo, dead ye lie with woe upon your brows,  
In death still cursed. Ye two of weary heart,  
While Ygdrasil doth wave his withered boughs  
Shall wistful-eyed in God-home sit apart.

MARGARET ASHMUN.



# William Morris

BY OSCAR L. TRIGGS

## II.

It will be profitable to scrutinize the life-history of William Morris and note the condition of his growth and the stages of his development. At first sight his life seems confused in its aims and almost incoherent in its occupations, but with deeper view it will not be difficult to show that its spirit was single and its development regular and, indeed, with reference to the conditions of his work, normal.

It is significant, I think, that Morris was of Welsh-English descent, his heredity indicating thus the union of Celtic and English strains—the Celtic which Matthew Arnold asserts has furnished to English literature its “turn for style, its turn for melancholy, and its turn for natural magic,” and the English, which is ever characterized by practicality and moral earnestness.

His father conducted a successful brokerage business in London and, dying in 1847, left his family amply provided for. Morris, of course, never knew the sting of poverty or deprivation. He had capital for his various enterprises and being economically independent he could openly preach the doctrines of social change. On account of inherited wealth both Ruskin and Morris were able to experiment with life on ideal grounds.

The mother also belonged to the commercial proprietary class. She was reserved, conservative, had considerable musical talent, and trained her children in the ways of mother-church.

No one of the children save William came to any prominence. Like genius in so many other cases William was a “sport” of transient character. William was born on the 24th of March, 1834, at Walthamstow, a village near London on the borders of Epping Forest and the wide Essex plains. Here and at Woodford, farther north on the Epping Road, he lived until his fourteenth year. As a child he was care-free, ranging without restriction the fields and woods, cherishing those romantic fancies to which his nature subjected him. “When we were children,” he said, “every house in the fields was the Fairyland King’s home to us.” Epping Forest, in particular, is the proper play-ground for a child. It is a piece of ancient soil. Its strange pollarded trees—oak and beech and the rare hornbeam—have been protected by some favoring chance against the inroads of modern rapacity and greed. It is a haunted place, a mysterious whispering place of old memories, suggestive of Druid altars and Robin Hood, Titania and Oberon, and all that one has dreamed. There is

nothing grand or impressive about the environment; it is rather intimate, historic, personal. Those who know the land recognize in the poet's writings a constant reference back to the impressions and associations of his youth. It is noticeable that many scenes are laid in wildwoods, as in "The Wood Beyond the World," where trees seem to have some mystic or symbolical import. In "News from Nowhere" memories of his boyhood are preserved "I was born and bred on the edge of Epping Forest-Walthamstow and Woodford, to wit: A pretty place, a very jolly place." And speaking of the Essex Marshes, he says: "What, with the beasts and the men, and the scattered red-tiled roofs, and the big hayricks, it does not make a bad holiday to get a quiet pony and ride about there on a sunny afternoon of autumn and look over the river and the craft passing up and down, and on to Shooter's Hill and the Kentish uplands, and then turn round to the wide green sea of the Essex marsh-land, with the great domed line of the sky, and the sun shining down in one flood of peaceful light."

His early schooling as such was unimportant, but he was a voracious reader, especially of romances and by the time he was ten he had read the whole of Scott's novels and had come under the spell of the Middle Ages. Scott's novels were ever afterward associated in his mind with a tapestry room of "faded greenery" in an old house of Epping Forest. Add to Scott a love of the old Essex churches, weather-worn and unrestored, but beautiful with an old-world and rather pathetic beauty and ever delightful to the romantic imagination. As a boy of eight he saw the great cathedral of Canterbury. Here was a beauty surpassing all he had dreamed. He never saw the cathedral again, but so vividly was its beauty impressed upon his sensitive mind that he always remembered its structure with perfect distinctness.

In his home no opposition was offered to his boyish pursuits. The traditional religious festivals were kept with exactness. Sometimes he rode about the woods in a suit of armor, pretending to be a knight of the old days. It was with his father he visited Canterbury, and to please his son the father had obtained a group of arms from the Herald's College which contained the horse's head which appeared later on the tiles and painted windows at Red House.

Such were some of the developing influences of Morris's early life. They all counted to the upbuilding of the romantic side of his nature. If he was a mediaevalist it was because from his boyhood he knew intimately the life of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries and loved their culture passionately. If we find in his writings, his wall-papers and tapestries, the evidences of a love of nature beyond the love of most poets, it is because as a

child he lived in an environment peculiarly personal and appealing. The record of his life thus far accounts for what he has himself called his "archaeological natural-history side."

At the age of fourteen he left home and went west across country to Marlborough College in Wiltshire. It is not likely that he gained much in this preparatory school in respect to formal discipline. There were no new avenues of interest opened up in his mind. But he was able to continue the two main studies of his life—archaeology and natural history. In the neighborhood were Druidic, Celtic and Roman remains and other Gothic churches. He exchanged Epping for Savernoke Forest and delved more deeply into its shady recesses. Creative impulses began to emerge in the form of tales of fairies and knights and of miraculous adventure.

The boy Morris was educated, it will be seen, not by books or masters, but through impressions received from the outer world. Throughout his life he was particularly open to suggestion from without and this fact accounts, I should say, for the great variety of his interests and occupations. But these impressions were received upon a mind peculiarly imaginative and hence the facts of his world were always given imaginative interpretation. The inner world of his own creation was as large as the outer world he perceived. For this reason also his nature was finely balanced between realism and idealism and his training counted therefore for the same as his heredity.

At Oxford, whither he went in 1852 to matriculate at Exeter College for holy orders, there was at first but little change of direction. Oxford had not then come under the restorers chisel. To eyes like Morris's its ancient beauty was still undimmed. The even current of its life had been but little affected by the Tractarian movement. The first effect of Oxford was to confirm a twig already bent. Morris continued his mediaeval studies by reading Mallory and Froissart and patterned himself after the hero of "The Heir of Redclyffe." These books he read in company with Edward Burne-Jones, his college-mate, who had come up from Birmingham the same day as himself and with the same intention of entering the church. Like Morris, Burne-Jones was a Welshman and a dreamer. In an old book store he found Mallory's wonderful book and took it home for himself and Morris to read. There followed days and nights of revel in imagining that quaint old world. For the regular work of Oxford Morris cared little. He read only for a pass degree and if he did not learn much Latin and Greek and less theology, he discovered for himself that "fritillaries grew in Ifley meadow," and made the master-friendships of his life with Burne-Jones, Faulkner, and Webb, and in-

directly with Rossetti and Ruskin. Besides Mallory and Froisart, mediaevalists, the Morris group read Browning and Ruskin who formed, as it were, the bridge upon which they moved from their little isle of safety into the larger ways of service. In Morris's case creative energy now began to reveal itself.

Four years were spent in Oxford. In the long vacations Morris and Burne-Jones traveled on the continent, visiting the art galleries and the great churches. One summer, they announced exultingly they had seen nine cathedrals and twenty-four great churches. On one of these excursions the two decided to abandon theology and serve the world through the medium of art: one to become a painter, the other an architect. This change, it appears, was one of means and not of motives. About this time also Morris discovered he could write poetry, remarking, "Well, if this is poetry, it is very easy to write." An opportunity for the exercise of his literary talents was furnished by the "Oxford and Cambridge Magazine," which the Morris group, now calling itself "The Brotherhood," conducted for the twelve months of 1856. Morris was managing editor, chief contributor and paid the bills. He wrote poems, stories and critical reviews. The poems and tales revealed at once the special quality of his genius: he had the faculty of vision. He was a "seer" in the true sense of the word: a seer of visions.

This fact indicates the unity of his psychology. The faculty which gave pictorial and epical character to his poems and stories is the same faculty which, when turned upon materials, made him a great designer and which, when directed to the social order, made him a reformer. Imagination is always the creative faculty and it matters little what materials it works in.

### Winter and Spring

Rough Winter with his icy hands  
Grasps rivers, lakes, and lands,  
And in his freezing hold they stay  
Many and many a day.

Till Maiden Spring, led by the sun,  
Finds where his feet have run;  
And coming on him without guile,  
Kills him with a smile

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

# Baraboo

BY I. N. ALBRIGHT

1. Have you heard tell of Baraboo,  
In some particulars so new?  
Where socialism rules the state,  
With legal murder out of date?
2. They say that in grand Baraboo,  
There's neither Christian, Turk nor Jew ;  
Due penance may in coming time,  
Befit them for that lovely clime.
3. In that fair land of Baraboo,  
There'll be no saint to pilot you ;  
With knowledge fades such diffidence,  
And faith grows large in Providence.
4. In that same place called Baraboo,  
No money shark can work his screw ;  
The banker, purged of cent per cent,  
Becomes a harmless incident.
5. God's blessing on thee, Baraboo,  
Since out thy judges thou didst spew ;  
Free from blind justice's doubtful ways,  
Look forward to more peaceful days.
6. In olden times in Baraboo,  
Newspapers their own trumpets blew ;  
Then commerce made such enterprise,  
A trifle over three-thirds lies.
7. All ancient fads in Baraboo,  
Long years ago said their adieu ;  
Our famous grab-all-osophy,  
Is dead to their philosophy.
8. The pure precepts of Baraboo,  
Induce a different point of view ;  
There bluster and verbosity,  
Don't pass for strenuosity.
9. The devil's sore on Baraboo,  
It fired his modern business crew,

Who, shamefully demoralized,  
Had politics commercialized.

10. Relentless time in Baraboo,  
Reveals no social wrong to view,  
And life grows glad as ages roll  
The cycles that perfect the soul.
11. Is this a dream, my Baraboo?  
Some light celestial I pursue,  
Where legal crime and pious shame,  
No more degrade the Saviour's name.
12. To find out lovely Baraboo,  
I've searched the guide-books through and through;  
The maps reveal not where it lies;  
I wonder if it's Paradise?
13. In thy loved temples, Baraboo,  
No government can set askew;  
When science holds her rightful sway,  
Wars, noose and mob and torch decay.
14. That I might learn of Baraboo,  
I've asked my many friends anew,  
Some answer "yes," and some "don't know,"  
They've heard of it, but long ago.
15. I have a friend in Baraboo,  
He traveled there in eighty-two;  
Should my clock strike at forty-nine,  
No matter, Nature marks the line.
16. When I am gone to Baraboo,  
Some wild rose from my dust shall grow,  
And may it o'er the world exhale  
Some love, when I'm beyond the vale.
17. How sweet the flowers in Baraboo;  
I loved them ere a breath I drew;  
I've knelt to them when all alone,  
On the wild prairies' wind-swept zone.
18. Manhood, in distant Baraboo,  
Needs neither chancel, aisle nor pew;

But searching Nature's ways untrod,  
Grows upright in the sight of God.

19. You've made your choice, dear Baraboo,  
Between the wicked and the true;  
My soul runs forth to find its rest,  
Forever on thy peaceful breast.
20. I want to go to Baraboo,  
'Midst shrines of maple and the yew,  
Where joy takes precedence of woe,  
And men as pure as lilies grow.
21. It may be Heaven, this Baraboo,  
So free from Christian, Turk or Jew;  
How sad that dollar-laden prayer,  
Should send them to—I know not where.

# Revolutionary Russia

BY O. LEONARD

The eyes of the world are turned toward Russia. The land of the Czar is watched with intensity. The civilized world asks itself from day to day, "What change will take place in Russia?" For, a change is imminent. We wait impatiently for the newsboy with the latest edition of the newspaper and we glance first over the news from Russia, before we search for the news from the community in which we live.

We look with amazement at the great movement that is going on in the Czar's dominion. The enormous strikes and persistent uprisings seem so sudden, unexpected. So they appear to us indeed, but are they sudden, are they unexpected? Not to the close observer. Those who have followed to some extent the movement for freedom in Russia have expected these things for years. Before the present strikes and uprisings were heard of, Katharine Breshkovsky said, "Now, in a few months they will rise by millions. We shall sweep away the System of the Czar, and Russia will be free." She knew it, she has worked for it.

The movement which attracts our attention to-day, may be traced back to the year 1825, when the first attempt to overthrow despotism was made (Dec. 26-14) by "the Decembrists." To understand clearly what is going on to-day in Russia, we must glance at all the different stages of development that movement went through. We must recall Alexander Herzen with his "Kolokol" (the Bell) that brought scores of university students and members of the aristocracy to the battlefield of freedom. Leaving Herzen we must look into the night schools and day schools founded by these students, in the first days of the liberation of the serfs (1861) (these schools were short lived because the monarch changed his policy; he became as despotic as all Russian monarchs); we must see the prisons filled with the noblest men and women of Russia, men and women whose only crime was that they tried to uplift the masses.

After the reactionary move of the Czar came the underground era, with men like Lavroff at the head, and with the scores of men and women who left the classroom and went to till the soil or work in shops, in order to preach the gospel of freedom and equity. From this stage of development we must go to the next, which is the era of terrorism ushered in with the pistol-shot of Vera Sasulitch.

This new era we should follow closely. If we do we will come to understand little by little the changes in the movement, how and why they took place. In doing this we soon find our-



selves nearer our own time, when Socialism proper began to grow in Russia, when the revolutionary movement became a labor movement, in the true sense.

If anything characterizes the Russian revolutionary movement to-day, making it differ from those of former years, it is the fact of its being a labor movement. In all these decades, from 1825, when heroes arose and fell, when women left hearth and home, dress and luxury, and went to the battlefield to fight for liberty, very few "men of the people" could be found in the ranks of the revolutionists! It was a movement composed of university students, writers, poets, philosophers, and members of the aristocracy. They all spoke in the name of the people, they sacrificed rank for the people, they gave their life for the people, but it was as the Russian poet, Necrasoff, said, in one of his songs to the people,

"He to whom I dedicate my song  
And for whom my heart has bearnt so long  
He does not hear me, he does not answer."

Handed over to the police many times by the same people whom they gave up everything, the revolutionists worked patiently and persistently. With the faith that characterizes the prophet and the reformer, they believed that finally the people will understand them, and will take up the battle in the success of which the people were directly interested. The masses to carry on the work of their own emancipation, this was the dream of Jelliaboff, Sophia Perovskaya, Hesse Helfman, Kibaltchich, and all others who suffered imprisonment and death for freedom's cause. They died before they could see the realization of their dream. How they would be repaid for all their suffering if they could only see the movement of to-day—see the thousands of workingmen and women march hand in hand, animated by the same ideal. They would be willing to give their lives once more for the ideal of human emancipation which has now touched the hearts of the worker and the peasant.

What the result of the present strikes and uprisings will be no one can fortell. One thing is certain, however, that is that the movement will take a new form. On the one hand the interest of the workers has been aroused to the extent of going out in the streets to demand and fight for their rights; on the other hand the activity of the leaders of the revolutionary movement will be intensified because of the interest shown by the workers. That the government of the Czar begins to make concessions already, is very encouraging, it shows that the government, in spite of its despotic stubbornness, must recognize the revolutionary movement as a power not to be overlooked.

# How to Care for the Baby

DR. W. E. BOYNTON

In a previous issue we considered baby's prenatal diet—when baby ate by proxy—now the little chap is here and clamors to do his own eating, and we find ourselves facing the question, *Wherewithal shall he be fed?*

When baby's mother's stomach was digesting baby's food the problem was simple enough, but now it is a very momentous question, for baby's little stomach was not intended for the things big folks eat. Its digestive power is very slight and it is "upset" by O, such little indiscretions in diet. And baby's judgment! Why, he hasn't any more judgment in the matter than his papa, who wants him to sit up to the table and "eat like a man!" If you have any doubts about man's being an omniverous animal just you watch baby when he is given half a chance! Baby will eat anything, everything, just so it is something that can be swallowed, and he does not seem to have any very well-defined idea as to just what can be swallowed and what can not. Here Nature, *baby's Nature*, can not be trusted in the selection of baby's diet, and baby's wishes, like his papa's, must be ignored for the present. Yes, dearie, feeding the baby consists largely in learning to resist the temptation. Listen, five thousand babies die from over-feeding where one dies from starvation.

Fortunately the all-wise Creator of the universe has placed in every perfect home ready for baby's use two fountains of the best of food for baby's needs, and happy the mother and happy babe when Nature's fountains perform their function properly, for then, if due regard be paid to frequency and regularity with which baby's meals are served, baby will be a rosy, bright-eyed, chubby little chap, who sleeps well o' nights, and mother know the joy that only a natural mother can know.

You ask the question what I mean by due regard to frequency and regularity of feeding. The question is worthy of the thoughtful mother that you are, for in the failure to pay due regard to the frequency and regularity of feeding the baby lies the cause of many of baby's troubles, and O, such real troubles they are too! Colic! One would hardly think so little a "stomach" could have such terrible pains, for they are terrible pains, and all too often, dearie, they are due to mother's carelessness, and might have been avoided had she shown proper regard to the frequency and regularity of baby's meals.

When should baby be fed? Every time he cries? Bless you no, honey, "*dinner*" isn't the panacea for all of baby's woes! How

often do we see a mother put her babe to the breast to stop its crying when in all probability that is the worst thing she could do since baby already may have taken more food than its little stomach can properly handle.

Feeding the baby properly consists largely in learning to resist the temptation.

Baby's stomach is small and does not hold much, and its digestive powers are very slight to begin with, therefore baby should be fed often, and not too much at a time. If fed with proper frequency baby will not be piggish and will usually regulate the *quantity* properly himself, but if the time between meals is too long baby gets pretty hungry and is apt to fill his little plate too full. Often times he spills a little of it afterwards just to warn his mother to be more careful next time. But sometimes he does not get off so easily and a nasty old "stomach-ache" is the result, and all because mamma let him go too long without his dinner.

How frequently *should* the baby be fed? Every *three* hours during the day and *once at night* for the first three months and after the first three months every *four* hours during the day and *never again at night*. Grosvenor.

"Why, doctor," you say, "will that be sufficient for baby's needs?" Yes, quite sufficient. "And only *once at night* and not even *that* after baby is three months old!" Yes, little girl, baby and mother both need the night's rest and both will be stronger and better for following this rule. "But, doctor, Mrs. Smith nurses her baby *five times every night*, and her baby is *six months old*!". Yes, and Mrs. Smith is hollow-cheeked and hollow-eyed, feels "all dragged out" and "doesn't want any more *babies*!" her baby is cross and peevish, and even Smith himself has a haunted, hush-you'll-wake-the-baby look about him. Baby's little stomach needs rest just as much as it needs food, and when proper intervals of rest are allowed it seldom shirks. But when baby is fed with too great frequency the little stomach has no time for rest; the digestive fluids are not properly secreted and baby's dinner curdles and sours before it can be digested, and pretty soon baby truns it up and makes such a muss! O, dear, nobody knows what a care a baby is, and baby is so cross, and his food does not seem to digest properly; he must be sick! And here comes the medicine! Paregoric, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, Chamomile Tea, and the devil knows what not! And baby has to take them! Just as if he did not have trouble enough as it is! Medicine! Baby doesn't need medicine any more than Granny Grumfudge's black tabby-cat! All baby's stomach needs is *fair play*! A time for work and a time for rest.

Baby should have his meals at regular hours, baby takes after his papa and is cross if dinner is late; then, too, baby's little stomach is new at the business and should be taught good habits. Never let anything interfere with feeding the baby, when the time comes for baby's dinner drop everything and set the table. Your first duty as a mother is to the little one you have loved into being, all else should be secondary. If baby came to your home an unwelcome guest your duty to him is none the less imperative, for remember, his wishes were not consulted either, else had he chosen a more natural mother. "But, doctor, if Mrs. D. Swell should call at baby's feeding time could I not wait till she was gone?" Is Mrs. D. Swell more to you than your baby? Do you care more for her opinion than for your baby's welfare? If so, wean your baby, for better get one's dinner from a bottle with a rag stopper than from such a mother!

If baby's meals are served at just such hours every day baby will always be ready for them; laughing and cooing; and with such a fine appetite. Then feeding the baby will be great fun, for baby is well and strong and the roses are back again in mother's cheeks; there is no more stomach-ache for baby, no more midnight promenades for daddy, no more nasty backaches for mother, and mother, baby and daddy are happy.

Then, too, baby should be allowed to take his time to his eating, for those little cheeks get pretty tired pumping and pumping and pumping, and want to rest a little now and then, and because baby stops and wants to play peek-a-boo with you is no sign that he is through dinner. Baby should have half an hour for each of his meals and if mother will give him this, she will find the time well spent, for everything that is for baby's good lessens mother's care.

True motherhood is woman's grandest privilege; the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.

# Tidings of the Times

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD

TO A MISANTHROPE.

Thou disillusioned? Not so bitter be.  
Nay, art thou sure then? Not so bitter be.  
Who saw false once, again may falsely see;  
Mayhap thou art but reillusionized!

\* \* \*

Change is in the order of things with the living; death is the only fixity.

\* \* \*

Labor without pleasure is like life without consciousness. The real industry does not sadden. .

\* \* \*

Life as a fine art, as the finest of the arts, is not as yet widely known; up to now we have been experimenting, mainly.

\* \* \*

To make the common uncommon by working out its deeper meaning, and to make the uncommon common by giving it into the possession of all this, is progress.

\* \* \*

Property is the least of possessions. The love of those around you, which can be had without the intervention of either interest, rent, or taxes, dwarfs all other values.

\* \* \*

The existence of society is what gives to work its perfect beauty. The fitness of things is a social phenomenon; "all for each and each for all," being a dictum of common sense raised to the highest power.

\* \* \*

What to avoid in education is now becoming as great a problem as that of education itself. What with the rubbish of patriotism, prsonal pride, prudery, and that form of failure which is called commercial success, as ideals, life is like to be educated to death at the start.

\* \* \*

Now that they are beginning to expose the exposers, and while the pot that called the kettle black is having attention directed to its own sootiness by the equally smutty frying pan, the people are likely to learn a deal about the soul of the system. Meanwhile destiny is awaiting its orders.

\* \* \*

The fools of the present are the prophets of the future, as were those of the past the oracles of the present. Your comfortable devourer of dividends, then, he who sits complacently among

his priceless china, or gazing through cigar smoke at the backs of his rare books (which he is careful never to read) and scoffs at the tide of discontent which is ever creeping nearer his feet, does not know the signs of the times. Mr. J. P. Morgan is his ideal sociologist.

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## The New Ideal

That labor and culture should go together; that sweat and science should walk hand in hand; that art and harvest work should know each other for brothers; or that the sense of beauty and the capacity to dig a ditch should unite in the same personality, seems impossible to all those whose capacities are of the hot-house variety, and who feel "lifted up above common things by reason of their refinement." But the changing order, which is making or shaping a world of reality to take the place of the world of seeming, is bringing just this thing to pass; and the time is not far distant when the gardener's shears and apron will be in the possession of the man who writes art criticism, while the man who paints masterpieces will often be seen building fences. The "superior person" will then be chiefly interesting as an exotic, to be studied and duly ticketed as "rare" by those who have blood in their veins. Work is the very soul of life; and the idler, cultivated, or other, has not lived in the past; does not live in the present; nor will he live in the future. When art and work are one and indivisible we shall not even ask for philosophers to compensate us for the illusions of life. Then, the common, transfigured, will satisfy our every need.

### PLUTUS AND DEMOS.

Plutus hath riches of untold degree;  
He goeth to bed in gold and riseth up;  
And Demos, ah! none live as poor as he,  
Who knoweth not where he shall dine or sup.

Plutus hath wheaten loaves and dainty fare;  
Plutus hath raiment fine and purchased art.  
Demos grows old in youth with withering care,  
But Demos, though 'tis broken, hath his heart,

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## Polygamy and Politics

Just now the Mormon people and their domestic affairs are in every eye, and the moral obloquy of men like Smoot is being insisted upon with a great deal of vehemence. But is it not just a matter of Smut against Smoot? Are not our "servants" at Washington a little bit too doubtful in their characters to make a nice picture, as they raise their brows at the wickedness of Mormondom, and propose all kinds of retribution for the too

much married? A little charity would more become them, methinks. If these same gentlemen were horrified by the privileges which trusts exact from government; if they were raising a hue and cry over robber tariffs, or over the unconstitutional acts of the president in his secret relations with the Jamaican government; and if the rank and file of the people were any better in their private lives than Mormons, these objections to Smoot and his kind would at least have the ring of sincerity, and those who make them would not look like cheap actors. While the object of life is to seem, and not to be, however, we must tolerate these hypocrisies, though it must be with wry faces.

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### **The Communalization of the Means of Subsistence**

Science is revising sociology; and as the struggle for existence between men is more and more regarded as a not important factor in the evolution of animate life, while mutual aid is considered the most important of the varied influences which have lifted the race up, communism in production and distribution is being looked upon with more favor as a thing combining practicality with beauty, and the dream of the ages is nearer to becoming a reality. One standard objection to communism, that men would not work if the fear of misery did not force them to, is seen to be the merest libel on human nature; life itself being work; and activity vital, even to a prisoner in his cell; while the stale objection that communism would take away initiative and individual ability can be easily met by calling attention to the fact that life without economic misery would free creative force and make the individual aware of his powers; things which the present world makes almost impossible. Of course communism would have all its value nullified were it combined with any system of restraint. Communism with liberty is the hope of the future, now that Kropotkin has elaborated Darwin's discovery of the importance of mutual aid as a factor of evolution.

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### **The Pleasures of the Poor**

Recent journalism and magazine literature have called attention once more to the fact that interest in horse racing, prize fighting, foot ball, and other forms of "sport" is distinctly on the increase among the indigent. By many this fact is taken as evidence of increasing sanity and vigor among the workers of the world, and they bid us have hope for a future in which man will become a healthy animal and exemplary citizen; others, though, see the matter quite in a different light. They find that the poor man's increasing love of sport, taking the circumstances

into consideration, indicates a quickening of decay, and a loss of interest in vital things. They are reminded, too, that in times just antedating the falls of various civilizations in the past, love of "sport" was in the ascendant, and that all the young men were vieing with one another in feats of strength and endurance. Of course there is a healthy love of sport and of tests of physical strength and endurance; but in times like these, when men's lives lie prone in the grip of the system, play seems a forced and artificial thing; a toy thrust upon a restless child to keep it quiet.

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## **The Handwriting on the Wall**

The recent formation of so many communistic or semi-communistic societies, some of them combined with industrial schools, constitutes a protest to the existing order of things which amounts to the handwriting on the wall over again. Societies for the publication of books and journals, for the making of pottery, for cabinet making, and for the creation of art products in general, are springing up everywhere, and it is significant that in their formation the competitive element is excluded as much as may be, and co-operation takes the place of "business." The handicraft experiments are succeeding; and in this success the doom of the factory system of life is sounded. Work and joy rightly go hand in hand, and this unity is the life of the newer industry.

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## **Russia and Revolution**

Revolutions are like earthquakes; and however magnificent they are in their effects, and however much courage and bravery men show in instituting them and carrying them on, they are not lovely to contemplate as facts. So much slaughter they cause, so much bitterness and wickedness they uncover, that we are appalled amidst their glory by what they reveal to our eyes. In Russia the revolution is in process more definitely than elsewhere, and there the picture of life is hardest to look at, and the deeds of men are the most terrible. But in nature's processes revolution is a potent factor and an inevitable one; no more to be put back or evaded than the sunrise. Tsars and grand dukes are not pets of destiny, and if they get in the way of progress, as get in the way they must, progress moves on as though they were not. The fruits of revolutions give us hope. The sunburst after the storm makes us forget the thunder and lightning which affrighted us; the waving grasses and flowers of spring cover the places where freezing winter lived before.



## The New Health

Though the number of doctors is constantly on the increase, and physicians stand ready on every hand to cure any disease which we have or have not, a certain superb health is beginning to be the ideal, and the legerdemain of "medicine" is seriously doubted. The problem of health is not how to get well when you are sick, but how never to get sick and to always keep well. It is another sign of the new time, in which men will not busy themselves with repairing the outworn, but will possess that which renews itself and grows while it lives.

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## Religious Revivals and Society

A religious revival of such extent and intensity that it is exciting world-wide interest, is taking place in Wales, and bids fair to sweep across England and Scotland ere it subsides. The religious bodies of Europe have spoken through their representatives, and expressed various convictions as to the significance of this religious phenomenon: while numerous scholars, and men like Mr. Stead, editor of *The Review of Reviews*, have written extensively and enthusiastically of anticipated social and personal effects of such revivals; and Mr. Stead, indeed, traces a connection between social changes and the great religious revivals of the past, as though he looked for a new social consciousness now, which would arise in Wales, and, extending, appreciably transform a whole people.

But has religion been a large factor in bringing social changes about, and where it has effected things has the result not been more of an indirect than a direct one, soon to pass? The influence of personal, theistic religion is, first of all, to awaken a sense of sin, and a feeling of responsibility to one's God; and then there follows the disposition to do God's will; which, incidentally only, requires changed relations between men. Given the will of God as a criterion of action, *relegating experience and observation of social facts to places of secondary importance*, the very sense of man's relation to man, and the vital dependence of each upon all would seem to grow weak progressively; and religion, narrowed and starved by the lack of the essential human element, degenerate into ritualism and formalism, or fanaticism and mere droning of psalms on Sunday. Man should stand first in the interests of man; has not religion ever displaced him, and at the same time defeated him?

Whatever value the older, theistic forms of faith may have had as social forces, the newer knowledge and experience, and the newer social consciousness seems to find very little room for

them. We do hear of new religions, though; but significantly enough, these are all of the human pattern, and God is not to be found in them; unless the recognition of the existence of an unknowable reality beyond all phenomena is to be regarded as an admission of him. The religious revival of the Wales type will probably go the way of all past revivals, to reap a final harvest of merest hysteria and cold formalism.

## An American Press Censorship

At times it seems that the words of men like Milton, and his equally great successor as an advocate of liberty, John Stuart Mill, were likely to be forgotten, and restrictions placed upon the press which would effectually throttle it and nullify its power for good. Anthony Comstock, rebuked in a thousand courts, is still at work confusing all right relations between art and expression, and suppressing indiscriminately works of art and literature and the gutter type of writing and printing; and others, imbued by the same zeal and the same lack of wisdom, are following in his footsteps and attacking at random all that does not square with their prejudices in the way of book, picture, and periodical. The loss to liberty is being felt in all this, but little is being done to prevent further encroachment, which seems impending. Moses Harman, of Chicago, the aged and long persecuted editor of *Lucifer*, is the latest victim of pruriency and stupidity, and will probably have to stand trial for having spoken plainly on sex matters. The interests of truth are at stake here, and this case should be kept in mind.

### Faint Heart

Oh, cruelest of heartless girls!  
 When she shook at me the curls  
     On her head so golden,  
 I grew rash and snatched a kiss.  
 That enraged the haughty miss:  
     'Twas the story olden.

But, had I not been dismayed,  
 And her command had disobeyed:  
     "Do not dare repeat it!"  
 I fain would think a new attack  
 Had found, despite her drawing back,  
     That lips would lean to meet it.

Now she's married to a beard  
 And an eye, both to be feared;  
     While I'm just another,  
 Keeping far from laughing girls;  
 Turning pale at tossing curls;  
     Growing old with mother.

AMERICUS.

# Foreign Mail

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## A Suggestion for an Improvement in the Postal Service

BY HENRY WALDORF FRANCIS

This is essentially the Commercial Age. The constant tendency and aim of the modern world has been and is to annihilate distance, bringing all parts of the earth into close communication, facilitate the interchange of products and remove every possible trammel from commercial and social intercourse, and to avail of every means which will increase business and render its transaction more agreeable, prompt and efficient. The inventive mind is busy planning improvements in the use of electricity, the means of transportation with lessening of cost and increase of speed, the cheapening of communication and its facilitation, and every means that promises to promote the spread of commerce.

The improvements in the Postal Service have in most respects kept pace with this advance of commercial progress and the Postal Union has proven a great beneficent factor in the world's advance. Does it not seem strange that the nations composing this Union have not advanced a step farther—a step which seems to suggest itself naturally and to present no insurmountable difficulties in the way of its establishment while its advantages are apparent upon a mere statement of it—namely, the adoption of an International Postage Stamp?

The coinage of every nation can be exchanged at once into the coinage of every other; the man who has an English Pound can exchange it for American Dollars without any trouble and *vice versa*: it is money to him in the United States as well as in his own country; he does not have to send it to the nation where it was coined in order to use it. If an American desires to send money to England he can go to the Post Office and get a Money Order payable at the place of destination in the currency of that place. But if he wishes to prepay the cost of a reply to a letter he cannot do so. He cannot send a United States stamp because it will not be accepted in England, nor can it be exchanged for its money value, and he cannot enclose an English stamp because they are not to be had at a United States Post Office. American authors who might desire to contribute to English magazines cannot well do so because they cannot enclose stamps for the return of their manuscripts if not found available. The "Reply Postal Cards" now so largely used for advertising pur-

poses and the transmission of orders for merchandise are useless for foreign communications.

It is recognized common courtesy for a person who writes to a stranger for information or to an acquaintance on a matter of interest to himself only and calling for a reply, to enclose the necessary postage to carry the answer. But it is impossible to do this with any foreign mail. That this is a serious defect in the existing postal service of the world and that to remedy it would be a vast improvement, no one who has even casually considered the subject will deny. There would be no greater difficulty in the establishment of an International Postage Stamp which could be procured at all Post Offices in the countries composing the Postal Union than there is now in the business of transmitting money by Post Office orders from one country to another. It would make no difference to the Post Office whether I received a Red Stamp or a Green Stamp for my five cents, but the revenue of the Department would be increased by my purchase of the stamp here which would otherwise be purchased in another country and by the natural increase of correspondence. Mail increases with the facilities offered. Think what a boon it would be to the family of the emigrant to whom postage is a serious expense, if he could send them a stamp they could use in writing to him!

An International Postage Stamp for use in foreign correspondence is badly needed, and the United States by taking the subject up and accomplishing its adoption would not only reflect credit upon itself, but put the civilized world under obligations to it. Are we going to leave it to another Nation to lead the way?

# Book Review

BY THE EDITOR

"THE SAXONS," by Edwin Davies Schoonmaker, referred to in last month's *TO-MORROW*, is not a book to be read by those who do not take thought of what they read. As a drama, it is original, bold, perhaps over-elaborated, but broadly conceived. So far it has no counterpart that is found in modern German dramatic writing.

Forces, as will be seen, rather than individuals, are the dramatic material which the author uses. He divides his characters into four groups or units, the Roman unit, the Greek unit, the Saxon unit, and the Supernatural, and the problem of the drama is the working of these units upon each other and upon an individual. Oswald, a young Saxon, born in paganism, is enticed into Romanism. In the monastery where he dwells is the old Abbot who stands as type of the Greek unit. Learned, tolerant, beautiful dreamer, a dictator only when forced to it by policy, Rome's bequest to and mark upon the Church, he would be content to draw away from the active part which involves the hardest sacrifice of his perfect honesty, and to dream into a reality the perfect abbey which now can be built only by scheming. But the mission of the Greek spirit was to bring light, not freedom, into the world, and the Abbot must climb yet farther up the mountain upon which his abbey stands only half-way up, before he can live the freedom which he understands. Therefore, when Oswald stands facing the awful wrath and vengeance of Benedict, the priest, who loves with Roman ardor the hard law that takes even blood for Christ's sake, the Abbot must be politic before he is honest, and so far from saving the persecuted monk dares not even let him fight his own way with the truth. His comprehension does not make him free. He cannot turn aside from the path he is on.

But Oswald, remembering the free god of his youth, Woden, goes from this battle, in which he was victim, to a night of frenzy in his cell, from which he emerges blind. His eyes dug out with his own crucifix, he is now ready to lay his hand in that of the dwarf and be led back by nature to the pagan, Saxon heights. Seeing without eyes, he comes back amid the rejoicing of all nature, to the high peaks where flowers are blooming, where trees are singing, where Selma is waiting for him, where fairies, "like things seen in a mirage," stand watching, where "the disc of the sun shoots its myriad golden needles through the wood."

And the free Saxon, nature's child, has returned to nature,

gone back to that freedom with which his race is to crown the gifts to the world of the other nations of the earth. Another triumph, greater in magnitude, less in significance, is the victory of the Saxon forces over the persecuting villagers who, led by Benedict, storm the mountain. For in Oswald's rescue, more than human forces have been at work. Nature's crudest spirits, gnome and witch, feeling in the dark, go blunderingly about the fight against the "old dragon," Rome. The fairies help with a finer hand. And it is Sigurd, "apparently a dwarf, really something else," who at last guides the blinded youth back up the mountains.

The logic of the play is inexorable. The Greek, the Roman, give place to the larger Saxon because freedom must triumph over learning and law. And with subtle skill the author has indicted not merely the old Rome, here as relentless in her faith as ever before in her secular law, but he reaches through to the present age and holds up the lesson of the drama to the modern Church. His lightning strikes the enemies of freedom everywhere.

A comprehensiveness that is quite exceptional is gained by the writer's grasp of generalities. And yet the characters are not in the least the mere tools of a motive. As individual as original, they move through the pages, the verse adapting itself to each peculiar one, and the reader knows himself in the company of real people.

The main virtue of the drama lies in its spirit, its rebelliousness, its love of freedom, its defiant attitude towards whatever would bind and repress. This is its lesson, and this is the lesson America needs most of all.

### Books Received

From Mary Harris Frazer:

"KENTUCKY RECEIPT BOOK."

From Kosmos Publishing Company, Chicago:

"THE FOUNDATION OF ALL REFORM," a treatise on the Diet Question, by Otto Carqué.

"THE DIAGNOSIS FROM THE EYE," by Henry Edward Lane, M. D.

From Rev. George Chainey, Williams Bay, Wis.:

"THE BOOK OF RUTH," "THE TEN COMMANDMENTS," "THE UNSEALED BIBLE": "GENESIS," "REVELATION".

From William Held, M. D., Chicago:

"CRIME, HABIT OR DISEASE."

From James H. West Co., Boston:

"JOHN BROWN, THE HERO," by J. W. Winkley, M.D.

From Fischer's Foreign Letters, New York:

"PRIVATE LIVES OF WILLIAM II. AND HIS CONSORT AND SECRET HISTORY OF THE COURT OF BERLIN" (2 vols.), by Ursula Countess Von Eppinghaven.

From the Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago:

"MY LITTLE BOOK OF PRAYER" by Muriel Strode.

From Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago:

"KATHERINE BRESHKOVSKY," for Russia's Freedom. By Ernest Poole, Pamphlet, 10 cents.

# NOTES AND NEWS



The Morris Society, in association with the Chicago Architectural Club, is arranging an exhibition of Joseph Twyman's artistic products for the Spring exhibition at the Art Institute. A special room will be set aside for this purpose to be called the Joseph Twyman Memorial Room. The exhibition will include many of Mr. Twyman's most characteristic designs of furniture, screens, lamps, rugs and other objects of art and utility, and a selection of actual products furnished by the Tobey Furniture Company, of which house Mr. Twyman was a member. The Morris Society is doing the world a special service in bringing together the artwork of one of America's foremost decorative artists.

The Western Branch of the Whitman Fellowship will hold its annual dinner on May 31, the anniversary of Whitman's birthday. Any communication concerning this celebration may be addressed to Mrs. Hoswell at 6357 Ingleside avenue, Chicago.

Professor Edwin Wiley, of Vanderbilt University, is organizing a circle of the Morris Society in Nashville. Professor Wiley lectured on Morris and his group at the Funiak Springs Chautauqua, in Florida.

The South Park Improvement Association of Chicago has issued its Year Book, containing a record of the work done by this, the pioneer improvement society of Chicago, and the addresses of those who spoke at the annual meeting. The treasurer's report shows the receipt of \$9,438.44 from memberships and contracts. This sum is spent in "house-keeping" a section of a great city. Quite unconscious to the citizens a new form of "town-government" is being established—a government employing for the first time the services of children and adults, men and women. In certain phases the Town and City Improvement Movement is the most significant social and political development of the age. At the annual meeting in January Mrs. Frank A. Johnson, in the true spirit of constructive statesmanship,—why have women been kept from this their natural field so long!—presented an outline of the new work to be undertaken by this association in the future:

1st. Permanent improvements in the way of trees, shrubs and vines.  
2nd. Such strenuous opposition to the bill board nuisance as will in time overcome the greed which caused their erection.

3rd. Such careful supervision of street improvements as will obviate breaking into pavements to lay water, sewer and gas pipes.

4. Inspection of all public work in the district, demanding exact performance of contracts.

5th. Securing the use of the assembly room of the public school of each district for the meetings of the association, thereby making each school a real social center.

6th. Co-operation between the different organizations forming the League to secure the system of garbage incineration suggested by Mr. Fox, and which has recently been demonstrated in New York to be not only more economical than the dump system, but a source of income to the city.

7th. Further co-operation in demanding better street car and suburban service, and, especially on the line of the Illinois Central, better station accommodations.

- 8th. Securing central lighting plants.
- 9th. Uniformity in paving.
- 10th. Uniformity in architecture of public and private dwellings.
- 11th. And of the most far reaching usefulness would be the inauguration of a course of lectures on Civics covering such topics of local and general interest as "Responsibility of the Individual in Legislation," "Responsibility of the Individual in Enforcing Existing Ordinances," "Ventilation and Heating of Public Buildings," "Sanitation," "Administration of Public Funds," etc.

Charles Ferguson is nothing if not fervent and stimulating. His *Town and Gown Tracts*, published in Kansas City, are alive with vital impulses. Mr. Ferguson advocates "the Civic University," about which he speaks in the following words:

The Civic University is simply the real thing.

A university is a company of grown-up people got together for the advancement of the arts and science, in spite of the Pope and the Emperor—the ecclesiastical and the political machine. Such were the Universities of Paris, of Bologna, of Naples, in the thirteenth century.

The Civic University undertakes to abate the head-ache and heart-ache of the social problem by restoring to the world the long-lost university-idea. It lays the axe to the root of the tree, declaring war upon machine-religion and machine-politics, the butt-end of all monopoly.

It contends for Christianity and Democracy, which are two words for the same idea.

It proposes to open up a career for everybody who will do good work for good pay—and to close every other career.

It is death on socialism and anarchism, capitalism and laborism, the highchurchmanship of the imperialists and the methodism of the little Americans.

It offers every man the free citizenship of the two hemispheres, if he will clean up his own ward.

A reader of To-MORROW sends in an article marked "This belongs to the Changing Order": it is a spiritualistic paper and contains the following interpretation of "spiritualism":

Speaking broadly, Spiritualism may be said to mean the theory that life is an endless progression; that what is called death is merely an entrance to another life, the man remaining practically as before, so far as his character and knowledge are concerned; that he does not suddenly become all wise or all good, but that conditions for progress are better there; that he carries with him his likes, his dislikes, memories of good or evil done, to bless or sadden there; his physical and mental ills, there to be corrected more readily by spiritual agencies; that he must labor there, as here, though under the changed conditions that obtain in a Christian state of society, using in ever increasing measure latent and now almost unknown spiritual faculties of his being.

The Chicago New Thought Federation holds a Spring Festival in Chicago March 30th and April 1st. In connection with the announcement the Federation sends out this statement:

The Chicago New Thought Federation invites all societies or persons into its fellowship who find themselves in accord with "New Thought" principles. It recognizes that there is a World Movement passing under the name of "New Thought" which is of great significance in all departments of life. The societies and persons forming this Federation believe they can unite to help themselves and others by the free and cordial interchange of thought and by such constructive work as the present may offer and the future may develop under the leading and guidance of Universal Spirit.

It binds no individual or society to allegiance to any creed, it collects no dues or assessments and desires only voluntary services and contributions for its work. It is a Federation, not an organization, and gladly leaves to the future all that may follow its present work.

T. G. NORTHRUP, Chairman, 600 Masonic Temple.



# MARCONIGRAPHS

FROM TO-MORROW'S READERS



## Anvil Sparks

Gossip is the dissipation of vacant minds.  
Work without joy is like life without consciousness.  
A hypocrite speaks falsely, even in telling the truth.  
Love is a bird that takes not wing while you feed it.  
Some lies win our respect because of their grey hairs.  
Natural beauty persuades man to make beauty of himself.  
Bargain hunting is a proof of the vulgarity of mere cheapness.  
The cynic, who thinks that he is disillusionized, is only reillusionized.  
The sweetest dreams are those in which we see ourselves acting nobly.  
History is largely the story of what man has failed to do because of

men.

Beauty is a part of utility; and rightly considered, utility is the whole of good.

The next best thing to doing a thing yourself is to help someone else to do it.

Did you ever dig in the ground? It is as delightful a task as digging in brains.

When art does not unite with the common life, either that art is wrong, or life goes lame.

We live, not for pleasure's sake, but for the sake of living; for the sake of expression; which is life.

The world was not made for man; but man can mould his circumstances so that *they* will be for him.

It is one thing to say that men are machines; but it is a different thing to say that machines are men.

Poets are men who see things a little clearer than others, and who can say things a little plainer than others.

There is a speech even in silence; but those who say nothing and say it in a loud voice, cannot understand this.

Work is a disgrace only when it is not done well. Mona Lisa and the Venus of Milo are only work done well.

Liberty is the condition of expression, and expression is the source of art. Art, therefore, is liberty's best friend.

What we love we understand; and what we do not love must either win our love or be content to be unappreciated.

Industry is the joyous expression of the creative spirit in the materials which lie ready to hand. Drudgery needs must doubt this.

He who makes a chair well has done more to uplift mankind than any one who in the name of art has belittled and maligned labor.

Education, as we know it, is too much a process of instruction in how to seem; the end of true education is to teach us how to be.

Some men get their reputations in the open market; where prices fluctuate, and where adulteration often makes an article worthless.

Custom has so gilded its chains, and then festooned them about its victims, that these regard them as needful garments and things of beauty.

### Compensation

Life consists almost wholly of buying, selling, paying. There are no gifts, nothing that does not call for an equivalent. If we cannot pay for gifts in kind we must pay in gratitude or service or we shall rank as moral bankrupts.

If I would have a good situation I must pay for it not only in labor, but in promptness, intelligence, faithfulness and good manners. If I would have good service I must pay not only in money, but in consideration, recognition, appreciation, fairness. I can hold no one to me if I misuse him.

All things are to be had for the buying. Would you have friends? Then pay the price. The price of friendship is to be worthy of friendship. The price of glory is to do something glorious. The price of shame is to do something shameful.

Friendship, glory, honor, admiration, courage, infamy, contempt, hatred, are all in the market place, for sale at a price. We are buying and selling these things constantly as we will.

Good will buys good will. Friendliness buys friendship, confidence begets confidence, service rewards service, and hate pays for hate, suspicion for suspicion, treachery for treachery, contempt for ingratitude, slovenliness, laziness and lying.

Some of our investments are good and some are bad. The good qualities we acquire—moderation, industry, courtesy, order, patience, candor—are sound investments. Our evil intentions and habits are bad investments, involving us in losses. We become debtors to them, and they are exacting creditors; forcing payment in full in money and labor and sometimes in blood, agony, tears, humiliation or shame.

—*Biology from "Ourselves."* Buffalo.

### Villanelle

A CRISIS

A kiss he might have for the taking;  
I'm alone with him here, he's a poet.  
Oh, how I am blushing and quaking!

Will he? Oh will he? I'm aching;  
And yet, I feel sure he don't know it.  
A kiss he might have for the taking.

What was that? Is the thought just awaking?  
He may wish and but wish, and forego it.  
Oh, how I am blushing and quaking!

What a fool of myself I am making.  
But I'm sure that my eyes do not show it.  
A kiss he might have for the taking.

His calmness is just too heart-breaking!  
Well, it isn't a debt: he don't owe it.  
Oh, how I am blushing and quaking!

No. Yes! There, I see his hand shaking.  
With all of my heart I'd bestow it!  
Oh, how I am blushing and quaking!  
A kiss he might have for the taking.

AMERICUS.

**The Avowal**

Each heart rang like a lyre.  
 Love's thrilling, sweet desire,  
 Grown strong through June's long days of comradeship,  
 Trembled upon the lip;  
 And all our life awoke.  
 But still no word was said;  
 Till, either heart, full fed  
 With rose-sweet, honeyed dreams of youthful love,  
 Must die or sing thereof.  
 And suddenly he spoke.  
 "I love you," were his words;  
 And like strange songs of birds;  
 Strange in their raptures; made not for the earth  
 But of a nobler birth;  
 They echoed love's behest.  
 "I love you," I replied;  
 And from the glad world, wide,  
 All music seemed to come and thrill my speech,  
 In tones above art's reach.  
 I fell upon his breast.

Glad eyes gazed down in mine;  
 And in them showed that sign  
 Wherewith love marks those souls who love love more  
 Than they loved life before.  
 He kissed me in his bliss.  
 My true eyes mirrored true  
 The joy my spirit knew;  
 Sweeter than thought had deemed that joy could be;  
 And sealing him and me,  
 I gave him kiss for kiss.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

**Russell Sage's Don'ts**

"If you'd attain a ripe old age,  
 Take my advice," says Russell Sage;  
 "Don't lose no minute in the day,  
 And grab whatever comes your way,  
  
 "Don't loaf, and look fer luck to come,  
 Fer luck is always on the bum;  
 Don't spend your cash fer tony duds,  
 Ner try to ape the social bloods.  
  
 "Don't spend a cent that you can save,  
 And watch fer notes that you can shave;  
 Don't have no friends where dollars count,  
 Fer friends ain't worth no great amount.  
  
 "Unless they're them that you can skin,  
 And then it's best to scoop 'em in.  
 Don't lose a chance to gobble stocks—  
 If they will bring you lots of rocks.  
  
 "Don't waste your time with sentiment,  
 Fer that will never bring in rent.  
 Relations should be took and shot—  
 They always want what you have got.  
  
 "Don't do the things that I have said  
 And wealth will come before you're dead.  
 If you'd attain a ripe old age,  
 Take my advice!" says Russell Sage.

L. F. W.

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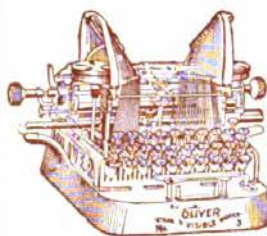
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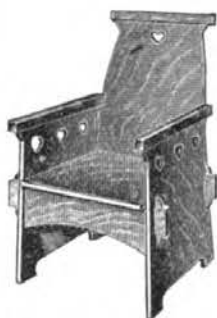
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A few writers whose good stuff will appear in future issues: Ernest Crosby, George Wharton James, Dr. John Roberts, Rudolph Bismarck von Liebig, C. Hanford Henderson, J. D. McIntosh, Geo. Bernard Shaw, W. F. Barnard, Dr. W. E. Boynton, Edward A. Steiner, N. O. Nelson, Charlotte Teller, Page Waller Samson, Willis J. Abbot, and others.

Each number will be rich in new, real poetry. The new age of expression through beautiful verse will find worthy exponents in Mr. Russell, Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Barnard, Mrs. Isaacs, Mr. Swan, Mr. Schoonmaker, Mr. Sandberg, Mrs. Hunt and others.

Our column of "Merriment" will be replete with appropriate selections, ancient and modern, ranging in time and substance from Mrs. Chadwick's fetching humor to the Creator's greatest coup entitled "Adam's Fall."

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We stand for "The Changing Order" with its higher ideals, its greater humanity and real worth. "TO-MORROW" holds a promise of better things than today, and in order that our initiative may attain the success that must benefit all, we urge your substantial co-operation. The time is ripe for an organ of "The Changing Order;" interesting, instructive, filled with short things and beautiful, which shall be forum and record, hospitable to any new idea, discovery or revelation, in fact a digest of the world's current history in thought and work.

A few of us are now bearing the burden, but our numbers will increase and thus fulfill the promise of success. We ask you to consider yourself one of our *informal brotherhood* who, by literary and artistic contributions, or by influence and personal work, help to make this long cherished ideal a reality. Send us something! Contributions, subscriptions, advertising, any kind of co-operation. Don't try to make things like the other magazines have them, just tell the truth, reserve nothing; write of things you really know about, whatever the subject, whatever the manner. We are not looking for the *conventional*, just *be yourself*. Look us up at our ranch, 1926 Indiana Avenue. You will be surprised at the spirit and the work of our cadets. Simple-hearted, earnest, informal. A fine circle of interesting people to grow up with.



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# The Business End

Our land of plenty is filled with poverty, crime and failure.

You have told us the dangers of excess, but the follies of repression never can be told.

It makes a big difference whether you work as an expediency or because you like it.

Character culture through preaching is much like learning to play the piano by correspondence.

Science appears "cold blooded" to those whose fancies fear the truth.

Every American citizen has a right to live decently.

While "intuition" has never uncovered a single truth *here*, there are those who believe it able to do big things for the *world* to come.

Mystic thought is constant flattery to the egoistic soul, for by it he avoids being checked up by compelling, contradictory facts.

What good times we have when people say, "Don't."

The way to develop "Brotherhood" is to live under an economic system that naturally stimulates it.

Chicago is the chosen storm-center of economic revolution. It is upon us.

This epoch will go into history as the one in which economic freedom, intellectual freedom, and social freedom were attained.

There is but one way to develop unselfishness and that is by exercising that faculty.

Never doubt the advice of a woman whose "intuition" informs her that it is to your interest to avoid "the other one."

How a Bank official, a relation of President Diaz, loaned himself Three Million Dollars, and what he did with the money; how a Banker borrowed Two Million Dollars through the aid of his wife and Julio Limantour, the latter the brother of the Minister of Finance, and the greatest gambler and rounder in the Republic; how Geo. W. Cook pays Jose Limantour Two Thousand Dollars per month rent and in return gets government contracts for Safes and Furniture, at his own price, and how this same Cook and his gang of financial bandits organized a plan to rob a former president of the American Bank of \$200,000—will all be told in the June number of this Magazine.

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# To - M o r r o w

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, MANAGING EDITOR

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE

# Which Ruler?

By ROBERTUS LOVE



SAY, shall we rule by the Golden Rule,  
Or the Rule of Gold that sways  
So mightily human interests now  
In the keen commercial days?  
Shall a man be a man in the sense God meant  
When He made in His image fine,  
Out of the drifting dust of the earth,  
The human form divine?  
Or shall he be as a broken clod,  
For growing of other men's grain?  
I say, shall we rule by the Law of God,  
Or the Law of Might and Main?

Shall we grind men's bones in the money mills,  
In the gourmand hopper of greed,  
Unheeding the cry of the crushed-out lives  
And the blood of the hearts that bleed?  
Shall a man be clay in the hands of his kind  
And bound to the potter's wheel,  
Or an agent free to aspire and attain  
To the goal of the spirit's zeal?  
Shall we make him as ore in the ingot stamp,  
As a cog in the conquering mills?  
I say, shall we sway by the Gold of Love,  
Or the Love of Gold that kills?

Shall we bind men's souls to the barren rock  
For the vulturous beaks to flay,  
For the buzzards of lustful loot to pick  
Till the soul shall wither away?  
Shall a man be booty for men more strong,  
Be prize for the pirate's sack,  
Or a craft to sail safe seas of hope  
On his own unhampered track?  
Shall we make him an admiral on the bridge  
Or a slave in the galley's hold?  
I say, shall we rule by the Golden Rule,  
Or ruin by the Rule of Gold?

# To-Morrow

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PARKER H. SERCOMBE, MANAGING EDITOR

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE CHANGING ORDER

*Advertising Rates on Application. Address all Communications to the Publisher,  
1026 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, Illinois*

VOLUME I.

MAY, 1905

NUMBER 5

I speak the pass word primeval; I give the sign of democracy;  
By God! I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counter-  
part of on the same terms.—*Walt Whitman.*

When you are ready to voluntarily surrender private ownership of land, chattels and friends; when you have conquered appetite and are fully content with what simple food is set before you; when your soul rises above the need of following the fashion in manners, dress and false culture; when your mental and physical muscles have attained willingness to work a few hours each day; when you acquire such trust in your dearest friends that you have no secret desire to direct or control them; when you have gained freedom in its cosmic essence, demanding it for yourself and granting it to all others; when your sweetest joys are those of your friends whom you aid to accomplish their dearest follies, then shall common sense possess your soul and you will be prepared for fellowship, brotherhood and co-operation, and not till then. There are but few so prepared, though the "brotherhood of man" has been talked about for two thousand years.

It has been *talked*, but what can talk avail against an economic system that forces mankind to live the opposite? The hot breath of all the Christian preachers of two thousand years has yet to melt even one stony-hearted conventional millionaire, for has not a life time of exercise in avarice, profit-making and contention, so sterilized his soul and perverted his vision, that he continues to demand what he does not need while thousands perish in his sight for want of that which he wastes? The millionaire becomes the symbol of greed by living for self, thinking of self, and striving for self. He lives the life and becomes strong in those faculties which he exercises.

Spiritual attainment is in accordance with the life we live, in proportion to the exercise those faculties receive, and is in no way related to the amount of talk we hear on the subject. The World of Talking and the World of Doing do not move in the same orbit. How to swim cannot be taught by reading or preaching. Muscles cannot be

## Living the Life

strengthened by absent treatment. Soul quality, the simple life, self denial and appreciation of the needs of others cannot be learned from books—you must live the life.

The spiritual value of co-operation arises from thinking and working for the community instead of self; exercising social efficiency instead of self efficiency, becoming strong in fellowship and brotherhood and correspondingly weak in self-love, greed and forgetfulness of your neighbor.

The economic value of co-operation lies first: In the decreased expense of general versus individual administration.

**Value of Co-operation** Second: In taking the stress of life and economic pressure from the individual and placing it on the community where it belongs.

No complete degree of social efficiency can be reached until we begin to get the educational values growing out of many co-operative communities working in competition with each other. There are ten million people in the United States living in want, in poverty, and among these are many worthy persons who, unable to compete alone against organized wealth could become efficient units in a co-operative society.

Co-operative fellowship stands alone as the only method of living which can impart results in soul culture and character development.

**Co-operative Fellowship** Once heart and soul become enlisted in the cause of the community as a whole,

the exercise of the social faculties will eventually cause the atrophy of selfishness, personal vanity and greed, and the spirit of brotherly love will be made to prevail on earth not through preaching, but by Living the Life.

What is happiness? It is the normal state of man and animals and plants. It is the joyous consciousness of growth, of life, of progress, and comes only to him who has conquered egotism, appetite, and vanity.

**What is Happiness?** It is within the reach of all, and is the most desirable of all mental states; it is what men strive for, but seldom attain; lacking

knowledge of the way. Happiness is possible. The Japanese are a happy, joyous, sweet natured people, and no matter how engaged, when they are together in groups their time is pleasantly passed in joyous antics and indulgence in plenty of nonsense wherein their gentle natures and their consideration for others is always manifest. Life is not for self; it is for the race and its chief aim, while bridging the space between generations, is to so occupy our time in the higher and better paths of life that we may transmit the qualities to our children in greater proportion than we received them from our parents. To become socially

efficient in the highest sense, to think more largely of benefits to the community than of ourselves, to perform our social functions with love and equanimity, and like the bee controlled by the "spirit of the hive," render the highest assistance to the race even with the greatest sacrifice to ourselves, that is the chief and best aim of life.

---

The election recalls attention to the disgusting practice of plastering public buildings, elevators, windows, hall ways, walls, and wherever a placard can be made to stick, with campaign lithographs. This nuisance should be abated. The average citizens, of whatsoever partisan persuasion should be at liberty to transact such business as requires his presence in public buildings without being compelled to run the gauntlet of a hideous disfigurement of public property, which compels him to make campaign contributions to a cause he opposes, for the benefit of candidates who do not possess his confidence. This objection, though weighty, is comparatively insignificant.

The real objection lies in the sub-conscious education of the public mind to the idea that public offices and the custody of public property are the usufructuary perquisites of a private snap. Why not plaster the Art Institute, the Logan Monument, the Public Library or Liberty Enlightening the World with nauseating lithographs and partisan harlotries as permit the City Hall, Court House and public buildings to be used for the bill boards of a political party? Why stop at political indecencies? There could be a lot of money got for advertising the merits or demerits of this or that religious or financial spellbinder. It is in quite as good taste and entirely as lawful to advertise the one as the other. Some day some astute paragrapher may indite a screed on the Ethics vs. the Esthetics of advertising. Let us have his observations on the virtues of Public vs. Private Bill Boards.

---

Is it worth our while to follow after the old order of things without a thought to that broader outlook upon life which lays hold of the new? Is it not better to come in out of the past for a breathing spell, now and then, just to grapple with things as they are to-day; just to make use of the new and give our own insight and inspiration a fair hearing? Each is a potential force in the onward march and the inner self clamoring to be heard may prove a savior to some weaker soul if we but dare to come out of the shadow of tradition and make that self known.



# Statutory Control of Insurance

BY J. HENRY WESTOVER

## PART III.

### THE LIFE INSURANCE SIDE

What has been said concerning supervision by insurance departments of fire and marine insurance applies equally as well to life insurance corporations, only the lack of efficiency in the department system is more apparent, and the schemes for graft by department officers and company managers, in respect to life insurance companies, is vastly more serious.

In the administration of insurance departments the rule has been subserviency to the trusts, but in this there is, however, one notable exception. In Insurance Commissioner Host of Wisconsin, the corrupt trusts have met one of their bitterest and most unrelenting foes. Recently he brought suit against one of the great life companies to compel its managers to distribute its excess of assets among its policy holders to whom it belonged. His effort failed, however, because the insurance company lobbyists and the professional politicians of the Wisconsin legislature had met and the result was a clause in the State statutes which, practically, made it optional with the management of life companies whether they distribute the profits of the business among the policy holders or pocketed it themselves. This same sort of a law has crept into the statutes of several of the more populous states, notably in those of Illinois, where it stands out boldly and bare-faced in its most offensive form. The laws of other states are, in view of the well known corrupt handling of the company's surplus funds, strangely silent upon this subject. It is a nefarious device for legitimatizing the most stupendous robberies the world ever knew. Charters of some mutual life companies provide that these profits *shall* be distributed among policy holders at stated intervals; but the company managers ignore the compact between the members, contained in the charter, boldly appropriate these profits to their own use, and shield themselves behind these "permissive laws." It is passing strange that now, while this subject has been so widely discussed in magazines and newspapers, no legislator has made an effort to remedy this great evil by an appropriate law. The laws governing the business of insurance and the needed remedies will be more fully considered hereafter.

Notwithstanding Mr. Host's failure in the case mentioned his battle will, doubtless, go bravely on. He is one of a very few

heads of an insurance department who are elected to office, and is directly accountable to the people of the state for his official conduct.

In his able articles recently published in the Free Press of Milwaukee he is doing a great work for the people of the whole country in educating them to the enormity of misappropriations by the heads of such concerns of their companies' assets. The country will watch with unremitting interest this brave battle against a most gigantic fraud. Mr. Host, doubtless, will receive substantial aid from the governor of his state, whose victory over the combined power of corporate trusts and combinations and over political party machinery of state and general government, has marked him as one of the leading statesmen of his time, and one of the bravest, brainiest and truest champions of honest government and pure politics.

Unlike fire insurance the business of life insurance is carried on largely by mutual companies—that is, associations of individuals insuring the lives of each other. The nature of the risks assumed, the length of time contemplated for the holding of policies by the assured and the conditions that make the perpetuity of the corporation's existence important, practically excludes the possibility of the business being conducted except by corporate insurers; and the manifest fairness of the plan of mutual insurance whereby each policy holder becomes a member of the company, participating in its control and management, and in its profits as well, have resulted in placing this plan of life insurance in universal favor.

But here, again, is another instance of vicious legislation bearing the earmarks of the unity of mind between the professional politician and the managers of the great life insurance companies—a law adopted by a majority of the states which is manifestly as absurd as it is vicious. By this law it is now made obligatory, in organizing a new mutual life insurance company, that it shall possess “a guarantee capital,” paid in cash, which cannot, in any state possessing the law, be less than \$100,000.00. It would appear to fair-minded people that citizens possess the fundamental and inviolate right to enter into a compact of inter-insurance of their lives, free from legislative interference. That they should be thus privileged no reasonable person will deny. Why is it that the policy holder must pay premiums to enrich a “guarantee” stock holder, or for any purpose other than to secure insurance? The absurdity of the thing would be laughable were it not for the vice that lies hidden in such enactments. The motive of such a law had its inspiration in the great life companies' desire to prevent competition by

putting stumbling blocks in the way of organizing new companies to bid for the business. The fact should not be overlooked that the management of the great life corporations, like those of the fire companies, are ever on the alert in legislative bodies with arguments beautiful and bland and often with the more potent influence of bribe money, to accomplish this end. The careful man will be reluctant to buy a policy of insurance in anything but a strictly mutual company.

What a guarantee capital really does when it exists in an operative life insurance company is excellently illustrated in the case of young Mr. Hyde, Vice President and dictator of the Equitable Life Insurance Company. His "profits" as a stock holder in the company, purloined from premiums paid by its duped policy holders, have been so enormous that he considers \$5,000,000 to be a fair value of his little more than \$50,000 of stock. Can any legislator who participated in the enactment of this "guarantee capital" law find an apology for his course in the face of the Hyde incident? And yet Hyde is only one of several who are similarly profiting in these semi-mutual companies. United States Senator Dryden, at the head of the Prudential Life of New Jersey, leads all offenders in his merciless and mercenary plunder, made more damnable from the fact that his victims are only the very poor.

Unfortunately for the honor of these great mutual and semi-mutual institutions, insidiously, stealthily and cruelly there has crept into many of them a most stupendous system of fraud, whereby an excess of surplus assets is accumulated by a trick of the managers and perverted by them to their own benefit—assets that belong to the policy holders and to no one else, and of which they are entitled to receive the benefits as they accrue—and which are made to become practically the private property of the managers. Millions upon millions of dollars are thus diverted from their proper source, and no maker of laws has yet attempted to remedy the evil.

It is the practice of managers working this system to get from the policy holder, when he secures his policy, a proxy or power of attorney, appointing the manager to represent and vote for him in all meetings of the company. Thus the manager secures nearly all, if not all, of the voting power of the company. By this means he is able to elect and re-elect himself, and to select some one else to be elected after him, to the position of absolute manager of the company's affairs. He likewise can and does elect his co-directors and officers, and disposes of the company's assets at will, exercising in all things pertaining to the company an absolute one-man power. By

this means he fixes premium rates and collects premiums far in excess of the amounts necessary to meet expenses and death losses. These excesses of collections become surplus funds or assets. It is proper that a life insurance company shall maintain a sufficient reserve to meet all expenses and death losses, but any sum retained in excess of that should, according to this plan of insurance, be distributed as dividends between the members. Instead of making such distribution, however, the manager established several so-called reserve funds—in reality fictitious ones—as an excuse for retaining and using the money for his private benefit. The enormous accumulation of surplus assets by life insurance companies in the United States cannot be better illustrated than by quoting from the statement of Commissioner Host of Wisconsin:

“The amount of surplus accumulation at the close of the year 1904 will amount to nearly \$340,000,000. Just how large and unreasonable this sum is can best be illustrated by the statement that, if applied to the purchase of paid-up insurance, it would provide an amount of life insurance—upon which no further premium payment would be required—equal to one-half of the total sum paid for death losses by all companies during the past forty-six years.

What contingencies, including war, pestilence and earthquakes, could possibly arise to warrant longer withholding this unnecessary accumulation from its rightful owners; especially in face of the fact, that, in addition to this needless sum, these insurance companies are holding, as required by law, a reserve of more than \$2,000,000,000, which, with the future payment of policyholders, will be more than sufficient to pay every dollar of life insurance now in force as it becomes due, either by death or maturity.”

So it is that \$340,000,000 which belong to policy holders, is being kept from them by managers of these companies, and this, too, when the charters of many require the distribution of profits amongst the policy holders at stated periods ranging from one to five years. This vast accumulation of money is used in a variety of ways by the managers. One favorite method pursued by them is the organization of trust companies and other corporations which are controlled by the managers of the life insurance companies to their great profit. Fourteen years ago the Guarantee Trust Company of New York was organized by officers and others connected with the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, with \$2,000,000 capital and \$500,000 surplus, and what they proceeded to do with other men's money can be seen by an extract from a circular issued by the Guarantee Trust Company. Referring to these organizers the trust company says: “With their influence and that of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, the com-

pany at once took a leading part in the consolidation of railroad, industrial, gas and electrical companies, and soon found its way in the front rank of trust companies." While this method of speculation with money in which the managers have no interest—money that they are criminally diverting from its legitimate channel in the payment of premiums of policy holders—hundreds of thousands of these same policy holders are economizing and struggling to save the money to pay their recreant managers another premium for the protection of the loved ones at home—a premium sufficient to purchase nearly double the amount of insurance which by his policy is given him.

Recently four men in Chicago plead guilty to the charge of having concocted a scheme and device to defraud by securing the management and control of certain "wild cat" companies and inducing people to take their policies. It was said that their purpose was to take the premiums paid on these policies and convert the money to their own use, and that in furtherance of this scheme they sent letters through the mails. These men are now languishing in penal servitude as punishment for this crime. When they were sentenced the government attorney wagged his heavy jaw and ground his savage teeth as he told of their enormous crime, and urged the severest penalty of the law to be imposed upon them, and the grave and dignified judge, in giving sentence, animadverted upon the enormity of their criminal conduct. These men doubtless deserved the punishment for this crime, but they were nothing compared with the crimes of a number of the managers of great life insurance companies in this country. They have perpetrated the same crime that was charged against the poor "wild cat" operators. The incriminating evidence may be found by the thousands of tons. One needs but to glance at a recent statement of a great New York company to observe how under the deceptive guise of several "reserve" funds it is concealing the money of the policy holders, and which will never reach the owner either in cash or by application upon his premiums. Yet no unrelenting government attorney makes savage attacks upon them, nor does any august court condemn them to penal servitude. Brazen and bold, they ignore their duties and sacred trust as officers of their companies, defy the law, scorn the officers of the court, spurn the pleadings of poor policy holders that they may have their own, and continue unmolested their daily revel of crime.

With all this vast, criminal, wholesale misappropriation of moneys, we find but one of the fifty-two heads of insurance departments in this country who is making any earnest attempt

to correct the evil. Is it worth while to retain as an institution of state these departments which are supposed to be established to protect the interests of the people of their respective states and territories? Is state supervision of insurance through these departments worth the cost when they show so small a ratio of efficiency as one-fiftieth? Is there not a better way to protect the interests of the people than in the retention of these expensive practical politician conceived, public plunder, trust controlled, grafting, inefficient institutions, as the great majority of such departments certainly are? In life as well as in fire insurance companies the only real beneficial result of the law governing insurance is that companies licensed to do business in the states can be relied upon as being solvent. But if solvency can be otherwise secured, and more economically, then the department is valueless so far as the public is concerned.

It is not the purpose of the writer to tell the story of outrages by the managers of insurance companies. These have been furnished to the country by Mr. Lawson in *Everybody's Magazine* so far as they have participated in the operations of the Standard Oil System. Mr. Beardsley, in "Era", has accumulated the evidence and given it to the world in all its damning details; and Commissioner Host, of Wisconsin, in his able articles in the "Milwaukee Free Press" has done a great work in opening the eyes of the public to the enormity of the evils practiced by life insurance managers. These are all interesting and instructive and should be read. The purpose of the writer is, more especially, in these articles to point out the inadequacies of the law under which these evils are permitted to exist, and, so far as the writer is capable, to suggest a remedy, for, until a remedy is applied by efficient laws, these stories of corruption and wrong will continue to be told.

### Labor

One called unto the Workers: "Look," and "Look again,"  
"Lay down your sordid task and make a moment's pause;  
Withhold your tired hands from feeding hungry maws  
Of Commerce, which eats your very souls for others' gain.

See yonder beauteous sunset across the plain,  
Lift up your hearts to Him, the Primal Cause;  
Consider His great handiwork and kindly laws:

Bend not your backs to labor until work is pain."  
"Alas!" they answered, "towering walls stand up between,  
The air is thick and murky and our sight is dim;

But we would gladly look upon that beauteous scene  
And we would raise our tired hearts and grimy hands to Him,  
Could we but rest awhile or walk in meadows green,  
Where flowers bloom." Lo, death and labor—both are grim.

EDGAR M. SWAN.

# The Chicago Society of Anthropology

BY CHARLES J. LEWIS, M. D.

With the view of keeping alive the good work of the World's Fair Congresses held in this city during the Columbian Exposition, the motto of which was, "Men, Not Things," fourteen sturdy and earnest men met Sunday afternoon, September 29, 1895, in D. B. Bradley's office, 108 Washington street. After a general discussion of the subject, a society was formed for giving public lectures, to be followed by discussion, and a rejoinder by the speaker of the day. To establish these principles, a constitution was adopted which contained many of the features of the Anthropological Society of Washington, D. C.

While the goal of the society is to study man, and while its members hold with Pope that, "The proper study of mankind is man," it is necessary to say that we are not studying him according to university methods. Although we do not assign lessons and hold recitations, we nevertheless do some good work in Anthropology proper. On the program for April, 1899, I see the names of Professors Arthur W. Dunn, and Ira W. Howerth of the University of Chicago, the former of whom addressed the society on, "The Scope and Relations of Anthropology," and the latter, on "The Rise and Nature of Religion." Our course extends from October to May inclusive. We give several lectures during each course that are either on, or closely related to this, the newest of the sciences. On May 28th, 1905, we closed the tenth and most successful course of lectures in the history of the Society. We have given all told, 356 lectures, on nearly as many subjects.

One of the many meetings that has added to the good name of our Society was that of February 7, 1904, which will long be remembered as a veritable red-letter day. The occasion was the celebration of the 300th meeting, for which a special program was prepared under the general subject, "The Evolution of Man From Savagery to Civilization." The program as carried out on this occasion was:

Man in Savagery and the Nomadic Period, by Charles Turner Brown.

Man in the Pastoral Period, by W. F. Cooling.

The Evolution of Man's Religious Nature, and its Self-Expression in Religious Observance, by Milton S. Terry, D. D., Northwestern University.

Man in Government, by Arthur B. Rowell, Glencoe, Illinois.

## INTERMISSION.

Man in Machinery, by Joseph Lee.

A Short Historic Sketch of the Society, by Adolf G. Vogler.

Man in Education, by Charles O. Boring.

Man in Science, by A. L. Derdiger, M. D.

Man, by Charles J. Lewis, M. D.

The excellence of this symposium cannot be portrayed here, for lack of space, but it is expected that these ten minute papers will, in the near future, find their way into the hands of the printer, that they may be presented to a larger public.

## THE SCOPE OF OUR WORK.

The addresses and the discussions that follow, together with the lecturer's rejoinder to the latter, are constant reminders of the need of developing sound thinking. To test this, let us observe the alertness of our people and contrast their attainments with the people who attend lectures where no discussion is permitted. Moreover, there are those who hold that the latter custom tends to hero worship, to the perpetuation of false theories of education, of social order, and what is still more to be deplored, to the upbuilding and maintenance of caste in learning, on the one hand, and on the other, caste in ignorance, in the art of initiation, and a dwarfing of initiative. Furthermore, the method of one man's direction is the secret of the propagandist's power, the magnetism of the promoter of worthless schemes, and the cheek of the purveyor of adulterated foods. In the Society of Anthropology each is encouraged to think for himself. To accentuate self-thinking we insist as far as possible that the discussions which follow the lectures, shall take the form of amplification and correction of the theses, rather than that of debate.

In a properly constructed civilization, the great mass of individual brains will be stored with ideas which will be fairly representative of all of the environing forces, things and institutions. As it is now, most of our ideas are formed from experiences obtained in narrow fields of action and are necessarily limited in range. Class-gathered knowledge has always tended to magnify individual values beyond the truer values known to those who have a larger comprehension of the men and things round about them. We claim to have a basis for this larger value clearly set forth in the following extracts from our constitution. The scope of our work then, succinctly stated, is:

1. To disseminate scientific information and to inculcate scientific knowledge relating to the well-being of man physically, and mentally.

2. To analyze political, social and industrial conditions, to



discuss reform, and promulgate such changes as are deemed practical and praiseworthy.

3. To unite and render more effective the efforts of all who desire to work to secure conditions of intelligence and environment best calculated to develop perfect men and women.

In pursuance of the foregoing purposes the Society meets once a week and listens to lectures by competent speakers, followed by liberal and tolerant discussion by members and guests. who accord all views of whatever nature a respectful hearing.

#### WHO WE ARE.

We have the reputation of making our guests feel they are welcomed, instead of being regarded as intruders to be shunned. Fraternalism is shown in the single fact that our only test for membership is the payment of monthly dues. The Society aims at representing man, and not a clan or cult. By holding each individual as an important factor of the whole, we are led, step by step, to disregard the non-essentials that are continually arising among ourselves. This makes it easy to avoid the trifles, little annoyances and pin-pricks of jealousy noticeable in other gatherings where the good will is reserved for those of their own set. In this respect, our Society may be regarded as a clearing house for all contemporary associations which are organized for propaganda work. It is true that in all societies there is ever a tendency to form factions, and it is possible that for limited times, we ourselves have not been entirely free from this. Were any of these to succeed in any given society, it generally follows that the original purpose of the organization is changed. We have avoided cross purposes and kept them from becoming serious, by permitting the subject matter of the lectures to be freely discussed without prejudice. The refusal of this most excellent privilege has been the means of engendering in Chicago a well marked craze for clubs, societies, orders, associations, circles, sisterhoods, motherhoods, brotherhoods, federations, unions, leagues, amalgamations and many other "joinings" that might be mentioned.

Among the many things we are doing, is the partial lifting of the veil from the house of greed, the storehouse of pelf, and the abode of the maddening passions for political power.

Moreover, we are inclined to believe that the study of man as he now is, in all of the phases of his activities, is of more practical importance than the study of ancient man according to the principles of archæology. It is freely admitted, however, that the geologists and antiquarians have thrown much light on the history of primeval savage man in both Europe and America. It

is by the knowledge acquired by these scientists that we are able to learn something of the nature and habits of the ancient peoples, who are called Accadians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Jews, Egyptians, Cyprians, the Red Men of America and others, which knowledge is of inestimable value in making known the rise of the modern and boastful Indo-European.

Since our Society is creedless, it would be contradictory for us to enter upon any kind of narrow and limited propaganda work. By having different subjects every Sunday, we keep ourselves from crystalizing into a bunch of fossilized dogmatists. Our name would be a misnomer if we did not, like democracy, stand for the whole community. Hence, upon occasion, it is permissible for all classes that are sharply interested in intellectual, moral, social, or even commercial progress to bring their messages to our clearing house for adjustment. Here the politician can detect bad citizenship, and identify the qualities in which its badness consists, as well as discover good citizenship, and recognize the elements to which its goodness is due. The judge on the bench can come here with his equipoise, the university professor with his keen analysis, as well as the toiler with his plan for a more harmonious relation between himself and his employer. Moreover, the socialist with his "materialistic interpretation of history," the clergyman with his admonition, and the authoritarian with his budget of commands, as well as the individualist who yearns to be entirely free from all authority of man over man, can come here to either search for, or further humanitarian relations. No method is known to help men to see together better than to serve together. In a parliament of service, all imperiousness is relaxed, individual values balanced, and a course taken which will look towards ushering in a civilization which shall rest on the broad principles of comradeship.

No people have ever been known to be fortunate enough to have each person equal in brain and brain power to any other in his community. Acting on the theory that these differences are the substratum of caste, we are seeking to minimize them by drawing our speakers from thinkers and scholars who have grown up with and are a part of the various grades and classes that are easily discoverable in a great metropolis. This has been done without regard to sex, profession or religion. In this manner there have been brought to our forum persons who hold opposing views on social order, religion and philosophy. That this could be done without friction has been learned by experience.

It is not our aim, however, to act as peace makers between the warring religious, secular and mystic associations that are so rife in our city. Nor do we have any of the twang of a czar

who organized the Hague Congress of Peace at a time when he was perfecting a Manchurian policy that was sure to end in war with Japan. The "twang" just mentioned is Machiavelian, the cardinal principles of which are that a spy must lie, the lover use deceit, the gambler put up a bluff when he has a poor hand, and the diplomat say one thing when he means another.

Do you wonder then that we are out in search of a *Man* after learning that so many dissemble—conceal their motives—to gain a temporary advantage over their more susceptible fellows, and that we want him as soon as we can get him?

We will not be exacting about height, weight or color, except that he is high in the principle of comradeship, strong in moral courage, and straight faced. Moreover we will not ask that he be descended from the Netherlands, nor that he be a graduate from an up-to-date city slum. We hope, however, that he will be honest with himself, that he can distinguish between fact and fancy, truth and error, reality and illusion, and that he will be aglow with a passion for the common interests of his fellow men.

### **If He Serves His Fellows**

A man is a man, if he chooses to work  
And scorns to live by the sweat of others;  
He is less than a man who prefers to shirk  
And draw support from his toiling brothers.

Mere lords and thieves and beggars belong—  
When they choose to be carried, and toil are shirking—  
To a measly, mangy, parasite throng,  
The curse and torment of people working.

Let infants draw from their mothers' breasts;  
Let children lean on the arm of labor;  
But curse the fellow full-grown who rests  
And feeds on the back of a toil-worn neighbor.

And while you are cursing, just curse yourself  
If more for less you are gladly getting;  
Per cents and bargains of lovers of pelf,  
By Truth and Justice are called bloodletting.

GEORGE HOWARD GIBSON.

# The Point of View

BY ANNA MORTON BARNARD

Mrs. Jennings had once been Mary Miggs. After being Mary Miggs, and before becoming Mrs. Jennings, she had called herself Miss Marie Meiggs. The first change of name occurred just after she grew discontented with plain life on the old farm, and went to the city, becoming a stenographer.

When pretty Marie Meiggs, an independent and successful stenographer, took the name of Mrs. Jennings, she did what ambitious young women of a certain type wish to do under similar circumstances; that is, she rented a modern flat, and, amply supplied with money by her husband, filled it with bright new fittings of all kinds. She had always hoped and expected to be married, so the event of her wedding furnished no occasion for unusual emotions; but to have a flat with new modern furniture, draperies, pictures, etc., a flat in which there were no bare plain spaces—that was truly an unusual joy.

Once familiar with city flats and their many conveniences, the young woman began to make comparisons between these and her former country home, to the distinct disadvantage of the latter; and she hoped that she might never find herself again in great old square unadorned rooms, furnished with articles made for at least several generations service.

Mrs. Jennings' father had been trained to the cabinet maker's art in Europe, before leaving that country for America; and he had furnished his house in a way which was pleasing to him; following the plain and substantial models of some of the old time cabinet makers, with which he was familiar, and which he loved.

With intolerant intonation she often asked herself, "Why did Father make so many big square things; a square house, containing square rooms, and these rooms furnished with square tables, chairs, chests, dressers, and everything else square? It was so bare! The old-style cabinet work was so plain!"

She thought of her own ornamental chairs, dressers, tables, sofas, and all the rest, including mirrors, in approved oval, oblong and octagonal shapes; and resolved, "Father and Mother must see these things. Yes, they must come and see my pretty flat." She said it with emphasis, smiling in her pride.

Mrs. and Mr. Miggs paid their daughter a visit, but they went in trepidation. Ever since Mary Miggs had left home, and had begun signing her name "Marie Meiggs" at the ends of her letters, the old people had felt conscious that their daughter had somehow shifted positions, and now stood on a higher plain than

she was wont to occupy, from which she almost looked upon a new sun, moon, and other stars.

"Can we feel at home in Mary's house?" they asked.

"She lives in a different world," said her father.

"We'd better go, I suppose," concluded Matilda Miggs.

"I guess we'll try it," assented John Miggs.

And so they journeyed to the city.

Mrs. Marie Jennings piloted her good parental Matilda and John through the mazy streets, on the way from the depot to her house. Her kindness, and the glad welcome she gave, reassured the doubting pair; and once installed amidst the elegancies of the new flat, the couple felt satisfied that, so far, a duty not lacking in pleasure had been done. Very tired from the strain of his journey, John Miggs rested not uncomfortably in a "Morris Chair," while Matilda Miggs felt quite relieved, rocking demurely in an elaborately ornamental willow rocker.

"Now, isn't this flat perfectly lovely," Mrs. Jennings exclaimed, after her parents had been piloted through every room, and had seen all the treasures of her home.

"It's pretty, I'm sure," said her mother deferentially.

"It will do, I guess," assented her father with reservations.

"Oh you don't like it father, I know; you are so used to plain things, made on the severest lines. See my oval table; isn't it lovely?" the daughter went on enthusiastically.

"That's fashionable, is it?" queried John Miggs; and noticing the ceiling reflected in its polished surface, he thought, "Turn it up and it'll do for a looking glass."

"I like the oval shape," resumed Mrs. Jennings. "Then, in these flats we need ovals. Rooms are small, and corners on furniture are in the way. Corners are not beautiful. I so much like these small rooms; they are so cosy."

"That's my piano," she observed as she noticed the inquiring looks of her father and mother directed toward an upright piano, in polished, ornamented, and carved curly maple; an elaborate corner-piece. "I just told Harry I would not have a grand: though he insisted that that would be the best kind of a piano." In kindness she refrained from repeating her antipathy to large and square objects.

Though they were rested in body, a new weariness took possession of the visitors ere long. Adjusted to a simple environment, which had unfitted them to find comfort in a sojourn abroad under such conditions, they felt out of harmony with the highly artificial shapes, sizes, colors, tones, and reflections which surrounded them in the furnishings of Mary's flat. They could hardly rest that night on the best brass bed; and the fine springy mat-

tress made them uncomfortable. They grew nervous from looking at the clouds made upon furniture by their moist hands; they felt smothered by all the elaborate draperies, and began to wish that they were at home again almost as soon as they had arrived.

The next morning both showed that they were quite uneasy; and the old man did not have a hard task convincing his daughter that the calves and chickens at home needed his attention; though in truth a neighbor had agreed to care for his animals for two or three days. And Mrs. Jennings, relieved too, and feeling sympathetic toward what she called their "homesickness," led the old couple back to the station and bade them a properly regretful off-spring's farewell.

Once the train had left the city, and was traversing the broad lands which covered the fifty miles between their home and their daughter's, John Miggs brightened up.

"Matilda, we'll be *so* glad to get home," he said.

"Yes, we will," was the now definite response.

Far<sup>1</sup> along on the road the old man wakened out of a refreshing slumber, and said with growing courage, "That ain't the way to live. It ain't healthy. There ain't no air in them flats, and no room to turn round. I don't like them ovals and scrolls on everything, and looking glasses everywhere. They make my soul tired, I think. I like big, square comfortable things; things like I made when we were first married. They look fine to me. I learned to make them when I served my apprenticeship with an old cabinet maker, who loved every stick that he handled; and who wouldn't do a bad piece of work, or hurry up for anybody. I made our furniture of oak, and made it big and square; and I didn't polish a stick of it. It has served us nigh on to forty years, and will last for forty years more. But our Mary won't want it. I like it square; it helps me to live on the square, someway."

"I got a little tired," piped Matilda, boldly.

"But why does Mary like them flats and ovals?" queried the old man, still puzzled by the mystery of modern furnishings. "Ugh; the glassy things!"

"Yes, I know she aint like she used to be," he went on. "We gave her a square name and she has even changed that into an oval. Mary is a square name, now; ain't it? And she has put a different shape on it."

"That's the whistle for home, John," interrupted Matilda Miggs. The train was already slackening its speed before their little home station.

Once at home, the woman passed her hands lovingly over several pieces of old furniture, staunch as a rock and innocent of polish, mere honest oak, and a slight tell tale track, where her

fingers passed, showed that there was need of the dust cloth. That was all; the surfaces were not clouded by her touch.

John Miggs went out, after he had looked over his household belongings with loving eyes, and happily counted his calves, delightedly thinking of his farm, of his home, and its contents.

"God's own sunlight, and God's own colors in the fields and skies, and a big comfortable house furnished with big easy, lasting things can beat all them city fixin's," he said.

The birds were singing in the trees near; the chickens were telling of their eggs; and the sleek, passive calves had never before radiated from their eyes such tokens of peace.

And John Miggs smiled.

### Honor

The liar has my deep contempt—

A lie I wouldn't tell;

But, just to have revenge on him,

I'd like to fool him well.

The man who swears I do despise—

Oh, swear I never would!

But, none the less, to humble him,

I'd like to curse him good.

And he who takes another's life

To get his purse and coat—

I long to catch him in the dark

And fiercely cut his throat.

The lyncher, ah, give me his blood

For trampled honor's sake;

I'd like to bind his legs and arms

And burn him at the stake.

How oft in life we thoughtless spur

The flanks of jaded time,

Condemning wrong with words as wrong,

Or fighting crime with crime.

And cannot we, of reas'ning minds,

These things that we deplore

With calmness meet, nor raise a hand

Or voice to summon more?

O God, forbid that I should let

A hasty word or deed

Of vengeance for how great a wrong

Make honor's honor bleed.

FRANK HONEYWELL.

# Science of Society

BY G. EDWARD LIND

The science of human society is based upon the knowledge of certain facts discovered by an analysis of social phenomena. Therefore, in order to understand the past and present of society, and be able to predict—with some degree of certainty—the course of future social development, it is absolutely necessary to have a comprehensive grasp of the fundamental principles of a social philosophy that treats of the causes of social phenomena. The fundamental principles of this social philosophy are summed up in the following propositions:

1. Society is evolutionary.
2. The economic organization of human society determines the character of its social institutions.
3. Each economic system is the natural outgrowth of the preceding economic system.
4. Each economic system projects to the position of "social rulership" the possessors of the economic essentials of that system.
5. Improvements in the methods of producing wealth gradually transform the economic organization of society, thus changing the economic relationship, which results in the creation of a new (economic) class which becomes the dominant "ruling" class in society after a struggle with the previous ruling class. This is the "method" of social progress.
6. Our present economic system (capitalism) has projected the owners of "productive capital" to the position of social rulership, and consequently the capitalist class is using that "rulership" to advance their own interests and perpetuate capitalism.
7. Owing to the operation of the "law of surplus value" and the "iron law of wages" the natural resources (including productive capital) are being concentrated in the hands of a constantly (numerically) diminishing capitalist class, and as a result the ever-increasing wage-working class has been divorced from the "ownership and control" of the means of life (productive capital) hence, the workers are "dependent" and they can only "use" the means of production and distribution by "permission" of the capitalist who will employ labor only on condition, that labor produce a surplus in the form of "profit" for the capitalist.
8. Under our present system of exploitation the wage-working class of the world has nothing to lose but their chains (of wage-slavery) and a world to gain, hence there is an irrepressible



class struggle between the exploited working class and the exploiting capitalist class.

9. Owing to the fact that the function of the capitalist class viz: of organizing and superintending industry is now performed by "hired men" the capitalist class is "useless" to society, hence capitalists (as such) are doomed to extinction.

10. As the wage-working class of the world (that is, everybody that works with hands or brain for wages or salary) constitute the vast majority (nearly 80 per cent) and perform the work of the world, is now the only "essential" class in society, it follows, that in the very nature of things, the working class of the world must (by reason of economic necessity) become the dominant class in society by securing control of the "political power" of the world.

11. The economic system that will be the result of working class "political supremacy" will have as its distinctive features the collective ownership and democratic operation of the instruments of wealth production and distribution, that is to say, the next system will be a self-governing industrial-democracy.

The foregoing propositions force the conviction, that human society is in reality a "changing order" ever trying to adapt itself to the changing economic environment. We are now in the transitional stage, but we can catch a glimpse of the society of "tomorrow" a society that will be democratic politically and industrially, a society in which the people will be free, *i. e.*, a co-operative commonwealth.

### The Flaming Soul

A sudden silence 'twixt a smile and tear  
And lo! the angel of thee in the mire  
A-fallen and be-soiled I saw, and knew  
How much of thee was earth, how little fire.

And once again within the silences  
I saw thy soul, earth-free; ah! no least blame  
Upon thee; pure as holy thought of heaven,  
Thy spirit glowed, a light, a living flame.

I wondered at thy beauty, and was awed  
By the white glory of thee, goddess grown;  
And yet, when in the mire of weakness over-thrown  
I loved thee, and do hold thee for mine own.

JOSEPH LOEB.

# To the Man Who Refuses to Praise Me

BY GRACE MOORE

Vanity is not destroyed. We think it dies, but like the physical body at death, it only changes its form. If I am no longer vain of my good looks, of my connections, my accomplishments, etc., it is that the power of which my vanity was the symbol has shifted its position and now emerges from a different center of consciousness. I cease to regard my good looks my connections, my accomplishments, for their personal value to myself and to my immediate companions, and they become of importance to me, as servants and benefactors of all mankind. I see in each faculty and function of my being, a possible means by which the Impersonal may express itself.

Have I a beautiful face? If so, it is the specific product of the Universal Life Energy manifesting in form, and does not in reality belong to me. Have I connections superior to yours? It is only that I am on the opposite side of the same circle that you are on. To-day I am under the direct rays of the sun—to-morrow you will be. Am I an artist in this nineteenth century incarnation, and you a hod-carrier? In our next manifestation on this plane, you shall have your reward for carrying bricks, for I will pass on to you the lesson I am now learning, and you will be a greater artist than I am.

But would you receive, in good time, the knowledge and blessing of artistic genius, you must praise the genius in me. I, in the past, have praised the genius in you that moves bricks, else you would not to-day be moving bricks so skillfully and graciously.

Fear you to praise me? Then by all that's holy, do not do so. It is dangerous to do the thing you fear to do. Praise that has fear in it, is not praise. True praise always exalts and at the same time humbles. It never begets vaingloriousness. You fear that you may cultivate vanity in me? Indeed my vanity *will* grow and become a weed, if it is my vanity you minister to, or my limited personality. Should you praise that in me which least deserves praise, I certainly shall not praise your act, but heartily despise it. Children become ashamed of their parents who indiscriminately praise them, and the community is ashamed of the parents.

A slave to personal vanity, I become emancipated, only through perfect freedom to grow into knowledge and consciousness of the folly of such vanity. To be sure, the vanity that has not really

died, but has only changed its form, is still vanity, but like the physical body that has passed into an invisible, etheric state, it has at least been born into a finer realm of activity, and has enlarged its possibilities in proportion to its sphere.

I must be praised. If you will not praise me, you are, by your own decree, excluded from the sanctuary. You may venture into the sanctuary to sit with me, as the skeptic takes a seat in the church that he has no interest in, but if you come not to praise, you cannot sup with me. The Divine Wisdom of the ages has an abiding place in me. It will manifest in my conduct and expression, only as there is an invitation from without, to which it can respond.

If you desire an impersonal expression from me, you must see in me the Impersonal Power, and praise It into life. I ask you to criticise my written words, or my conduct, or my water color, or my new dress, and you readily respond. You are willing to do that, as the skeptic is willing to criticise. You point out the flaws so decidedly and clearly, because you so decidedly and clearly see them. My new dress has a wrinkle in it here, the water color has a false line there, my conduct was not what it should have been on a given occasion, my poem was written in a metre too common. These comments you make without hesitation or embarrassment, as the skeptic finds the flaws in the church service, and is unconsciously callous to the beautiful truth that the sun and the moon give forth their light, though walls and roof and passing clouds for a time obscure them.

I will let my light shine, as the sun shines in the heavens, but you cannot perceive the light as it radiates from me, nor be warmed by it, while your mind attaches its positive consideration only to passing shadows. The Universal Intelligence is eternally positive, and is therefore always a reality, but it only becomes a reality to the conscious mind, as that mind exalts it to a divine purpose.

If I am vain, it is that I have in my nature, the possibilities of a higher and finer form of the same thing. Can you not perceive in my vanity, the germ of a flower, that with tender nursing and intelligent co-operation, will bloom for you? If not, it is your loss; you have missed your opportunity. Recognition of the fine points in my written word, my conduct, my water color and my new frock, is much more incumbent upon you, than is the recognition of their deficiencies. Exalt me for my potentialities and I will the sooner perceive my short-comings. Would you be one of Nature's builders and co-operators, let your strenuousness be on her positive side. Praise the clarified personality immediately behind the limited one. Praise the supremely intelligent mind,

filtrating through the mortal mind. Praise the Universal Spirit, of which the individual spirit is a part—"Praise God in the HIGHEST."

From out the Great Deep nothing proceedeth, except It be praised. The sun shineth alike upon the scoffer and upon the man who praises, but the real blessing of the sunshine is only for the man with the anthem in his soul. He who pauses and reflects upon, and acknowledges the beauty and possibilities of the sunshine, will become partaker and sharer of those beauties and possibilities, for universal ends, as he who only analyzes the soil, never will.

And you say that I expect to be praised, therefore you cannot praise me. I am expecting nothing, dear friend. I only observe that you have not complied with the law, from the fact that out of our association nothing has been born for our own or the world's upliftment. You forget that the gift is to the giver, and that it is more blessed to praise than to be praised.

"The spoken word," you say, "is not necessary. If I praise you silently, that is enough." It may be enough for me, dear friend, but it is not enough for *you*. Our unspoken praise of God is known to Him, but the perfection of God that we praise, will not become known to us, except we speak the word by which it becomes manifest. Think you, to have beautiful, crackling, warmth-giving flames, without an opening to the sky and a well regulated, receptive door to the earth beneath? No more can you have the bright colors of an ever moving panorama of Wisdom's works, without the circulating power of intelligent, sincere and loving praise.

Praise me only that I may become worthy of praise. Praise in me, whatever seeds of beauty you may perceive lying there, that they may blossom and bear fruit for your own delectation. Praise the one feature of my conduct that seems commendable to you, that on another occasion I may have power to manifest for your delight, more of the quality you admired. Praise the becoming color of the ribbon I wear, that I may find other colors, expressive of the same divine beauty. Rejoice with me that such and such leaf or flower in my brush study, is true to the impulses of nature, for so will the better representation I have once happily made, be impressed upon my conscious mind, and that mind be made capable upon future efforts, of a still better representation. Note the most lovely, delicate, harmonious blending of creative genius, in the physical body I carry around with me. I am not so limited or defective in my physical expression, but that you can find a feature it were not mean to praise. My intellect may not be that of a Hypatia or Pericles, but at least I know

that two plus two equals four. Is not that wonderful? And though I be not a Master of Wisdom, with a Master's supreme compassion, did I not offer you a cup of cold water when you were thirsty, and give you of such wisdom as I had when you were poor in spirit? Could the Master Himself do more?

The HIGHEST in every radiating centre of being, I would that you would praise, praise, praise.

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## What is Worth While

BY DR. W. E. ELFRINK

When we have sifted the things that matter and the things that don't matter,

When we have decided upon the things that are worth the price and the things that are not worth the price;—

The price in labor, in love, in friends, in character, in results, in actions, reactions, in giving, in receiving,

The cost to ourselves and to our neighbors, to the individual and the cosmic whole,

When we have balanced the selfish and the unselfish, the interests of ourself of the collective mass,

When we have arrived at unity and the consciousness of unity,

What will we have left, what things will matter and what things won't matter?

Will it matter most whether we have always expected full measure, or whether we have been careful to always give full measure?

Will it concern us more if some one has wronged us than if we have wronged someone else?

Will the charity of dollars weigh more than the charity of love and service?

Will rewards mean more to us than to be worthy of reward?

Will delegated charities take the place of giving ourselves?

Will our pound of flesh look big enough to fill the gap in the cosmic breast?

Will profits and interest and rents be enough to balance want, hunger, poverty, rags, cold and despair?

Will height and breadth of intellect outweigh charity and love?

Will opinions count and facts fail to count?

Will success mean more than the deserving of success?

Will enough to eat be more than earning enough to eat?

I ask the question, the answer is for you to give, and for me to give, each to himself.

When you are making your final settlement with the cosmic  
humanity,  
When you are facing the consequences—consequences, not pun-  
ishments—of your own acts.  
When you are adding up your liabilities and your assets,  
When it becomes a matter of solvency or insolvency,  
When it becomes a question of worthiness or unworthiness,  
When the whole panorama of your own evolution stands out be-  
fore you and before evolution,  
What will you wish to expunge and what will you wish to let  
stand?  
When illusions have passed away and you have become conscious  
of realities,  
When you are able to discern between the stable and the transi-  
tory, between the eternal and the temporal,  
Will your bank account be worth more than your investment in  
humanity?  
Will your rentals be worth more than the sweat of your own  
brow?  
Will your stocks and bonds be counted as assets or liabilities?  
Will your days of care and luxury be more satisfactory than the  
weary time you spent in tilling the soil?  
When you are sitting in judgment upon your own life and you  
have to pronounce yourself solvent or insolvent,  
Will your neighbor's opinion or any opinion help you?  
Will honors, distinction and social prestige help you?  
Will it matter whether you lived in a palace or in a hovel?  
Will it matter whether you dined at banquets or on crusts?  
Will it matter whether you were clothed in broadcloth or in rags?  
What is it that will count, and what is it that won't count?  
I am insistent upon an answer for the question, and will not leave  
you until it is answered.  
We can put it aside, but it comes back at us and troubles us  
when we would be at peace.  
We can tell ourselves that it don't concern us or that to-morrow  
will do;  
But that does not answer the question, and it only grows larger  
through delay.  
Come, let us not delay to cast up accounts and weigh the things that  
are worth while and the things that are not worth while.

# A Song of Siberia

BY HELEN HAWTHORNE CRIGHTON

Little Brother of the Snows,  
Chilled and chained by brutal laws,  
Given war to hide the woes  
That support your holy cause,  
Let the trembling fear of kings  
Mock the faith your sorrows breed  
In the song that Freedom sings  
Surely for your starving need.

All the horrors of the field  
Where ferocious carnage screams  
Sooner for your peace must yield,  
One by one your dearest dreams—  
Dreams of unimprisoned toil,  
Freedom needs to feed its own,  
In the struggle masters foil  
For their empty pride alone.

Dreams of something, thro' the gloom,  
Calling blindness to the light  
Where no servile fears consume,  
Hearts bewildered in their fright.  
Dreams above the groaning clod,  
Dragging down the peasant's hope.  
Dreams unpunished by the rod,  
Falling where the famished grope.

Little Brother of the Snows,  
Dreams so fashioned by the soul  
Flourish as the harvest grows—  
Strong to make your longings whole.  
Every lash and every life  
Woven in your heavy yoke.  
Counts against the royal strife  
As a final, fatal stroke.

All the chains that tyrants weld  
Stretch across their last retreat.  
All the gall your cup has held  
Cruel war is twining sweet.

Thrones and palaces of pride  
Soon must be the foolish cost  
Of the freedom they denied,  
Of the loyalty they lost.

Little Brother of the Snows,  
Nurtured by the Russian Bear,  
Day by day your freedom grows—  
More than you have strength to wear.  
Down along the bloody trail,  
Clear from Mukden to the sea,  
Arms of progress will not fail  
Soon to set your bondage free.



### **The Bird and the Beast**

The American Bird—a majestic bird—  
His prowess hath long been known;  
He soareth aloft in the azure blue  
And ruleth his kingdom alone.  
The American Bird—a strenuous bird—  
Imperial and grand his flight;  
He yieldeth away to no delay  
And he battleth main and might.  
  
But the 'Merican Hog, that wants the earth;  
What valor doth he display,  
Save to drink his fill of the richest swill  
And climb in the trough to stay?  
Craving dollar for dime from every clime,  
Wherewith to widen his girth,  
His task is set—he continueth yet  
To covet the cream of the earth.

ZENE SPURRIER.



# To-Day

BY O. LEONARD

To-day is the greatest day history ever saw. It includes all greatness that ever was. All efforts of the past are concentrated in it. To-day is dominated by the highest ideals, and guided by the sublimest conceptions. It is better than all yesterdays; better than all previous days. It embodies the wisdom of all ages. The long, long centuries of advancement worked together and to-day is the result of their labors. The sun never shone on a better, more refined and greater day, than to-day.

Tell me not of your Plato and Socrates of your Epictetus and Epicurus, say not that they are great, for they are not, they were great in their day. The average man of to-day knows more than your Plato. The child of to-day can form clearer conceptions of the world than Seneca; and your Epictetus's ethical speculations are somewhat out of place to-day.

You show me the old philosophers, the sages of days gone by, and you praise their wisdom. You think that the weight of ages will crush my boast about to-day. But you are mistaken. I believe that they were wise in their time and place, but that was long, long ago.

What may have been wise once, seems folly now. The Republic of your Plato is based on a machinery of State, on slavery and aristocracy. A very pernicious trinity. The so-called systems of your old philosophers are based on nothing. They lack the positive, the concrete. To-day is positive, we see it, we feel it, we live it. Yesterday was, but it is gone; it served its purpose, it supplied to-day with something to make it better.

You smile, show me your Shakespeare and think you have conquered me. You say the literary world never produced his equal. With an air of triumph you tell me "He is the greatest of them all," but you are far from triumph. How many people can really enjoy your Shakespeare?

The writings of a man are good when they are true to nature, and can easily be understood and enjoyed by the average man of intelligence. Your Shakespeare is pretty far from this. You call his writings the best ever produced, but you use expurgated editions. Why should people lose a part of the best literary productions? If your Shakespeare would live and write to-day the things he wrote, no one would look at his books.

Why should I read your Shakespeare with his trivialities of Kings, Queens, Princes, and foolish hypocritical Courtiers, if I can get my Ibsen, Hauptman, or Suderman, who describe the life of my fellow men, and embody the spirit of my own time?

"What about Socrates?" You ask. I leave him alone, as long as I can find my way to Emerson. And is not Spencer better than all your Pythagoras?

You like the old, you spend your time on it, when you can read the new, which is more advanced and much better than the old. The new embodies every good thing from the old and adds to it a tint of perfection.

Do you think that Darwin's years of research and labor added nothing to the store of human knowledge? Do you think that he exerted no influence on the philosophy of to-day? Ponder over it a little and you will see that he revolutionized science. What would you think of a man who would persist in believing Cuvier's speculations, because they are older; instead of adopting Darwin's theories that are based on fact and observation?

It is always the new that embodies everything known up to the present. If I believe in progress, then I am bound to believe that the new is better than the old.

No one would say to-day that the stage coach is a better means of travel than the modern train, and yet the train is an outcome of the new thinking, of the getting away from the old. Why should it not be so in literature? As we understand better to-day how to make better material things, so do we know better how to appeal to the intellect. I would not mind reading the old sages once in a while, as I would not mind traveling in the stage coach, just to feel the sensation of it; but I do not forget that the train makes better time and offers more comfort. It is so with the exploits of the mind. I may look through Marcus Aurelius now and then, but I always remember that he lived about seventeen hundred years ago. Since then better and more thoughtful books have been written.

No one will try to persist in using tallow candles when he can have electric lights, but many people will read tallow candle philosophy under the electric light.

Why make use of the latest inventions if you think that of old, people could think better?

We go too much by public opinion. We copy each other too much. We forget to be ourselves. Our thoughts are biased, and our judgment is not entirely free. Instead of leading ourselves we allow others to lead us, and thus weaken the native self-reliance. The desire to "keep up" with those around us is too great. We are afraid to differ from people.

We begin to read the works of a writer with preconceptions of his greatness. Suppose you had never heard of Dante or Milton; and some one would read you certain passages from their writings, do you believe you would think them great? And if any one

would undertake to-day to preach and practice some of the doctrines of your Diogenes, you would shrink from him in utter disgust. As for your Homer, you think a world of him because others do. Even though you admit all this, when pressed hard enough, you still go about saying that the old philosophers were wiser, and the old poets wrote better than the new. You do it simply because your College Professor said so.

No one would allow others to eat for him, but very many allow others to think for them. To this we owe the superficiality of so many people. We have gotten into the habit of doing everything by certain rules. These rules have become our masters; we dislike the man who ignores them.

Many people who never read Walt Whitman, say they do not like him. He was too much of an egotist, he was conceited, he deviated from established rules, in other words he was too original. They do not read his writings because Mr. So and So said they are no good; and without investigation Mr. So and So's opinion is accepted.

The fame of many an author has been made by a few men, and many a good book has been obscured because the author had no personal friends in the literary world. For him whose eyes are always open, and who insists on judging for himself, the world has more able men and women to-day, than it ever had. But the majority, who always follow the trail of someone else, will always praise the old and neglect the new. Not only in literature and music is this true, but it is so in painting and sculpture. "Raphael was great" you say. In truth he was when you think of him as living in the sixteenth century. But does he equal Millet?

The painters and sculptors of to-day interpret life as it is, as we see it, and understand it, therefore, we find life in their productions. The artists of old painted angels, of whom neither they nor we, know anything. They painted gods, demons, dragons, things that never existed.

No American would say that the Russian form of government is the best because it is the nearest to the old forms. We pride ourselves on the new institutions. We never think the old institutions better. Why then, should we think that the people who lived in olden times were better? The lives and characters of the people are a result of the institutions of their day, and the institutions of an epoch bear the mark of those who compose it. If this be so, are not the people of our day the best that ever lived?

Men influence the time in which they live; they give birth to new ideals and new institutions, only to be in turn influenced by these institutions and led toward loftier, nobler and truer ideals. This is the eternal, ever revolving wheel of progress.

The world never saw a day of which it could rightfully be said, "This day is not as good as yesterday." Such a day will never be. As long as life exists on this globe there will never be seen a day less perfect than its predecessor. This world will never see a generation less noble or less accomplished, in every way than the former. Every generation ascends a step; since the birth of time it has been so and it will be so to eternity.

### Looks Like Spring

To-day I heerd a robin sing,  
An' then a bluebird twittering,  
An' onct a "wood-peck" hammering;  
I swan, it sounds like spring.

Th' willows is a puttin' out  
The'r fuzzy ears to hear th' shout  
Of blackbirds as they tilt an' swing  
Above th' brook's low murmuring;  
I swow, it looks like spring.

Old Sol gits cheerier every day,  
It looks as tho' he'd comt t' stay;  
Th' breeze grows soft an' whispering;  
I kind o' wish thet I could sing—  
It feels so much like spring.

Las' night I set fer quite a spell  
An' listen'd to th' bluejay's yell,  
The'r song, it haint th' sweetest thing—  
'Taint half so purty es the'r wing—  
An' yit I like t' hear em' shout,  
They seem to say: "You jes git out!"  
Marindy ses th' bluejays is  
Th' only birds thet tends t' biz;  
You wouldn't jedge so frum the'r clo's—  
But then I 'low Marindy knows.  
Well, as I started once t' say,  
Las' night er to'ards th' edge of day—  
Jes when th' stars begins t' blink,  
An' them as feels, can't help but think,  
I thought I heerd a cowbell ring,  
An' (p'raps 'twas F'ancy's whisperings),  
I almost heerd a bullfrog sing;  
Why, darn! it must be spring.

HENRY GRAY GLOVER.

# DESMORGENSLANDT

BY BARRIE MARTONNE AND M. F. CANFIELD

## Oppression

Tyrants, beware! Autocracy cannot press  
Its heel into the soul of man,—firm-set,  
With murd'rous ball and blade and bayonet,  
It oft may still the wail of deep distress,  
Yet Vengeance cries:—"Great God, our wrongs redress!  
"What boots these horny hands and bloody sweat;  
"These loyal hearts, their efforts to forget  
"Their ancient wrong, if tyrants *still* oppress?"  
Chains may gall the flesh and torture rack the frame,  
Siberia's cold the tongue in silence seal;  
Yet in the soul immortal lives a flame  
Which lifts above the thought of present weal,  
Lifts clod to man, and burns the brow with shame,  
Compelled in spirit-servitude to kneel.



## Concerning Desmorgenslandt

From the East and West, from the North and the South, a motley throng of pilgrims are journeying towards Desmorgenslandt. There's the toddling infant who prattles of what he will do when he "gets to be a big man," the careless school-boy to whom to-morrow holds out an alluring hand, the buoyant college youth who is laying the foundation for a career, the zealous man of affairs who ever sees the goal of success just beyond, and finally the venerable sire who, fainting by the wayside, must needs stop short of Desmorgenslandt himself but looks for the fulfillment of his own ambitions in his son and grandson. Hope is the magnet that draws them on; but the road is steep and manifold are the fetters which hold them back, hence few there are—if, indeed, any—who ever arrive at this long-dreamed-of, much-talked-of land. Like the squirrel in his revolving cage they ceaselessly tread the prescribed path which brings them to-day no nearer Desmorgenslandt than yesterday.

While perhaps none have attained, yet some there are who, having penetrated beyond the horizon of to-day, find themselves wandering in the borderland of this bright country. It is the aim of this department to give to our readers jottings that two pilgrims have gleaned along the way, with now and then glimpses of Desmorgenslandt itself.

**An Early March Sunset**

Behind a screen of darkling boughs  
With buds of greening-grey,  
Now soft approaching Twilight steals  
Its kiss from parting Day.  
A vapor-sea of melting blue  
With violet lights between,  
And sifting crimson over all  
The upward golden sheen.

**My First Approach to Desmorgenslandt**

*Via Thoreau.*

It was the first holiday I had possessed for a whole year. As I plunged deeper and deeper into the forest, drinking in its free air and feasting on its wild beauty, my own heart was quickened and attuned to the myriad music notes that merged into one soft symphony of joy. I shuddered at every thought of the past three hundred and sixty-five days of ceaseless toil,—toil for what? Subsistence merely. I fell to wondering why men should deliberately choose such thralldom to life.

While musing thus, I found myself in a clearing where stood a rude, but well constructed, tightly-shingled hut. A short distance from the doorway, sitting on a tree-stump, was—could it be possible—yes, it was surely—Thoreau himself! I paused an instant to gaze upon this man whose rugged make-up was so in keeping with his wild surroundings. Judging him from his crop of disheveled brown hair, the fringe of throat whiskers around his deep-lined, decidedly individual face, and also from the old clothes in which his lean long-armed figure was clad, one would more likely take him for an untamed woodman than for a graduate of Harvard.

As I drew nearer, I saw that he was intent upon sharpening a lead pencil. I began to wonder how he would receive me. What if he should regard me as an unwelcome intruder! But the fact is he didn't regard me at all,—simply accepted my presence with preoccupied indifference. When he had put a satisfactory point to his pencil he looked up questioningly—not at *me*, but simply to see if I appreciated the perfection of this hand-made pencil.

"A fine bit of work," I remarked. "Going into the business?"

"Never expect to make another one," was the unlooked for reply. Then noting my astonishment, he continued: "Well, you see I've perfected the art and when there's no further advance to be made in a craft it's time you drop it and take up something else."

"Oh, I see," I said simply.

"See what?" he asked.

"That you've reached"—I hesitated—"Walden," I added evasively.

"But that was not what you meant to say." His deep-set blue eyes looked into my averted gray ones so reproachfully and yet with such a true light of sympathy in them that I was led on.

"Desmorgenslandt is what *I* call it." I had never told any one about my "land of to-morrow," for I knew they would laugh at me, but I saw that he understood.

"And how do you define Desmorgenslandt?" he queried.

"Well, I can't exactly define it," I replied, "but perhaps it is to man what life above ground is to the seedling—a place where he is free to grow."

"Just so!" he interpolated, "a state of emancipation,—physical, moral, mental, spiritual."

"I mean to enjoy this freedom myself some day," I continued.

"When?" he looked at me quizzically.

"When I've earned enough to properly provide for myself and family, then I'm going to take time to *live*."

"Ah, my poor fellow, you are laboring under a mistake. By a seeming fate, called necessity, men are employed, as it says in an old book, in laying up treasures which moth and rust will corrupt and thieves break through and steal. It is a fool's life, as they will find when they get to the end of it, if not before. Actually the laboring man has not leisure for a true integrity day by day; he cannot afford to sustain the manliest relations to men; his labor would be depreciated in the market. He has no time to be anything but a machine.

"It is because I see what lives of quiet desperation the mass of men are leading that I have come to 'Walden' to-day. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear. I *do* wish to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I cannot learn what it has to teach, and not, when I come to die, discover that I have not lived.

"Nor is this desire for the chance to live life fully, for the leisure to think and ripen and enjoy, solely a selfish one. It is my purpose in winning freedom for myself to point others the way to freedom; to show how very small are the needs of the body which, too often, a man spends his whole life in supplying; to prove that in every life there might be time to be wise, opportunity to tend the growth of the spirit."

"Time to 'glorify God and enjoy Him forever,'" I added reverently.

# Book Review

BY THE EDITOR

Clarence Darrow's "Farmington" is likely to do more than merely reach the heart of the individual; it may upset conditions. The soothing simplicity of its influence is but a soft cover for a great restlessness? Out of that restlessness the grown-up man is forever questioning in a gentle, pathetic way that catches at the heart, that strange cruelly kind, or kindly cruel, system of child training that cramped so mercilessly his own boyhood and that of thousands of others. The pathos of it all is his acceptance of it, past, present and forever. He looks out with brooding eyes of fire but he does not rebel. The reader who is not a reformer storms inwardly at the things he has known but has never seen in words before, yet he falls back inevitably to his old position of standing by the hide-bound. What is to be done? he asks. But the leaders of the new educational movement will show what is to be done. And Darrow's book in their hands, or out of them, will offer but another powerful argument for a broader, more natural, more sympathetic way of reaching into the tender young minds that receive such deathless impressions.

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A remarkable book is Andrew D. White's Autobiography (Century Co.) As Minister to Russia he had opportunities of learning the causes of Russian insurrection. Of course there is a chapter on Tolstoi. It is called Walks and Talks with Tolstoi. And throughout the book there are interesting recollections of the famous men who congregate in national capitals. That the book is worthy of attention is attested by the fact that Jeannette L. Gilder gives an extensive review of it.

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The Kalevala is a translation or rather adaptation of the Finnish folk rhymes by John Martin Crawford of Cincinnati. The rhymes themselves date back to the mythological period of Borcalic settlement, but the translation was made a few years ago.

The book is interesting in view of the recent effort of the Finns to regain national freedom.

Students of philology and poetry will recognize the likeness to Hiawatha and some even claim that Longfellow appropriated its peculiar metre. It is worth studying. Published by The Robert Clarke Co. of Cincinnati.

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No stronger or truer words could be written as an estimate of J. W. Lloyds "Dawn-Thought" than its own introductory:



"This is a book, O Reader, that you will not agree with," it says, "but if you read it you will never forget it and ten years from now it will seem truer to you than today."

Anyone on the same plane of awakened thought with the author will derive the keenest pleasure in reading this book. New ideas are presented in a fascinating manner and shadowy glimpses of a truer and freer spiritual force turn into something visible that is brought forward into the white light of a broad intelligence and introduced to you, reverently and lovingly.

Those, too, who are reaching out for a broader conception of a universal power for good, that shall enfold, yet urge to the highest development, will find "Dawn-Thought" an ante-chamber to a temple of peace where the soul may enter and find that for which it will return again.

### Books Received

From Albert Brandt, Trenton, New Jersey:

"THE GATE BEAUTIFUL," being Principles and Methods in Vital Art Education, with many thousands of illustrations and two-color charts. By Prof. John Ward Stimson. Royal quarto 420 pages. Cloth, \$7.50 net, by mail \$7.95; paper, \$3.50 net, by mail \$3.76.

From Ruskin University Press, Glen Ellyn, Ill.:

"THE ANATOMY OF MISERY," lectures on Economics, by John Coleman Kenworthy, Ph.D.

From Purdy Publishing Co., McVicker's Bldg., 78 Madison, Chicago:

"DAWN-THOUGHT," by J. W. Lloyd.

As we go to press it becomes expedient to make the following announcements:

Having sold our lease of 1926 Indiana Ave. to give place to a new six story building we shall move to new quarters at once and will be able to announce our permanent address in To-MORROW for June.

Dr. Oscar L. Triggs resigns his connection with the To-MORROW Magazine to take up new work in another field.

In this number Parker H. Sercombe gives editorially an outline of his message to humanity.

This is the first time his objects and aims have been given to type. His plan deals with causes and not with effects. He is doing what others have been talking about for two thousand years. Thank God others will follow and he has not patent right.

# The Informal Brotherhood



*To Sercombe Himself:*

MY DEAR COMRADE:—I love to encourage "Truth Seekers" whenever and wherever I find them, and, although a stranger to you personally, TO-MORROW gives me an assurance that "*I know you!*" mentally, spiritually and psychologically.

*I know* and "*am with you!*"

For Light, Liberty and Life!

For Physical, Spiritual and Psychical Life!

For "How to Think and How to Live."

For "The Right to Labor and Live in Joy."

For This Mighty World of Good.

For The Omnipotent Sword of *Intelligence*.

For The Practical School and Home.

For Those who are "Broad" in Common Sense.

For Those Who Resist Not Evil.

For Those Who Can Forgive.

ALLEN S. LONDON.

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## Human Happiness

To have happiness in your possession means you must work for it. It comes from the inside. It is not won from power, intellectual greatness, wealth, or social position. It is that jewel of heaven and earth which can be won and worn in obscurity as well as in the light and blaze of fame.

The important fact is that happiness is not having a wider recognition. The life of man has grown more and more materialistic. This growth of materialism brings out more clearly the hazardous character of life. The mad race for getting and spending, the demand for power, fame, pleasure and excitement has lowered the standards of manhood and the world. The qualities of materialism is a strain upon the physical organism of man, the sacrifice of health, conscience, justice, and love, is causing the world to be commonplace and regular.

The world will never be a royal one, until mankind has humanized itself. The center of human progress is moral growth. Man must search the strength of his moral fibre. His conscience, his character and will-power are his greatest gifts, and these must be educated to the highest freedom—a stainless life.

Happiness is man's greatest capital, which will enable him to achieve triumphs that will upbuild the human race. You cannot have happiness unless you know life. To know life, you must know how to live in this world, and to pay attention to it. Few of us indeed, realize the wonderful blessings we inherit; the extent to which we can make ourselves what we wish to be, or the power to rule oneself which is in reality the greatest triumph.

Each day is a part of man's life. Each day is his school, his workshop and his spiritual sanctuary. He must make each day a clean page; a record of something gained; of aids and true service to others. Every

one has yet to learn that he must count each day as his stepping-stone to power, success, and happiness.

The millions are sooner or later to learn the highest and noblest effort of human nature, is to put these qualities into practical use. We are learning the lessons that humanity is one, that all can press civilization to the highest progress. It will take many struggles and many upheavals to reach this goal of human happiness, but it is worth all the clouds we pass through to help the race to come to the summit of glory and grandeur.

As soon as human nature reaches its fruitage, there will be a new situation that is destined to change the world to one of beauty and satisfaction. There will be better homes; broader education for the millions; art will be ennobled; towns and cities will become the real indications of man's love for beauty; justice will be the law, and the universal characteristic of all will be clean lives, clean consciences, and clean characters.

AGNES SCOTT.

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*To Sercombe, Himself:*

I have looked over the number sent me, with interest, and have failed to find anything so radical that I do not coincide with it. I believe that the time has fully come, now is when people should think what they say—and say what they think!

SUSAN LOOK AVERY.

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### Our Industrial Affairs

One cannot view the position taken by the leaders of our governing party on problems that are coming up for solution without a feeling of dismay. The feeling of industrial dissatisfaction first exhibited itself most strongly at the Democratic convention at Chicago in 1896, which resulted in the nomination of Mr. Wm. J. Bryan. The immediate improvement of conditions wrought a change in our industrial affairs. The lines that were then converging rapidly again diverged but these are again drawing together and at their focus there will be a crash.

A sudden welding together of the progressive radicals in our nation is not improbable and the possibilities are astounding. Just now I have finished reading a letter by James H. Ferriss, populist; another by Wm. Mailley, socialist; a sketch by Thos. A. Lawson; another by Wm. Bryan; a portion of the President's message, and lately I have had plain talks with a large manufacturer, a labor leader, and a traveling salesman. All reached the same conclusion; the only difference being as to the degree of the existing wrongs and the mode of correcting them. Industrial conditions are unbalanced. This the old, old story of the many who have been taken advantage of by the few. The few who seem to have the power must again be deposed; once it was politically but now it is industrially.

The word conservative has become almost a by-word. The conservatives of both leading parties represent a class that are in our politics for selfish purposes. Even the governing party leaders are calling their President a radical; a president of whom the nation today expects more than any gone before. Arrayed against him at present seem to be the leaders of both parties, who will tie his hands if it is possible to do so. However, if they do, it will only cause a delay. Never again can a party elect a McKinley or Cleveland. The man who is elected must work with reference to this revolution.

The people are becoming educated, thanks to Lawson, Steffens, Tarbel and others, and most of all to Roosevelt's own Bureau of Commerce.

The publicity idea is no more nor less than education. Railroad rebates, top heavy protective tariffs all must go and sometimes we do things quickly, rudely, ruthlessly.

The politician representing his constituents must see this and make a stand or when he comes up for re-election the people will speak their mind plainly.

While the nation in '96 wanted some change it was not ready to accept Bryan. We were fooled by Parker and Hill. My opinion is that Roosevelt is a compromise to gain time. Public opinion is crystalizing rapidly. The handwriting is on the wall: "The people will not stand plundering much longer." It remains to be seen whether Roosevelt can get the party he is representing to take down one brick at a time fast enough to satisfy the people or whether the people will rise up and tear down the old structure and build anew on a just foundation with the corner stone, "A Square Deal to All." I do not believe a new and controlling party has yet been born. I do not think the people are sure they want a new one. On the contrary I believe they prefer it possible to accomplish their purpose through the present party in power. However, I do know that unless this party acts and that quickly, its doom will be sounded.

It is to be hoped that we have learned to make change calmly so that it will not be necessary to resort to force or even disturb our present commercial and industrial prosperity. So let us try to be patient and give the mighty forces that are at work time to accomplish their ends to the best interests of all.

B. F. MORTENSON.

### Absurdity of Legal Interference

The absurdity of legal interference with legitimate business was shown in a recent incident at Springfield, Illinois. It seems that certain automobile concerns are interested in a bill before the legislature, and one agent has been giving members complimentary trips in his machine to prove that the automobile is very easy on roadways. These trips materially reduce the patronage usually enjoyed by local hackmen. They therefore very energetically protest against this interference with their business.

Consider the situation. A gentleman takes another or several for a ride, possibly for many rides. Is there, in this act, a moral offense? Surely not. Then on what ground may any one rationally complain? Merely this, the hackmen claim that they pay license fees for the privilege of carrying passengers, and should not be thus interfered with. But why are they compelled to pay license? Is there any reason why a man should pay a fee to the public because he carries another in his vehicle—or in his arms for that matter? If he is compelled to pay such fee, however, is there not obviously good ground for complaint? And yet, if the claim be allowed one will hardly know when a friendly invitation to ride may safely be extended. Such condition might easily lead to a decreased demand for machines of this character, with of course a tendency to falling wages. In short any interference with legitimate industry, by law, if logically persisted in, can only result in checking industry. When this fact becomes clear in actual affairs, there always ensues a rupture in the application of the theory inherent in the primary license fee. To re-establish equality by abolishing the fee is of course not to be thought of by "practical" men.

A few years since an attempt was made by several Chicago newspapers to popularize the idea of licensing business in general. Among other facts presented in support of this proposal was the existing inequality between butchers and grocers. It seems that butchers pay a license fee which grocers do not. In order that a perfectly "square deal" might obtain, these moulders of public opinion proposed to place a license tax on grocers. To establish equity by removing the tax from butchers was quite outside of the calculations of these "practical" gentlemen.

If any one desires an explanation, just notice that a license to do business is of like nature to a personal property tax. A personal property tax is the sum of all governmental villanies. It is the last refuge of plutocratic society. It is to be observed that these same newspapers always favor toryism. Let all friends of freedom keep an eye on the license system as part and parcel of personal property taxation. If you do not appreciate the matter, your masters do.

J. Z. W.

I am thoroughly in sympathy with your work. Your ax is cutting into the world at the same angle as my own.

Yours Fraternally,

EDWIN MARKHAM.

*To Sercombe Himself:*

The March number of TO-MORROW is duly received and is certainly worthy of the patronage of every liberal minded person. I will pass my copy around and am sending you a list of names of probable subscribers.

Yours truly,

SAM'L WARBASSE.

*To Sercombe Himself:*

Say, we do like the Business End page in TO-MORROW immensely. Can't you make it two pages? We believe in you and are working along your lines. Have just taken an hour off to soak up some sunshine and we are trying to solve the simple life problem today by working the cider press.

THE BOSS EVERGREEN.

Having long wished for some new TO-MORROW to change the order of existing things, I have read your Magazine from "A" to "izzard" with delight.

Yours,

ZENE SPURRIER.

I have long sought and watched for something that would stand apart from the money-making magazines, with ideals for the unconventional, the strong, the true. TO-MORROW seems to assert all of these and I offer you my good wishes and whatever co-operation I can give.

Sincerely yours,

L. KUEFFNER.

# MARCONIGRAPHS

FROM TO-MORROW'S READERS



## Beats the Dutch

Seldom in Holland do they whip a child,  
Because they love their little ones too much;  
So, when a parent grows most awful wild,  
And cuts a switch, they say "It beats the Dutch!"

AMERICUS.

## Anvil Sparks

Truth does not walk on crutches.  
Life is too grand to be reduced to a system.  
The return to nature is not a return to ape life.  
Brevity is not only "the soul of wit;" it is the body too.  
Love makes some of us wise, but makes most of us foolish.  
Disorder is better far than a peace enforced against liberty.  
Co-operation is something entirely unlike uniting mere business interests.

The love of beauty is the basis of the love of fellowship.  
Talk is cheap; but it sometimes costs a great deal to make people forget what you have said.

Learning to make furniture is better than learning to make slaves.  
True art unites beauty with usefulness.  
Death is a fool's best friend.  
Today will be tomorrow's ancient history.  
To not believe in progress is like saying it is ten o'clock when it is eleven.

The maker, and the breaker, are the two great men of the world; the do-nothing is dead alive.

Character is the difference between a man and a mere human biped. What a difference!

Existing social and economic conditions only seem practical because we are accustomed to them. Murder is practical to some savages.

The true play is work that gives you pleasure and at the same time furnishes a product.

Men and women prate of loving each other, yet in their loves they are for the most part either slaves or masters. Love and liberty go together.

Elections tell which candidate was the strongest; franchises tell whose purse is the longest; and the campaign tells us which candidate is the wrongest.

War is the science of combining murder and enthusiasm; and many men have achieved greatness merely by becoming masters of the thing.

To draw upon the bank of the future you must have had pretty good credit with the past; that is, a fool will never make a prophet.

A man who loves property too well to love his fellow men, will, if he lives long enough, hate his fellow men and himself too. So where is the gain?

Poets may be madmen, as the "practical folk" think them; but better be mad, and have sweet dreams, and be able to tell them to others, than to carry around those stones which "practical folk" call their hearts.

It is a long way from exploitation to fraternity, but there are those who have gone over the entire distance, and who are sure that there is a way to make the journey.

Those who are ever suspicious of others will never know themselves aright. Hate is a mist before the eyes, that, never lifting, obscures all our vision.

W. F. B.

Sercombe himself recently addressed the Chicago Press Club on the subject of "How to Live," and his remarks were so happily received by them that he feels that he can find no better way to extend his chosen work than to offer to repeat the same lecture under other auspices, if so desired.

The subject is a wide one, and of course no great detail can be expected to be reached within an hour, but his treatment of it without prejudice from a purely rational standpoint has at least the merit of offering food for thought.

He expects no remuneration,—his reward being whatever of betterment may result from his effort.

Eternity is an endless Now.

An oath is a club invented to frighten a coward.

All things come to him who waits—when he is ready for them. Put in the time getting ready!

If we include all things let us be all things. Why fear half of ourselves—or three-quarters?

Consistency is no jewel. It is a puff-ball. Step on it and it will go up in smoke.

Don't hang on! When paths diverge be content to go your way and let the other fellow go his.

The bigger the words and the more mysterious the cult the harder-up will you find its promulgators.

The more numerous the burns and the deeper the scars the stronger the fascination of every fresh blaze.

Satiety lies in excess but satisfaction is found only in expression. Bottle up and some day you will burst.

The only way to "study the poor" is as Jesus studied them, as the Salvation army studies them—not after the fashion of the tribe Van Vorst.

The man with a message is not afraid to sign his own name.

One can only enjoy that which comes as a treat. The moment things become every-day they lose their fine savor.

Death is a birth and birth is a death. We die to this earth that we may enter another sphere. We die to one state of consciousness when we take up existence in the body.

The act of Cigarette in the final scene of "Under Two Flags" is typical of the woman nature everywhere. Always does woman interpose her body, her mind, her spirit, her soul, as a shield for the man she loves.

MABEL BURHAM PACE.

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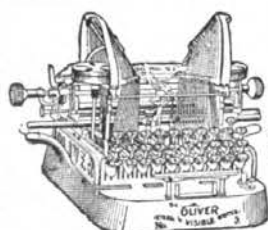
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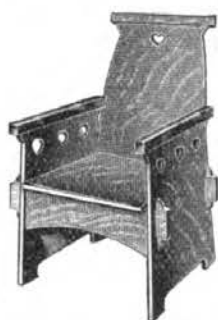
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PARKER H. SERCOMBE, MANAGING EDITOR

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE



# The River and the Wind.

By L. KUEFFNER.



UNDERNEATH me lies the river, brown  
Except where flecks of sunlit blue  
Rest moist-imprisoned.  
To leftward it is narrow,  
Swift-winding through its rock-cut course,  
Beautiful yet dark.  
But on the right, behold the sudden joy  
Of opened view, of wider stream, and lower  
banks,

And island upon island stretching far.  
I stand upon the point against a pine, and dream.

The wind is strong, too strong to bear against it.  
I have put my arm around the pine,  
And now we sway as one.  
Blow, blow, thou wind, I am given o'er.  
Have thy wild way with me until I feel myself a  
nature child,  
Even as this grass, delirious with thy breath;  
Or as the uncounted ripple-waves upon the surface  
there;  
Or as the pines, the glad, strong carriers of thy voice.  
These are my sisters, brothers,  
Their life leaps even now within me.  
Is this thy message, Wind?

Blow, blow, wild wind, upon my seeking face,  
Upon my eyes, till they grow dim  
In a vision there of something far and large;  
And blow upon my hair to enter as a power, a will—  
Thou art the voice of God, I listen, listen,  
And as I leave, O mark me with some sacred impress  
Of my commune with thee,  
And, seeing, men may feel  
That I have known for one short space at least,  
Thy joy, great wind,—thy power.

# To-Morrow

PUBLISHED BY TO-MORROW PUBLISHING COMPANY

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, MANAGING EDITOR

WESTERN STARR ELEANOR L. DREW

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE CHANGING ORDER

*Advertising Rates on Application. Address all Communications to the Publisher,  
2238 Calumet Avenue, Chicago, Illinois*

VOLUME I.

JUNE, 1905

NUMBER 6

## REMOVAL NOTICE

Having sold our lease of 1926 Indiana Avenue to the Western Bank Note Co., we beg to announce the removal of the office of TO-MORROW and the People's Industrial College to 2238 Calumet Avenue.

Surely the strike conditions in Chicago present a most satisfying test of the peace-loving character of our working classes.

That our toilers are not aroused to frenzy of riot and revolution under a pressure more odious and humiliating than was ever felt by the serfs of the middle ages, is a psychological miracle.

Perhaps it is a wise dispensation of nature that the struggling masses do not understand their rights faster than they deserve to, or to have them any sooner than they become competent to indulge them.

We who know the rights of the masses, we who know that they are the vehicle of all progress, industrial, intellectual, social, are appalled at the audacity of the millionaire department stores bringing into our midst vulgar aliens, crime steeped thugs, race renegades, with hearts and skins as black as tar, who mutiny among themselves in their lodging houses, and spread crime and degradation among all with whom they come in contact.

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Not only are fair-minded, healthfully organized persons forced to view this degradation in the matter of material which

these stores employ in order to browbeat the helpers who have **Bankers wire for Troops** aided them to make their millions, but they have used their influence with the association of fifty bankers to wire Governor Deneen for troops to enforce their malicious campaign against those who have served them.

What a picture! Oh, masses, where are your brains? What of your votes? Can you not see that the combined capital of the so-called captains of industry and the financial institutions of the country are in solid conspiracy to exploit you for their profit, to defraud you of your earnings, and to subdue you and to browbeat you by means of imported thugs and state troops if need be? Are you, in reality, as blind to conditions as the employers themselves, who, while they know that the bureaucracy of Russia **Do the Police and Troops belong to the Financiers?** cannot permanently maintain its graft by armed forces, yet still imagine that through force they can permanently continue their system of amassing profits by means of helpers whom they treat as slaves and lash as hounds.

The Marshall Field store would be a grand institution if it was owned by a thousand men. Owned by one man absorbing the profits of a thousand men, it is an economic fester which one day will not be permitted to exist in this or any other civilized land.

Rouse yourselves, ye toiling masses! You have ten thousand arms and millions of votes, and if you will but vote with your kind you may have what you need, what you deserve. Politics should be very simple for you—nothing more, in fact, than to take note of the candidates proposed by the ruling classes and vote against them.

You are in the vast majority, but you do not think—you do not stand together—you are afraid to vote against your masters, **Toilers Should Vote Together** hence they use you and control you for their profit, they exploit you for their vanity and their love of power, and no despotism in ancient days was ever more uncompromising or more fully equipped to control its slaves, than this modern economic despotism that by combination and intrigue aims to control, confound and disrupt all organized movements on the part of the world's toilers to secure a more equitable portion of that which they produce.

The daily press, also controlled by the employers, makes moan over the violence occurring in the streets, but the disturbances over which they wax eloquent are not **Daily Press is Ally of Capital** to be compared with the viciousness and unscrupulous violence by which for a thousand years the employing class have controlled and dominated the masses for their own

purposes and profit; and we who have no interest in maintaining the ascendancy and special privilege of one set of men over another set of men can see in this cry against violence only the unmanly and ungenerous scheme of trying to tie the weaker party's hands so that he cannot strike back. Not until the com-

**Educational Results of Co-operation**

petitive system is displaced and the educational results of working for institutions and communities instead of for self begin to make themselves felt, can we hope to gain much relief from this economic cancer. It is surely high time that public movements should be started everywhere to deal with causes and not merely with effects.

Our competitive system is responsible for all the crime, pauperism, failure and foolishness of our epoch. Mankind will not evolve any very high spiritual or ethical standards until we become segregated into numerous groups and communities working in competition with each other. A typical ex-

**A Crime of the Epoch and System**

ample of the result of our present system is seen in the defalcation of Frank G. Bigelow, late president of the First National Bank of Milwaukee.

A man of exemplary character, splendid judgment and great magnanimity, under pressure of the economic strata in which he moved, notwithstanding his natural honesty and highmindedness, permitted himself to become entangled in influences, investments and conditions that made him require—temporarily—more money than he could obtain in a straightforward way.

The crime is chargeable to the race, the system, the epoch, and not to Bigelow, and I would today trust him in preference to any other banker in the United States, for I know that in his character he is more reliable than any of them.

If the SYSTEM is wrong let us change it, for the man has already been crucified and endured the punishment of thousands of wrongdoers, for which the competitive system was equally responsible. Will anyone deny that living for self, thinking of self and striving for self can have other results than the development of frenzied vanity, high finance, egotism, and an erotic craze for economic control?

The ungoverned thirst for more power under the "SELF" regime makes demons of society women as well as wild men of financiers, for mentally and physically we become constantly stronger in the faculties which we exercise, whether the tendency is toward good or evil. The various forms of cruelty which women frame up for each other in their struggle for social control are natural results of the economic SELF struggle, expressing itself through them. Add to these the prevailing proportion

of vanity, hypocrisy and petty spitefulness, and what more evidence do we require to show that only through living for your group or community in a spirit of brotherhood may we hope to develop high character and enduring spirituality.

It is to exercise in social efficiency and not in self-efficiency that we must look for the spiritual uplift of humanity.

### With the Times

The strike has taken possession of and is the reigning sensation in Chicago. One of the items of interest developed by it is the **To Crush Labor** assessment levied upon the membership of the Chicago Clearing House Association to contribute \$50,000; nominally to maintain law and order in Chicago; actually, however, for the purpose of crushing organized labor. Aside from a question of the legality of this generous use of other persons' property, appropriated without a shadow or vestige of consent (it having been quite impossible that the stockholders of a single affiliated bank could have been consulted), this swift alignment of the controlling spirits of a banking world with one side of the struggle is one of the straws that indicate the unenlightened self interest which has made banks and banking methods the subject of criticism ever since they became a feature of the economic mechanism of society.

Banks are trustees having in charge the credits of the people. They are as dependent on the good will as on the confidence of the people. The time has not yet arrived in which any bank or association of banks can afford to ignore the factor of popular good will. No bank in the world could withstand the withdrawal of public confidence or the loss of the good will of the people.

Is the struggle now on one between the weight of battalions estimated in dollars, or, is there below the surface a problem of rights and duties to be solved? How far have these banks or their committees considered the idea that the very nature of their functions makes it improper and highly impolitic for them to take sides to prolong a warfare between parties, the common welfare and prosperity of which is the sole basis of bank prosperity? The legal right of individuals, whether bank officials or otherwise, to form and act upon opinions, concerning the controversy, cannot be questioned. Neither could a non-bank-stock-holding citizen question the lawfulness of such exercise of judgment; but the shearing of wolves is an innocent pastime compared with some other acts that are equally as lawful.

A contribution to the "law and order" fund, with full or at least presumptive knowledge that their contributions could only serve to prolong the reign of lawlessness and disorder, involves a

*non sequitur* that justifies a question of their motives. The entire situation indicates a motive not yet disclosed. There is ground for a suspicion that this motive is the creation of a monopoly of the teaming business. There is no doubt that considerable economies might result from a thorough organization of the teaming industry as now conducted in Chicago; but no monopoly of this teaming business could be established so long as independent team owners are able to engage in it.

Plausible as the situation may appear, there is a still deeper principle underlying the problem, and that is the problem of the unemployed. It is utterly hopeless to expect that strikes will disappear so long as there are unemployed who seek opportunities to labor. With continual absorption of opportunity, a reduction in the margin of subsistence necessarily follows, and the strike is the inevitable consequence. A strike is merely the attempt on the part of a group to secure readjustment between opportunity and their necessity.

With economic conditions in a state of constant flux, made possible by a constant interference by special interests with the natural operation of economic forces, the margin between opportunity and necessity constantly being narrowed, periodic readjustment naturally ensues. With the continually narrowing margin of opportunity there is a corresponding increase in the number of the unemployed. The measure of industrial stagnation at any given time is always to be found in the number of the unemployed, and this number and their necessities is the ultimate inspiration of the strike. Until opportunity is enfranchised the number of the unemployed must continue to increase. Every invention, every labor saving device, every economy of production necessarily adds to the growing number of the unemployed. Tariff laws, exclusion laws, the organization of labor, other devices to remedy the difficulties, are merely applications of the evils which flow from one form of privilege as a cure for those which flow from another. This is an ultimate impossibility. The primary cause remaining, the result will always follow. Half priced money cannot long suffice to pay for double priced necessities of life. Every step in the contest which fails to meet the fundamental and primal error must result in disappointment and in aggravation of conditions already at the margin of endurance. Is the enfranchisement of opportunity an economic possibility? Most assuredly. We are not without experience which shows the necessary factors of such a condition.

The first and prime factor of such a condition is freedom of land. We have laws galore making it an offense both by statute and at common law to forestall, and every device, practice and

conspiracy, by act, word or information to enhance the market price of merchandise is forestalling.

The Laird of Skibo has returned again to the land of cakes and ale, after warming the cockles of his heart with another phenomenal "benevolence." He has established a colossal endowment for the benefit of superannuated and indigent college professors, and has established this fund on a basis of steel trust bonds.

Loud and long have the plaudits sounded far which voice the gratitude and appreciation of this distinguished philanthropy. It is not a question, perhaps, of tainted money in the minds of some who look this gift-horse in the mouth; some perhaps who stop to consider it, forget their natural suspicion of the Greeks who bear gifts; and yet, there are others who wonder, in an academic sort of way, whether or not this manifestation has not some Scotch flavor of "canny" at bottom.

Americans do not always stop to think whether or not this is a Scotch confession that American educators are in need of alms; that they are unappreciated at home; that unless the American scholar who earns his living as a teacher can find employment in a trust school, he necessarily becomes a dependent, and after a lifetime of martyrdom, of deprivation and sacrifice, of devotion to ideals and principles, he must become an object of charity.

Aside from this feature of the matter, the loyalty of the trust school being sufficiently guaranteed, what would be a more natural process to ensure the complaisant neutrality of non-trust institutions than to establish such a fund, participation in which should depend upon the good pleasure of those responsible for the policy of the trust schools. In other words, how far can the teaching of truth be made a commodity subject to the operation of the stock market? What possible method of attack upon the freedom of truth would present greater probabilities of success than to put Standard Oil Steel Trust guardianship upon institutions which have hitherto managed to avoid the eagle eye of the dispensers of international charities? With Rhodes, Rockefeller, Carnegie and Company in charge of the commissary department of the great Anglo-Saxon educational scheme, the future is not entirely hopeless for trust principles and plutocratic philosophy. While, in the meantime, steel trust bonds, in so far as market values can be affected by scholastic influences will remain "steady as the funds," between wars.

W. S.

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Those who believe in us can manifest it by sending in one dollar for a year's subscription and the good of the cause.

# High Finance In Mexico

BY PARKER H. SERCOMBE

Three peculiar phases mark the enforcement of the libel law of Mexico. First: Libel is always severely punished whether the offender's statements are true or false. Second: To criticise or expose officials or men in high places has ever been the crime of crimes. Third: The libel law of Mexico seems especially designed to protect wrong doers in high places, hence a true story of High Finance and Economic Slavery in Mexico could never be written by a resident of that country. The writer of the series of articles, of which this is the first number, has for fifteen years been a close observer of sociology and economics, and his long experience as banker and publisher in the City of Mexico makes him—as far as we know—the only non-resident fully equipped to tell the *whole truth* relative to financial abuses and practices there, which he will do without fear or favor.—EDITOR.

The story of contemporary high and low finance in the Republic of Mexico has never before been written. A true story of the events and doings, which I shall relate in this and succeeding numbers of TO-MORROW could not be written except by one who for years has come in close daily contact with the lives, methods and ideals of natives and foreigners in Mexico where a most bare faced system of high class diplomatic confidence games are employed to separate men from their money.

The bugaboos of Mexican finance are "officialism" and "favoritism," these very elegant and very respectable forms of polite bunco games having been transplanted direct from the capitals of Europe.

I said the story I am about to relate has never before been written, and with very good reason, for even were any local person trained in economic insight to view the phenomena of Mexican finance and trading in its true light, he would not dare write it, for lingering hell in a Mexican jail would be his sure reward.

While many competent Americans have visited Mexico and from the surface have viewed conditions there, as it were on dress parade, none have ever remained long enough to get thoroughly in touch with the scandalous system of jobbery by which insiders and outsiders are fleeced in so delicate and polite a fashion that the victim is always made to feel he is the subject of distinguished and exceptional favor.

My story will deal with the organization and direction of the Banco National, El Banco de Londres, the Banco International, the Banco Central, The American Bank, The United States Banking Company, the Mexican Trust Company, the Banco Anglo Americana, The International Banking Association, and the various state banks and their branches throughout the Republic.

It will also deal with the life history and rise of Jose Limantour, the magnanimous Minister of Finance who accepts no salary from the government, and his wily henchman, the astute



and fawning Joaquin Cassasus, who, it is well known, is "pisen" to those who in any way offend or oppose the desires of his chief.

I shall recount for the delectation of the world, and especially those who invest in Mexican securities, which are based on Mexican ideals of high finance, the system of issuing millions of dollars worth of so-called founders' stock in the prominent banks to certain favorite individuals connected with the government, etc., and the payment of countless thousands of unearned dividends to the holders of these fictitious documents. I shall give the inside facts in regard to the operations and exploits of Julio Limantour, the brother of the Finance Minister of the Republic, and the most noted gambler, rounder and exploiter of the hoi polloi element that is known in Mexico.

My account of this gambler's connection with certain private banks and his position as a director of the National Bank of Mexico, being employed to secure vast sums for their use, to exploit questionable deals and transactions, will make the ordinary frenzied financier look like a "media" in a money cyclone.

By no means the least interesting feature of my story will deal with the private life of Jose Sanchez Ramos, one of the executive board of the Banco de Londres, who runs three separate households in different parts of the city, his manner of life being typical of the majority of financiers in Mexico; and my account, with all the names and incinerating details, of the notorious "FORTY ONE" prominent bankers, lawyers, and society swells, who not long since indulged in an all night revel in imitation of the most beastly orgies of Ancient Rome, will be a revelation to the modern Christian world.

These *dilletanti* and *fin de siècle* degenerates, half of them dressed and performing the functions of women, the other half still suggesting masculinity by their pink slippers and satin knee breeches, were halted in their lascivious midnight debauch by the officers of the law. And why does not the outside world learn of these details and doings? The benevolent Mr. Limantour, who leases his old home to George W. Cook for \$2,000 per month (it is not worth \$500) and in return gives Cook all the government orders for furniture, safes, etc., at the latter's own price, also sees to it that local publications and the Associated Press are subsidized at the rate of thousands of dollars a year,—this to keep scandals from interfering from the sales of Mexican bonds abroad, at least until after his plans are matured.

While the writer was general manager of the Mexican Herald the Government paid us \$10,000 per year through Pablo Martinez del Rio, one of Jose Limantour's faithful lieutenants.

I shall recount the details of how private financial institutions

in Mexico are enabled through favoritism to secure vast sums for the purpose of making profits of an illegitimate character, and how these profits are divided up between the government and army officials, lawyers, bank managers and other frenzied finance votaries.

I shall relate the true story of the failure of the International Bank and Trust Company, whereby through connivance of the Mexican manager with the head of a large banking house in New York City it was planned to throw said institution into a state of insolvency in order that a local Mexican banker, the New York corporation and said manager, might stand in to divide \$1,000,000 out of which the depositors and innocent stockholders were to be swindled.

I shall give especial attention to the social and financial doings of Americans in Mexico, giving their status in the commercial life of the republic and showing to what extent their vanity, greed and hypocrisy are constantly under stimulation in their crude efforts to gain the favor of the native aristocracy.

It is not generally known that fully 40 per cent of the American residents of Mexico are there either to hide their lives from the world or to escape detection and punishment for transgressions committed in their own country; and the strenuous endeavors on the part of this class to elevate themselves into social and financial prestige would be pitiable were they not so often ludicrous.

I have much to say of the unscrupulous gang of Americans who daily line the curbing of San Francisco and Plateros streets, the coyotes of business who lie in wait and ensnare new comers with every sort of scheme from lead pencil mines to hidden treasures. These and such characters as George W. Cook, dealer in furniture and fireproof things, form interesting pictures of what foreign influence can do for Americans, having developed in the latter, through a constant exercise of the qualities of greed, ambition, vanity and an entire forgetfulness of the needs and rights of others, a colossal selfishness unique and persistent to the point that even where his acts are manifest crimes he is not able to distinguish them as such when their results point to his own profit.

I will recount the story of the American Bank, of the attempts of members of its board by high-handed methods that would have brought a blush to the cheek of a highwayman, to swindle the former president out of \$200,000 that they might profit thereby and how the income, property, and chattels of said president were apportioned and divided up between this gang of financial bandits.

I shall recount the story of a banker securing nearly \$2,000,000

from a government repository, employing the favors of his own wife in order to wheedle the custodian of the finances to turn them over for his use.

I shall state the true inward story of the re-organization and capitalization of the United States Banking Company, the elimination of J. C. Mordough and T. R. Crump from the institution and the frenzied financial scheme by which the wily Ham, brother of Japhet, was enabled for a time to bestride the narrow world of American finance in Mexico like a Colossus of Rhodes.

I shall recount without reserve the story of Jose Teresa de Miranda, the brother-in-law of President Diaz, who as president of one of the leading banks of Mexico, loaned \$2,000,000 to himself and left that institution to the mercy of the Banco National and Banco de Londres for re-adjustment and regulation which was duly accomplished for their own purposes and benefit.

I will tell the story of the panic of 1900 among the banks in Mexico and the result of the plot worked out by the leading banks and manufacturers through a called meeting suggested by the Minister of Finance himself, whereby the panic entailing millions of dollars of loss in Mexico through the interference and connivance of the Finance Minister, brought distress and hardship to thousands of legitimate commercial and manufacturing concerns; for whose profit do you think?

I shall give the world for the first time the records of loans amounting to \$20,000,000 made to corporations owned by the bank managers and Government and Army officials, by the leading banks of Mexico on whose shoulders the credit of the country rests. These loans made through favoritism and officialism, and without adequate security are being extended from year to year with no thought of when they will be paid, while dividends are being declared to stockholders and holders of founders' stock, on earnings based upon interest on notes that will never be collected.

To unfold the true inwardness of the Mexican system of money making, and fortune getting, would be to write a descriptive sociology of the Mexican Republic. It would be to trace the story of the Spanish racial and religious influence from its source whereby all the fertile plantations, valleys and lands of Mexico have gradually come into the hands of a very few persons who, by installing a priest as the effective motive power on every plantation, keep the masses subjugated and in fear and enable the exploiting class to get labor almost for nothing.

More than four years have been employed in collecting the data for this series of articles on industrial oppression and high finance pocket-picking in Mexico, and in our July number the writer hopes to enter well into the details of the subject.

# With the Miners in Colorado

By MOTHER JONES

A few years ago I happened to be mixed up in one of those industrial battles which disturb the material interests of the exploiting class, who represent the highest type of modern civilization. We were up against "Holy" John's material interests.

It was said of the miners, "They work every day—why should they strike? If they drink and waste their wages, who is to blame? If they are too shiftless to save for a home and the education of their children, why hold others to account?"

Dear readers of TO-MORROW, you have not felt the pains of their aching backs, of their throbbing hearts, of swimming heads, and their weary march to and from the slave-pens of capitalism. You do not know what it is to say farewell to your loved ones, and the glorious sunshine, only to bury yourselves in the dismal caves of the earth for ten or twelve hours a day, digging out the minerals which move the commerce of the world.

Yes, these men were doing well for the class who rob them, and for you—who have never lived their lives—it is easy to criticise. What led up to the strike? First, the long hours; second, robbery of wages by false weight—for the miner is credited with much less coal than he actually digs with his pick; then he pays \$2.75 for powder which costs 90 cents, and this—as well as everything that he or his family consumes—is purchased at the "Pluck Me" store of the company. Men are forced to trade there in order to get employment. Some of them never handle a dollar of their earnings from one end of the year to the other.

I walked up the railroad track with a miner who was sixty years old. He said: "I have worked for this company nearly forty years, and all I have been able to save is this worn out, broken down old frame of mine." He was not a drinking man, and he did not gamble. He was a steady worker, but he was told to leave the works and get out of the shack which belonged to the company. The charge against him was that he had walked up the track and talked to an "agitator." This was registered in the office of the company as a crime.

The Fairmont Coal Company had a mining town which was forbidden soil to any agitator, and especially so to "Old Mother Jones." In order that the slaves might come to a meeting, we had one billed in the vicinity of a little town called "Sad Dust Pile." The slaves responded to the call, but it was sad to look into their honest eyes and see the weak expression, and yet, had they but known it, they were strong. The slave drivers also appeared upon

the scene. The United States Marshal, with several deputies, was there, but the marshal and the representatives of capitalism knew full well their presence would not muzzle me, when it came to awakening the slumbering giant of labor. Oh! the childhood of the future will have to suffer for the cowardice of men and women in the labor movement of today.

After the meeting adjourned I hired a boy to drive me to Fairmont, a distance of three miles. The company thugs and Pinkerton bloodhounds were stationed all along the road, guarding the slaves, for fear they might whisper with that "Old Agitator." At the company's store there stood seven thugs with Winchester; they also wore six-shooters and belts filled with the death dealing bullets of capitalism.

"Is that you, Mother Jones?" the spokesman inquired, as we drove by. I answered, "Yes," and went on. We soon came to a long, dark bridge, not a very safe place for men or women in the daytime, much less at a late hour of the night, for it was then 11:30 o'clock. I sent the boy back with the buggy and sat waiting for my boys to overtake me. I was at the terminus of the car line with a wait of fifteen minutes before the electric car would swing out on its trip.

It occurred to me that I had done a foolish thing, remaining there alone, for the nearest human beings were those lapdogs of capitalism, and the nearest house was three quarters of a mile away. They might throw me into the river, and no one would know what had become of me. Or, if my body was found, the capitalistic press would come out with great headlines, and say: "She became so disgusted with the life she was leading that she committed suicide," and then the parlor ornaments would howl, "The old thing did right."

Just then out of that dark old bridge came one of my colleagues, yelling "Murder! murder!" "What is the matter?" I asked, and "Where are the others?" I pushed forward and found them on the bridge, where the company thugs were beating them for being "d—d agitators." I picked up the form of Joe Paginia, an Italian, one of God's true men. He was a bleeding mass from head to foot. The boys put him on the street car, and I shall always remember with love and gratitude the way they whirled their car back to Fairmont. We took the wounded man to a hotel, where a doctor attended him. But do you know that not a court in all that district would issue a warrant for the arrest of any one of those criminals? every court being under the jurisdiction of the Company. The next night faithful Tom Hagerty went before the Trades Council and made a statement of the case, and the whole body marched down to the hotel. You should have seen

how the cowardly tools of capitalism ran into their holes. As soon as I appeared on the scene with that army of toilers the curs cleaned out and were not heard of again that night. O those weary times! I must leave them; for I have but space to say:

This God-cursed system of exploitation forces the weakest to the wall in this desperate struggle. They have no future in this or any other world; they have lost even energy and ambition. It is one of the saddest results of existing commercialism, a sure forerunner of its overthrow.

As Lowell says: "The time is ripe for a change." Let us be honest, and help to make that change. Let us listen to the wail of the child nursing at the dead mother's breast.

### To a Blue-Bird

Hark! did you hear that note?  
Surely some charmed throat  
Fashioned and flung it out.  
Listen! Its melody fine  
Bubbles and gurgles like wine:  
What can it all be about?

Singer with breast of blue  
Who wrote that song for you?  
Who taught you phrase and trill?  
Is there a genius of birds?  
One who writes "Songs Without Words?"  
I have wondered,—and ever will.

Has mortal ever heard  
Fluted from throat of bird  
Rondel more charmingly sweet?  
Was ever such throb in a voice?  
Did ever a being rejoice  
In ecstasy so complete?

What's that you're twittering there  
With such a saucy air  
And such a flirt of your wing?  
"Folks are so stupid and queer"  
"We must shout to them year after year"  
"Didn't you know it was Spring!"

Carol then, minstrel sweet,  
While 'neath your dainty feet  
Blossoms and buds shall grow.  
You with your song so clear  
Bid them make haste to appear,  
Melting our hearts,—like the snow.

# Why the Strikers Should Win

By WILLIAM J. M.

The teamsters' strike originated through the National Wholesale Tailors' Association failing to keep their agreement with the garment workers. At a conference held November 18th, the employers asked that all existing contracts be considered null and void; and further stated that they wished to make a new contract which would be broader and more liberal than the existing one, and which would regulate the wages and hours as the future business condition might demand. The employers evidently were much dissatisfied with their first agreement.

The National Wholesale Tailors' Association was asked by the garment workers whether they would agree to have the difference in dispute arbitrated. "No," came their reply. Then the question was asked the National Wholesale Tailors' Association whether they would honor the existing contracts. And they again replied, "No." Then followed the lockout and the information to the employes that when they came back to work they must come as individuals, and not as members of the union. That was a direct effort to annihilate the union.

In a few weeks the state board of arbitration conferred with the garment workers and were informed that the union was willing to submit the matter to them, or any other fair board of arbitration. Then the state board of arbitration called on the National Wholesale Tailors' Association, and were informed by that body that there was nothing to arbitrate. This proved to be the climax of discord which resulted in causing five thousand garment workers to be idle since the foregoing date, November 18th, and now brings the International Brotherhood of Teamsters of Chicago to their support, thereby making Chicago the fighting ground.

If the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, which is a strong labor union, would not succor their weaker fellow union, it would be similar to a strong parent who would not hear the cries of his child, and in consequence the child would perish, thereby destroying the fatherhood; because the child developing to maturity dies before manhood is reached. So it is with unions; unless the weaker branches are nursed to strength by the stronger, there will be no stronger, for it is the development of the weak which makes the strong.

In order to treat the struggle between capital and labor

justly, one must first consider what benefit is derived by the struggle, and then try and ascertain whether the benefit derived is in accordance with the natural laws of development.

We believe there is a higher development awaiting man; a development that may be considered a plane where contentment will be enjoyed and where intelligence will have dismissed the petty hatred and the difficulties of today. Is there not something in human nature that impels the healthy individual to demand his rights, and then, when more knowledge comes to him by winning one step of advancement, to again demand further rights which are required for further advancement? Is not that the way perfect government, just laws, strict sanitary conditions came about? By adding a little more of the good to the nucleus of good, until the nearly perfect is formed? We repeat that there are natural laws which impel man to demand such rights that will raise him from his ignorant animal state to greater, manly principles, and deeper intellectual comprehension. And it is these rights which the teamsters of Chicago are struggling to secure for their weaker sister union, the garment workers; it is these rights for which the teamsters are today struggling—to gain for their organization an absolute identity in the commercial world, so that the future will give them such means that they may be able to secure better living and more knowledge. If we are not all laboring for a better living and more knowledge, why are we laboring?

From the dawn of earliest history we can observe the struggle; the masses like famishing children reaching out for more and more, and those more fortunate, in position of authority, staying their hands by threats of steel and threats of church, thereby causing the masses to slink back and for longer to wear the yoke of slavery. But the law that impels advancement in the human creature would not be quiet; a new thought of bravery would seize the individual, spread to the masses, and small rights, which meant more bread and slight progress, would be demanded until gradually the number of the slaves became less and the number of freemen more.

But authority would not give way easily; yea, it held its hand against the growth of advancement with all the force of an iron shoe that stayed the growth of the infant foot of the Chinese child. But Nature is mighty—her slogan is "Advance!" and any force, according to the pages of history, which stands in the way of progress is removed by a Thirty Years' War, a French Revolution, or a Gettysburg battle—for the slogan is "Advance!"

One of the principal difficulties, or rather the misfortune of humanity, is the idea held by the few that the great body of the



people should be satisfied with the little, and the few more fortunate, who fill positions of authority, should have the plenty. We think that there is more money spent by a congenial companion, and he is a temperate gentleman, at the Union League club in one week than a teamster of a two-horse wagon receives in wages for the same duration of time.

A new organization, the Employers' Teaming Company, is formed by the business men. But the flesh and blood who mount the seats of the Employers' Teaming Company's wagons—what about them? Won't nature in six months or a year's time whisper in their ears "Advance." What is going to make ambition die in them? Are they going to be paid such wages that contentment shall nestle in their hearts? If so, the employers become union men by doing the work, paying just wages, which is the desire and cause of unionism.

But rights have been spoken of on every side; so much so that Uncle Sam's boys are taking part. Rights are universal; they are the mightiest force in the world; they are so deep in intention that one can scarcely fathom their bottom. If the most worthless tramp of the meanest type of humanity dies in your front yard you must bury him, or his decaying body will give you a disease which will take your life. You do not know him, but that is not sufficient to release you from responsibility; for Nature has linked you in unseverable relationship. Again, if I come money in hand to your rich suburb to erect my home, you will dictate what material I shall build with. You to dictate how I shall invest my own money! Yes, you; rights are mighty. You must not be roused by fire at midnight to flee your home. Is one to understand that a teamsters' organization is to tell you, a large business man, what business firm you shall deliver goods to? Yes. When the business firm whom you are instructed not to deliver goods to has by a previous act done something that has made the workman less sure of obtaining his just rights, you must, for our country's sake, obey. For the vitality of a country is in the sturdiness of its people, and sturdiness and strength are gotten from comfortable living. When the workman's just rights have been impaired, the workman's wage diminishes; then the comforts of his home become meager; the food becomes reduced; the sanitary condition less perfect; the family clothing becomes ragged and all this stamps its influence on the growth and mentality of his children. The intellect of the children is stunted, because good food, good sanitary conditions, proper clothing and all the comforts of home, to develop them to their best physical and mental state, are denied them. And all because the father could not earn sufficient wages. The government feels

the sting when our boys are not strong and sturdy; our flag wavers instead of proudly waving as the symbol of strength and justness. The daughter, too, is languid and her conduct uncertain, for her father could not provide her with the food, the clothing, the sanitary conditions which produce strong, vigorous womanhood—because you, employer, failed to pay the brawny man on the seat just wages. You should not have any goods delivered at your door until you do your part to keep our flag proudly waving. This fight between labor and capital is not for today, but it is for tomorrow, it is for all time, for intellectual growth. Europe did not care for the masses; we as a nation should not repeat that terrible mistake. But you answer that the teamsters have no grievance against you. If California were invaded by an enemy then you would see how quickly the teamsters of Illinois would don the uniform of Uncle Sam and drive the enemy from our soil. The enemy may say Illinois had no grievance against him, but a member of our country did. The teamsters have gone to a member of the Labor body to help regain its rights, which, if lost and ignored, would cause the vanquishers to march on, much like the supposed victorious enemy in California would, and engulf us all. The Beef Trust has demonstrated how a people can become helpless under the growth and influence of capital.

Every man has a right to protection; not the laborer only; but you, I, and everyone. The teamsters do not complain of their wages, which are—it depends on the size of wagon—from \$11.00 to \$18.00 a week; but they have gone out in self-preservation of their future.

A wealthy man's value can only be estimated to that degree in which it lends force to his fellow man to improve his condition, and to rise intellectually to a safe, prudent, contented human creature. So long as man must figuratively stay in the ditch, so long will he be that fighting animal who has already marched through a sea of blood in quest of rights, freedom and intelligence; and who, we may conclude, will keep marching till his rights are so fully realized that it will provide him with the necessities of life, which will secure him strength to rise intellectually.

Influential citizens, through the efforts of the mayor, were formed into a committee to hear the grievances of the Employers' Association and the strikers. The strikers offered to lay their grievance before the committee; the Employers' Association refused. The citizen, who suffers as much as either the employers or strikers, can do nothing but continue to suffer the inconvenience and loss to his business, while these two foregoing

factions widen the breach between them by petty hatreds and a desire to show their independence. Should there not be a permanent National Board of Arbitration with authority to analyze minutely the differences between warring factions of this kind and make an honest settlement of the trouble, which both parties would be forced to accede to by state authority, and get to honest labor? Instead of killing people, ruining business, creating a lasting hatred between our citizens, and squandering money and time that cannot be recalled? The hand of justice can settle this problem without a policeman's club and an armed strike breaker, and the quicker our citizens realize this truth and forbid this riotous nonsense, just so soon will an arbitration board be formed with authority to settle all these questions, which may rise from time to time, intelligently and honestly to all concerned. Both parties have rights—ascertain them and give them as justice dictates.

### Windyapolis

Chicago, O thou city of the windy fame,  
Whence came the inspiration of thy airy name?  
Was't from some envious scoffer of the sour vine,  
Who vowed in jest th' æolian intellect was thine?—  
An intellect that lets a bag of wind go free  
Whene'er the gods of gossip wish to toss a sea.  
Or did that jealous rival, canonized a Saint,  
Awake one morn and feel a breath of northern wind  
Upon her cheek, bearing a distant-echoed, faint  
Boast of her destiny from fair Chicago's mind?  
We shout defiance to abuse so mean and low,  
And here present the truth as 'tis to those who'd know:  
Chicago, when all others fail our nation great,  
Lets loose a bag of wind to drive the Ship of State.

FRANK HONEYWELL.

# The New Faith

BY CHAS. O. BORING

Every age has its faith which may be stated as the average consensus of belief on vital questions. There is a well defined cleavage between the "old faith" through which we have passed and the "new faith" now on the way.

What were the statements of the old faith? It recognized God as a being outside ourselves who did for humanity according to His almighty decrees, without consulting it as to the means by which the result was accomplished or as to the result itself accomplished. It recognized the divine right of Privileged Persons to rule it, without consulting it much about the method or the result of the government. It looked upon man as a poor feeble worm of the dust, who was vile and unholy in every thought, word and deed, unless interfered with by some power outside of himself.

Privileged Persons were authority in medicine, in theology, in politics and in science. Unless one was a Privileged Person, an opinion was impertinence, treason, or heresy, as the result of that opinion was unimportant or otherwise. Men took off their hats to the Privileged Persons and hid abashed faces when they uttered their oracles.

It was a great climb from the "old faith" to reach the border lands of the "new," and it may be worth while to review some of the steps of that ladder by which mankind ascended.

First came the Puritans—God bless them. They have much to repent of, but they led the way by refusing to doff the cap to the king: every man was a king by his inheritance from God. The Puritans made a muss in dealing with Quakers and Witches, but were sublime in their contempt of Privileged Persons.

Then came the Methodists. Most of them were poor and ignorant, but without parallel in their attitude toward Privileged Persons among the clergy. It was a great awakening that shook America and the world, when laymen went forth to teach the way to God.

Next Swedenborg; and after him the Spiritualists; then the Society for Psychic research came to break the spell cast over the earth by the doctrine that Privileged Persons had any patent right to inspiration. If angels may communicate and men may receive communications then there is proof that the age of inspiration has not yet passed. I group these classes together as co-ordinating in the result. Some of them may object to this association, but that is not my fault or the fault of the fact itself.

At last came the Evolutionists, teaching that creation was not a complete fact, but something still in progress. Here was a great company: Darwin, Wallace, Haeckel, Spencer, Agassiz, John Fiske and others now classed as working together on this problem, however far apart they seemed to be. These demonstrated that life had a potentiality of its own and wrought from within rather than was wrought upon from without. Science joined with religion and politics in breaking away from constituted authority and the way was opened to the larger meaning of life which has revolutionized all sciences. To-day science offers the only ground for a world-wide basis of thought and even of belief. We are divided on philosophy, on religion, on government, but educated men think and speak in the language of science.

Froebel and Pestalozzi led the way to a larger liberty in education. The iron hand of the Dead Past rested heavily on all institutions of learning under the "old faith." It was a mighty break from the past when child nature began to be consulted as to the means and methods of study. It was also a far cry from the doctrine of original sin to the thought of the divinity of the child as taught by Froebel. It was but a short step when Christian Science and the New Thought movement began to teach the doctrine of the divinity of man.

We have yet to consider the world movements when men began to break away from economic fetters. One would have thought this step the first to be taken, and so it would have been if the world's Fears had not controlled the world's Faith.

The year 1844 was a wonderful year on the earth. It will be remembered as the year of the great Millerite movement in America. These expected the Lord to meet them in the air and, after giving away their possessions, they went out at midnight robed as brides to meet the bridegroom. They were disappointed, but perhaps they were prophets of that which was to come—who knows? This was the year the Bab movement began in Persia, and the cult now called the Beha Movement promises to become the reconciling agency to harmonize Mohammedanism and Christianity in the Eastern world. This is really a vast co-operative movement in religion pregnant with great potentialities for the good of the world.

In the fateful year of 1844 twenty-eight impoverished workmen struggled for eleven months to accumulate £28 with which they began the work of co-operative distribution in Rockdale, England. From this feeble and insignificant beginning has developed the mightiest business enterprise on earth. The Federated Co-operative Society, which is the direct outgrowth of the Rockdale Pioneers, embraces in its fellowship one seventh of the

population of Great Britain, and furnishes one sixth of the supplies used in this land. It still moves on, conquering and to conquer. Aside from its other work it has started another movement for productive co-operation that promises to be a great redemptive power.

This co-operative spirit has been and still is the moving agency in every great social and political reform in the empire of Great Britain. Through its influence the creation and enforcement of laws against food adulterations have been possible. It is also an educational power freeing the workmen of Great Britain from ignorance and prejudice, as it provides technical instruction for a host of young men each year.

Can we wonder that the far seeing Gladstone should hail the Federation as the mightiest of educational movements in Great Britain? Some day the empire will merge into a republic. This will be an evolution, not a revolution, and the power that will have brought this to pass is the slow-moving but ever on-going mass of co-operative workmen.

In the year of 1844 Dr. Raffeissen, of Germany, borrowed \$500 with which to make loans to laborers who were in sore distress for work and the necessary tools with which to work. The Raffeissen movement, developing out of this simple beginning, has become the mightiest educational and moral force in Germany. There are now more than two million people, members of Raffeissen Societies, who are borrowers of the fund which is now provided for capitalists, the court, etc.

The term "Made in Germany" has created a scare in Europe, because of the fact that a man of character but no capital can borrow money with which to go into business. This fact has made Germany the paradise of small manufacturers, and has put it in the front rank of manufacturing nations. From the year 1844 until now probably a billion of dollars has been loaned to the class of citizens ordinarily considered irresponsible. Marvel ye bankers who require so great a security of "things" when you loan money. Not one dollar has been lost to those loaning that money. It may be, Midas, that there is a philosophy here that you do not fully understand—that there may be a better basis of credit in human nature than bankers have yet realized; I mean that human nature, trusted, is ten thousand times more true than human nature, distrusted, and the security of "things" can never be compared, in value, with security of moral character, such as the Raffeissen system encourages and develops. Some day Germany will become a social democracy and the Raffeissen and other co-operative societies will prove the leavening process that brought it about.

In Belgium, France, Italy, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Holland and elsewhere the seed sown by the early co-operators is growing. In the United States where politics, trusts and unions have occupied the ground, there has been no corresponding development. But the co-operative thought is taking root: what with John Mitchell preaching it to the miners, and small communities much impressed by trying to foster it, there is hope for its fulfillment.

There is really a prodigious movement among the farmers of this country. Carroll D. Wright states that nearly one half of the agricultural class are members of some co-operative society, even in duplication where some are members of several organizations.

Has it ever occurred to you that the churches of America, the mutual benefit associations, and the federated organizations, which include in their totality a majority of the people of America, are not only splendid illustrations of voluntary co-operation, but are doing more to develop this spirit than any other agency? This, I insist, is a most pregnant statement of truth and may be said to be the most promising form of co-operation in America to-day. This brief glance at the development of co-operation in the world teaches a lesson that will not be lost. It is a light on the "new way" in which we are to walk.

When we take into consideration the faith of to-morrow we must note what has been evolved or is evolving. In the coming faith what may be expected to be its essential, and how shall it differ from the "old faith." First, it will be more hopeful of the possibilities of humanity than ever before. The dominant note in literature and theology and in all social intercourse in the past ten years has been pessimism. Humanity has faced an awful fear and all the more awful that a nameless and unformed monster seemed ready to spring out of the darkness and devour mankind. There really is no monster except that existing in our own imagination. "God is in this world, and all is well."

There is to be a new freedom to will and to do, and a new joy in life from the new possibilities of work done and well rewarded. There will be a new hope born in a new environment; a new courage will come with that hope and we will recognize more and more that our power comes from within rather than from without. We may be sure that the new faith will be a new trust of humanity in itself. Men will believe more in their fellows than now, because they will believe more in themselves. They will believe more in God and in His love, because they believe more in men and man's love. The doctrine of "original sin"

is giving way to the belief of the "life within." The doctrine of privilege is giving way to the doctrine of equal opportunity.

The Faith of to-morrow must certainly have for its essential basis a belief in one supreme ruling power, one undivided humanity trusting itself to the benevolence of that Power.

It will be a glad day on earth when peace shall dwell in our hearts and men shall no longer fear each other; when the Faith of to-morrow will be a universal faith. Let us, therefore, sound the new note of Joy, we who are of the New Faith.

### In the Joy of Life

When the first faint sun of spring  
Brings the blackbird on the wing,  
When the mould turned by the plow  
Has a sweetest scent somehow,  
When the distant hills show clear  
Through the cool, clean atmosphere,  
When the young buds on the tree  
Ope and peer forth cautiously,  
Then it is good to live,  
For life has much to give.

When the birds are in full song,  
Praising summer glad and long,  
When the wide fields wave with green,  
When the wooded hills are seen  
Shining through the rainbow shower,  
When the wayside is aflower  
As the gardens, and their musk  
The roses spend from dawn till dusk,  
Then it is good to be,  
For life has much for me.

When the birds sound glad farewells  
And fly away where summer dwells,  
When the barns are heaped to hold  
The reapers' wealth in grain of gold,  
When wooded hills and hollows wave  
Autumn's flaming banners brave,  
When the fruit is filled with juice,  
And all things ripened wait their use,  
Then it is good to live,  
For life has much to give.

When the hardy snowbirds go  
Wing to wing across the snow,  
When the fields are buried deep,  
Resting in their winter sleep,  
When the icy winds rejoice  
Through the woods with shrillest voice,  
When a flaming fire invites,  
When a thumb-worn book delights,  
Then it is good to be,  
For life has much for me.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.



# Poems of Russia

Translated by JULIA EDNA WORTHLY

Vassili Vassilivitch Kapnist was born in 1757; he died in October of 1824. During his life he held positions of dignity and honor, and at the time of his death he was a member of the Russian Academy. The ambition of his life was by means of his writings to win freedom of speech and life for his country. With this object in view he translated the works of foreign writers into Russian. His reputation as a writer rests chiefly upon his comedy in verse "*The Slander*," which is a witty and bitter satire upon bribery and dishonesty in high officialdom.

He dedicated the following to Russia:

## Slavery

Wherever I, with grief oppressed,  
Do turn my eyes—or here, or there—  
O, Fatherland in mourning dressed  
I see thee grief's black emblems wear.  
Dishonored have thy great been long,  
Vanished all merriment and song,  
Freedom of heart and speech and mind.  
The gold grain in the fields is dead,  
Meadow and grove are dispoiled,  
I naught but desolation find.

Wheresoever in city or town  
Freedom has conquered pain and need,  
There ignorance in chains has bound  
The heart that's strong, the arm that's freed;  
Whatever dream-built dwellings, we,  
The Russian race, would build gladly  
The soil of slaves bears not aright!  
As once when earth in darkness lay  
And God's word swept the night away  
With the command: "Let there be light!"

O, let some God-inspired one now  
Transform our black night into day!  
Ye Princes, Earth-gods, why and how  
Have ye right destinies to sway?  
That all the joys for which we strive  
All from which happiness we derive  
Ye strike down from us and away?  
Were purple, gold, a royal crown

But made to trample nations down  
And fetters on man's freedom lay?

Now come ye and behold the race  
That know naught of sweet freedom's light,  
That languishes in foul disgrace,  
Chain-bound in serfdom's deepest night!  
What is man, pray, in such country,  
Born but for shame and misery,  
Grief-drawn must be his every breath;  
With bloody sweat he must up-bear  
The yoke that's made for slaves to wear  
And find life bitterer than death!

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The following poem was written by Michael Jurgevitsch Lermontov shortly before his death, during his exile among the mountains of southern Russia:

### **The Captive**

Once more let me see the daylight,  
Open wide my dungeon door!  
Bring my steed beside my cell here  
And the black-browed maid once more!  
To my heart all else forgetting,  
I'll hold her the old way,  
To my saddle then uplift her  
Like the wind to flee away!

Ah! well guarded is my dungeon,  
Its doors held by bolt and bar,  
While my beauty in her chamber  
Sits and dreams of me afar;  
Bridleless upon the meadow  
Feeds my steed amid the dew,  
Or with mane and tail outflowing  
Sportively leaps into view.

Lonely am I and deserted,  
Nowhere can I comfort find;  
O'er the damp walls of my dungeon  
Slips the pallid night-lamp's shine.  
By my cell with threatening footstep,  
Dreary measuring of sound,  
Through the silent night the keeper  
Paces silently the round!

In order of talent Lermontov ranks as the second classic poet of the Slav world. The story of his life is a veritable romance and reads like a page of Dumas.

He was born in Moscow in 1814, and he is universally known and spoken of as "the Russian Byron." Like Byron he was handsome, talented and wealthy, and by birth a member of the highest social circles. Like Byron, too, he was lame and possessed of a gloomy and highly imaginative temperament.

There is an interesting story current that he was directly descended from that old Scottish bard, Thos. Learmonth, whom Scott has celebrated in his "Thos. the Rimer," and the ruins of whose ancient castle are said still to be seen on the banks of the Tweed. However it may be, it is true that few of the really great writers of Russia have been of pure Slav blood.

In his early youth Lermontov left Moscow for St. Petersburg, where his beauty and talent at once made him a favorite in court circles. But unfortunately he was possessed of a quick and bitter wit which won him the enmity of Count Benckendorf, who soon procured his banishment to southern Russia. Twice Nicholas I. recalled him to St. Petersburg, but each time the influence of the powerful Count, who was the favorite of the Czar, procured his return to exile, so that the greater part of his short life was spent among the lonely mountains of the Caucasus.

During his third term of exile he was killed in a duel with an officer of the Russian army. The duel was supposed to have been instigated by his envious enemy at court. He was killed at the foot of the Maschu Mt. in July of 1841, in the twenty-seventh year of his life.

In those brief twenty-seven years that were granted to him he did wonderful things. Since his death Russia has produced no poet who can in any way compare with him. He is still the first lyric poet of his country.

He wrote a novel, too (which I think has been translated into English), "A Hero of Our Time," which still holds its own with the best of the day.

His "Song of Ivan Vassiljevitsch" is perhaps the greatest poem in the language, notwithstanding the fact that he was scarcely more than twenty when he wrote it.

It is to the everlasting shame of Russia that the duel should have been permitted which resulted in Lermontov's death.

He was a man of Titanic genius and had life and his country been kinder to him one of the world's greatest poets would have come from Russia.

# Mind Building

By CHARLES J. LEWIS, M. D.

Mind Building implies that there is a device which builds it, and the description of the function of this device is sacred to physiology.

To have a correct understanding of the functions of the senses and brain, it is essential that we have a knowledge of the minute parts of these most important tissues. It is from a lack of this knowledge that the leaders of thought in the past permitted themselves to be hedged about with so many mysterious notions about the source, nature and quality of "mind."

Even as late as twenty years ago, the microscopic anatomy and functions of the cells and fibers of the sense organs and brain were in an inchoate and unstudied condition. Nearly all of the false theories of earlier physiologists have been abandoned through recent studies of the structure of the nerves, the changes they undergo while functioning, and what it is that they do when they work or function. Hence, the three words Structure, Metabolism (change), and Function, have become fundamental in both physiology and physics.

Physiologists hold with Helmholtz that they have evidence which tends to show that, "sensations are signs (images) of objects." More correctly, however, images are sense abstractions of things observed.

## THE RAW MATERIAL OF SENSORY IMAGES.

The material of which sensory images are composed is commonly called sense stimuli. These are phenomena. Phenomena are the emanations we sense as having come from surrounding objects. The state or quality of the matter constituting these emanations, stimuli or phenomena, is identical with, or probably the same as the matter which gives body or meaning to the nineteenth century phrase, "conservation of energy." When certain limited streams of sense stimuli, from environing objects, flow into open and attentive sense organs, the nerve cells of the senses build the stimuli into a more or less typical likeness of the objects.

## THE RAW MATERIAL OF MIND.

Upon the foregoing sense-constructed images passing from the senses to the brain, its cells transform, construct, or build them up into ideas of the things the images stood for. Hence mind, according to this contention, is composed of the material which entered into the formation of sense images. For this view, we have ground for a good working hypothesis, and, when cerebrolologists are more numerous, they will cause the saying that,

"mind controls the body," to be cast into oblivion along with hosts of other philosophic wreckages.

The method employed by physiologists to bring into sense view these hitherto dark and hidden principles of mind building, is Baconian. That is, they frequently test human experiences by referring them again and again to the complex phenomena which caused them. From this it is clear that the office of the psychologist, or, what I claim is a more appropriate name—Cerebrologist—is to discover how the law of conscious experience conforms with the brain processes that evolve our ideas. Moreover, it is also important to know that the tissues which produce knowledge are not the tissues which express it.

The part of the gray matter of the brain that functions, is its cells. These are grouped into convolutions. There is a particular convolution which receives sense images from the eye; another from the sense of smell, taste, and hearing; another which receives Sense images from the skin and the numerous and varied tissues of the body. Between these five groups of cells and the motor group, there is one which is three and a half times as large as all the others combined, called by anatomists the central group of cells. On account of my holding that the cells in the five groups just mentioned build sense images into ideas, I have named them Ideating Centers. The next and last group, is the motor which is divided into that for muscular action, secretion, etc., and the center for speech. These three groups of cells function in the following order: outside phenomena become within organs of sense images; images within ideating cells are made into ideas. Ideas that are sent from the ideating cells to the central group of cells, are made from all true images into reasoned processes, cognitions, judgments; and when dim or shadowy, into imaginations, illusions, and the like. In the central cells the five separate ideating centers lose their distinctive identity, and the brain that was a five personed one, has now become but one; in other words, the "five" do not send their products to the motor areas as "five," but after being pooled together, are sent as single concepts to the executive or motor center. This *explains* the reason why men regard themselves as "persons," "individuals," and at the same time hike out of their brains the mysterious "ego"—an illusion that has exercised such a baneful influence on the science of physiology.

Space is not mine to elaborate more on the points raised. Regretting that the terms *will*, *consciousness*, and the like, cannot be considered, I leave the subject for others. May they help lift the curtain that prevents us from seeing the brain actually at the work of mind building.

# Why Infants Die

By G. H. CORSON

Nothing, I think, will so upset and age a newly married couple as the death of their first born child. That which should be as rare an event as the appearance of a comet is today so common that if it does not happen there is general surprise expressed. Now, in my opinion, it is a positive disgrace to let a child die, for is not the parent responsible for the child's health? But in this modern, busy world there are few who are jacks of all trades, and we find men and women perfecting themselves in the arts, in mechanics, in agriculture, in stock raising, etc., etc., leaving to the doctors the work of telling the truth about things hygienic and sanitary, and paying them bountifully for their advice. Now, if I, a tradesman, call in an electrical engineer and pay him for his expert advice and as a result my house burns down, I could, undoubtedly, have him sued for damages, and his name would be depreciated in value to the community. But this does not hold good with the doctor trade, for doctors can make a thousand failures and blame God in every case. "You did not live up to my advice," doctors no longer dare to tell their patients, for the government health inspector and the government trained nurse, and beside the anxious mother sees to it that the minutest detail of the doctor's advice is carried out. There is the shelf full of hypophosphates of lime with *Norwegian* cod liver oil bottles, the beef, iron, wine and celery compounds; the empty patent food packages and perhaps food enough to feed a baby elephant. But why go over the sickening details of how doctors have killed the children.

Some drops of gold:

The prospective mother should live largely on fruit (raw). Juicy fruits should take the place absolutely of milk, tea, coffee, cocoa, pop, ale, wine, etc., etc. Hard water, soda and baking powder, raised products, cake, candy, highly spiced meats, salt fish must be absolutely prohibited. By observing the above rules child-birth will be EASY or comparatively easy. Then half the battle is won.

The natural food of the human infant is milk, the milk from its mother's breast. Even a wild pig knows this fact, and yet a great many doctors dispute it. Now, what should the mother eat and drink to make GOOD milk, for there is the difference between life and death in this real matter? I say largely sweet raw fruits, as dates, figs, raisins, tokay, muscatelle, custard, apples, talman sweets, blueberries, sweet cherries, pawpaws, almonds,

brazil nuts, cocoanuts (for the teeth), etc., etc., too numerous to mention. If the stomach is dirty (evidenced by sour tongue and bad breath), fast a meal or two, or three, if necessary. Remember sick milk—sick baby.

To manufacture putrid milk and poison your baby and ruin your kidneys, live largely on half putrid matter as cheese, high game, beef tea, salt fish, etc. To sour the milk and give the baby wind or abdominal pains, eat vinegar or products of pickles, canned corn, tomatoes, turnips, beans, and peas. To make a large quantity of swill milk, drink plenty of beer, ale, porter, half and half, tea and oysters.

To make your child a dwarf and precocious, drink whisky, brandy and plenty of wine and champagne. To have a slimy, bilious stomach, don't ventilate your living rooms and eat plenty of cake, hard boiled eggs and boiled milk. When your infant is weaned, it is no longer an infant, but a child, and therefore deserves another paper which I hope to give you in the near future.

### Tragedy

The organ softly preludes and up the church aisle devoutly my lady advances,

Her robes waft the daintiest perfume around her.

Gentle the face and pure—innocent of all wrong doing.

They say she gives much to the poor and I can believe it.

And now as she passes there comes the soft rustle of silk,

It is lost in the music, and I feel for an instant the joy of a summer day.

Hear the murmur of leaves and the swish of deep swaying grain,

Only an instant and then—the rustle of silk seems the whirr of the shuttle,

The sigh and the sob of a little child robbed of the sweetness of life.

R. WARRINER BOROUGH.

# Life and the Theories of Life

BY BERNARD G. RICHARDS

The soul mounts ever toward nobler things, but seldom is it strong enough to carry along with it the human clay.

The mind works wonders, but the body is out of employment. We reflect, we rhapsodize, we rise high upon the wings of our eloquence; we plan far into the future, we build beautiful theories, we speculate on the achievements of the centuries and life lags behind. The soul of man soars on and on, but only to create a greater remove, only to make a larger distance between the dream and the reality. This discrepancy, this division, this distance we call the problem of the ages, and as we have given it a name we deem ourselves free to go on as of yore.

The wisdom of the world is sued for breach of promise. The lore of the ages is bankrupt. It cannot pay its debts. It is powerless to release a soul from pain, unable to mend a little broken heart, and even the hungry it cannot save from starvation.

Strange situation, yet we explain it; we tell all who, like ourselves, are puzzled and perplexed, and content to remain so, that it is the problem of the ages. Are we not wise to use such words? We offer no solution, but give the problem a name.

We might ask why this separation, why this abyss between the thought and the deed? Has not humanity been dreaming too much with its hands in its pockets? Has not the mind worked overtime and permitted the indolence of the body? Have we dreamed too well and droned too well? It may be that our theories fail because they do not corroborate "the theory of the earth." Perhaps we have mistaken the direction, and soared upwards instead of descending downwards with the strength of the spirit. Certain it is that there is the charge of desertion against us. There is not one deed to a thousand words, yet deeds give life to the words. We perorate and fail to accomplish. We theorize, arrange things far into the future, and life lags behind.

What is it we believe in? Is it the highest personal freedom? Is it universal co-operation? Then where are the little acts, where are the qualities that point to the possibilities of the future? Where is the material out of which to build the new life? Inherently all human beings are good, but when will the goodness come out? not when there will be no more difficulties in their path. You point to the many followers of ideas and I point back to the countless actual contradictions to their ideas. We must



have proof that the clay is coming nearer to the soul and that the soul is growing strong enough to carry the clay.

You say you must have majorities, multitudes, nations to bring about the union of soul and body, to help you live your beliefs. Then you admit your weakness, then you confess your failure as an individual. You say that you must capture the official machinery of society in order to express the spirit in the deed? Then you show your personal feebleness. The things you can do alone and unaided, and under the greatest difficulties call for the largest faith. The best guarantee of your strength is the short distance and most possible harmony between your theory and your life. If your theory is not in accord with life, life will demolish it and you will die with your theories—die even before your end. We must have many good words, but also many good deeds to save our wisdom from bankruptcy and disgrace. The soul of man ever soars toward higher things, but it must be strong enough to carry the clay along with it.

Take the first train of thought that will bring your theory nearer to life.

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### Woman Suffrage

I do not hesitate to say that the best women of Colorado have far more conscience in fulfilling their responsibilities as voters than the men of the same class. It is also true that women of standing in the community have great influence with men who are not particularly interested in public affairs.

We are constantly asked by visitors to Colorado, "How do prominent women, with their many duties and obligations, have time for politics?" To speak to one's grocer, butcher, stationer, to a conductor on a car or to a cabman, takes only an instant, and it takes just about one hour in a year to cast all the ballots necessary and allowable.

The women of the half-world generally do not vote. They are constantly changing their residence and their names. They do not wish to give any data concerning themselves, their age, name, or number and street; they prefer to remain unidentified. (Occasionally some disreputable master compels these slaves to vote for his own purposes, but it is a rare occurrence.

Has the woman vote wholly purified politics, and have we banished saloons? No, to both questions. It would be beyond reason to expect such a result. Women have been in churches and in society since the beginning of time, but there are still vicious minds and sinful deeds in both religious and social circles. The most we assert is that if we pour a clear stream into a muddy one, we shall have a "moving of the waters" for betterment.

SARAH PLATT DECKER.

# Negative Virtues

By AUSTIN BIERBOWER

Many of our virtues are negative and of little value. Most good results come from the positive virtues. The negative are such as purity, truthfulness, honesty and general uprightness. They go only to the regulation of the individual, and are not productive. One may be pure and do nothing. The lazy, idle, and impractical may be pure; this class serves the world but little. It is the positive people who do good—the affectionate, sympathetic and self-sacrificing. However useful the negative virtues may be in keeping the individual in good condition and in preventing him from injuring others, they add little to men's possessions, making none richer or happier, but simply preventing themselves from doing harm. Moralists dwell too much on the negative virtues, preaching personal attainment in morals and building up characters that end with the individual. They should try more to make men helpers of humanity, with aggressive force and perpetual activity. Instead of keeping straight, men should be doing something—adding to the possessions of mankind.

The theological virtues of faith and hope have small value except to self. Selfish goodness is limited; better get what we need by doing something for our fellows. A virtue that is all for itself is little better than other things that are all for self. Selfish virtue differs little from selfish vice. While one should look to himself to the extent of keeping right, it is only as a means; looking to others should be his chief moral work. One may think too much of himself to cultivate his own virtues. The best effect on self is obtained by not caring for self.

Looking after the interests of others will make one better than looking after his own virtues. In general, virtue is not anything to be cultivated, at least in us as an attainment. It is a product of useful work which has something outside of us as its object.

Man's love should be for everything, and he should have an interest in the whole world. If he loved all else as he does himself then whatever good happens to any would be a good to him. For if the whole goes right he prospers; and, as the whole never ends, he lives forever. What he cares for most abides, and his nature is that which achieves immortality.

We should aim, therefore, at making great men of ourselves, not good men merely, and at making great men by doing something, not by simply being proper. The virtues which regulate self end in trifles. Our chief thought ought to go far beyond us. We should live widely, growing in the interest which we have

in things until we feel as if we were as great as the whole. Our affection should be as wide as our knowledge, and we should conquer the world by loving it, by feeling good over all its good. Virtue consists more in enlarging ourselves than in keeping ourselves right, and in enlarging the good within us until it includes what is beyond us, and each is not merely an individual, but is lost in all things.

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### Things As They Are

"What you have to do is to express yourself, utter yourself, turn out what is in you on the side of beauty and right and truth. Of course, you can't turn out your best unless you know what your best is. What I am driving at is this: we are a living part, however small, of things as they are. If we believe that things as they are can be made better than they are, and in that faith set to work to help the betterment to the best of our ability—however limited—we are, and cannot help being—children of the kingdom. If we disbelieve in the possibility of betterment, or don't try to help it forward, we are, and can not help being—damned. It is the 'things as they are' that is the touchstone—the trial—the day of judgment. How do 'things as they are' strike you? The question is as bald as an egg, but it is the egg out of which blessedness or unblessedness is everlastingly being hatched for every living soul. Of course, you can translate it into any religious language you please, Christian, Buddhist, Mohammedan or what not. 'Have you faith?' I suppose means the same thing. Faith, not amount of achievement—which at best must be infinitesimally small—that is the grand thing. Have *you* faith, my dear? Do you ever think of this poor old woman, our mother, trudging on and on toward nothing and nowhere, and swear by all your gods that she shall yet go gloriously some day, with sunshine and flowers and chanting of her children that love her and she loves? I can never think of collective humanity as brethren and sisters: they seem to me 'mother'—more nearly mother than nature herself. To me, this weary, toiling, groaning world of men and women is none other than our lady of the sorrows. It lies with you and me and all the faithful to make her our lady of the glories. Will she ever be so? Will she? She shall be if your toil and mine, and the toil of a thousand ages of them that come after us can make her so!"

EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

# Desmorgenslandt

BY BARRIE MARTONNE AND M. F. CANFIELD



## Unrest

The discontented soul within the nut  
Rests not, for well it knows its God ne'er meant  
That it should lie beside the clod, content  
To live within its shell forever shut;  
Through every pulsing breath it strives with might  
Against the narrow bounds of circumstance  
Until with growth it bursts, and climbs perchance,  
And lifts itself at last into the light.

E'en so, thy soul with discontent is stirred.  
Because a latent power within thee lies  
Through which thy life to its true sphere will rise;  
Thy songs—so rich and strong will yet be heard  
If thou but chisel out thy soul's intent  
And lift thyself above discouragement!

B. M.

## Die Wanderlust

Once more Nature has wrung on one of her changes. The call of spring seems to be louder, sweeter, more siren-like, than ever before. The longing to get closer to nature, fills the heart.

*O mächtig ist der Griff der Wanderlust!* In the grasp of this desire I went forth into the southern fields today. The warm breast of mother Earth was pulsing with new life.

Here and there, great patches, remnants of her winter-russet, were flecked with tender sprigs of green, a little further on, wide fields of early rye, set in motion by the soft breezes, rolled forth their gratitude in rich, emerald undulations.

Robin and bob-white rent the air with their bright gladness; even the ubiquitous, omnipresent sparrow, put an unwonted melody into his voice, while an occasional butterfly heralded the coming of the full grown spring. The warm, summer snow of the dog-wood, plum-trees and haws mingled with the soft, blush pink of peach and apple blossoms. Their fragrant petals falling, lay in sensate caress upon the earth and produced that harmony or odor and color known only to spring in the South.

A thorn bush in a farm-yard nearby, blushed into scarlet beside the bridal-wreath, while trailing berry-vines, climbing over a rustic fence behind, formed a background of graceful, waving green.

A lone cardinal spread his crimson wings and flew joyously to his grey, pink-tinged mate, the subdued reflection of his brighter self. Still further on, in the deeper woods, the bewildering shades of grays and greens intoxicated the eye and inspired the inner man with the promise of new life. O, the satisfaction of heart-hunger and soul-thirst in the contemplation of reviving nature!

It is then "we find our own soul," and with Walt Whitman feel that: "A morning glory at my window, satisfies me more than the metaphysics of books," and like him we wish "to do nothing but listen;" to let the soul of the universe commune with its child; to hearken to the wonderful symphony of woodland notes; to hear a thousand voices calling to their own, and to realize that we are in and of that call a part.

Nature in her impartiality; in her universality and constancy is the true democrat, the true Christian that teaches the kinship of all life and the brotherhood of man.

To come into close touch with her, is to get a foretaste and a foreglimpse of Des Morgenslandt, the land of to-morrow. Des Morgenslandt is no vain vision of a dreamer, told only in myth, but a very possible realization. It is our own beautiful earth under changed political and social conditions. How far in the future this realization may yet be, we dare not now predict, but we believe the borderland may soon be described. So indicate the signs of the times. Already numbers of our thinkers are beginning to realize that the Midas-touch of Commercialism does not satisfy; that there is a greater crave than that of the flesh: that sky-scrapers and palatial mansions in themselves, bear no spiritual fruit; that there is a *higher-self* that will not starve beyond a certain limit. The night of materialism in the form of monopolies, trusts and oppression may seem black and prolonged, but the day *will* dawn. There is a quickening in the souls of men. Progress is a-foot and the voice of justice will yet be heard. A nation stands or falls by her decrees. Not falsely has Schiller said: "The tyrant's power has its limit. Whenever the oppressed can nowhere find justice; whenever the load becomes unbearable, with confidence he reaches up to Heaven and brings down his eternal right, which hangs above, as inalienable and unperishable as the stars themselves. The original condition of nature returns."

M. F. C.

### Garden Philosophy

Evergreen—Good morning, Mrs. Apple-tree. I see you are all diked out in your new spring frock, pink and white, flecked with green, and a new perfume for the day! You must feel very proud! It seems to me you are foolish, in changing your dress so often. Why are you not sensible like me, and wear the same gown all the year round?

Apple-tree—I see you are always green with envy.

\* \* \*

Butterfly—See here, Mrs. Bee, you have been just a little too busy. I have been flying around here for several days, waiting for that flower to open, and now I come to find that you have robbed me of all its nectar.

Bee—Perhaps so, Miss Butterfly, but you have had the pleasure of airing that pretty gown of yours. You may have the flower now. I have not shorn it of its beauty.

M. F. C.

### The Southern Mocking Bird

The Southern night with moonlit beauty swells.  
The summer winds thro' yellow jasmine blow,  
And waft afloat its fragrant, fairy bells  
Whose voiceless chimes the silvan spirits know.  
With crystal light, the dew drops trembling lie,  
On flower and field, and trees' enameled green.  
The towering pines in gentle slumber sigh,  
And balsam-breath perfumes the dreamland scene;  
Swift trailing moss with graceful tendrils grey,  
In beauty sweeps the purple-clustered vines,—  
And zephyr-borne along its silvered way,  
The forest trees in fond communion binds.—  
Magnolias lift their blossoms, large and white,  
Like chalices to catch the moonlight-gold.  
O'erwhelming perfume fills the balmy night,  
And censer-buds a heavenly incense hold.  
What music that, which fills my ravished ear?  
'Twas field-lark then, and now 'tis whip-poor-will.  
'Tis thrush, but hark! the cry of cat-bird clear,  
And car'nal's note of wildly wond'rous trill.  
Canary now, with loud, then mellow song  
And mournful call, like woodland's lonely dove.  
In rhythmic sweetness blending soft, prolong  
The ecstasy of soul-responsive love;  
While moonlight gilds the face of Nature's rest,  
He echoes songs of clear and dulcet note,  
Enchanting music falls on Midnight's breast  
In mellow sweetness from his liquid throat.

M. F. C.

## Book Review

"Self Building," by Corilla Banister. Publishers, Lee & Shepard, Boston. In line with modern thought on the subject of health is the book called *Self Building* by Corilla Banister. She takes us with her as she travels over newly discovered roads to the land of health or body building. There is buoyancy at the prospect of sharing with others the things that have added so great a pleasure to her own life. Practical advice, the brief anecdote, or a glimpse at the vistas which give soul strength, fill the journey and you never have a weary moment from the time she introduces herself till she leaves you at the journey's end. You are sure to read the book from cover to cover, and to keep it for a text on the building of self by a sensible method which results in a happy, healthy life.

In "The Story of My Literary Career," Ella Wheeler Wilcox has given us a little statement of commercial industry. She tell us how she has gotten her poems published—not by intercession of friends working a graft but by sheer persistency—and persistency means belief in one's self. This little book published by Elizabeth is in reality a text book on how to succeed in business. (Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass.)

"Human Work," by Charlotte Perkins Gilman, teaches that "difficulty lies in false ideas," and that the great hindrance of social progress lies in the fact that in every community there are persons who persist in following worn out standards. The author claims that "work is human life," and goes on to prove that energy fitted to its peculiar field will bring happiness. The worker then feels that his especial labor builds a part of the universe; his own ideas are inwrought and added to the ideas which, in the ages behind him, were given to that line or similar lines of work. Once in his own field he thinks more of what he accomplishes than of its money value. Man's relation to society, through that source and energy called work, is earnestly set forth. "Human Work" is a book to stimulate endeavor. (McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.)

"The Open Road" with its green wayside was found at our gate, and we discovered a "barrel" full of good things in it, too. Charles spells it barrel, but it sounds just as suspicious. Go to your newsdealer for a ticket; it only costs ten cents and then seek The Open Road for a saunter each month; for the magazinette intends to lure you along a new track, that starts from New Jersey on Grant street, Jersey City.

"The Nautilus" comes to us so replete with helpful thoughts and suggestions on health and success, that one cannot afford to miss going into every chamber within its neat grey housing. Elizabeth Towne certainly knows how to win us.

The Parcel Post argument, in the May Philistine, should be read by everyone who can tell a postage stamp from an express tag. Evidently Elbert Hubbard would rather lick Uncle Sam any day than tackle a messenger. And say don't forget to read the article on strike breaking which shows us multiplied Sherlock Holmes in the ranks of labor.

Marguerite Springer is making a success of *Wayside Tales*. The May number comes to us in a bright, new dress, and the reading matter is well worth while. If the improvement continues this periodical will soon rank *way up* in the line of readable magazines.

The May *Biblot* gives an appreciative reprint of some of John William Mackail's poetry, whose beauty, it thinks, is too little known. "In Scheria," and some verses from "Love's Looking Glass," are presented to its readers. Judge, ye who love good verse.

*The Boss Evergreen* has been giving us "Hot Pitch" this month, and somehow, it is the kind we like to have stick. Ladle out some more about co-operation. We want people coated with it.

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**Those who believe in us can manifest it by sending in one dollar for a year's subscription and the good of the cause.**

# The Informal Brotherhood



## How to Know Nature

Nature study will never be made a success until people have adjusted themselves to its sacred influences,—until they feel the life of the universe throbbing in every living thing. Man needs a broader margin in his life. He who glories in the sun rise and bathes in its radiance as it floods the world begins to find himself. Wonderful is that power to feel ourselves in tune with the subtle influences of Heaven and Earth but more wonderful is the revelation to poets, musicians, artists, and writers, who are introduced to something far greater than that seen by ordinary mortals. Or is it that they see with a clearer vision and accept more lovingly.

Behold how fair are the woods and field. We look, and by degrees our lethargy is thrown off. We begin to understand the language that is written in blade and twig. There comes a sense of ownership in the changeful incidents of the scenery and a resentment against the on-march of civilization and greed that would destroy the treasures of nature. In rural localities there are many of the rarer and unusual wild flowers becoming extinct, by the clearing of forest areas, or the drainage of meadows and swamps for industrial and economic purposes. The gathering of flowers and ferns for city markets, and the collection by over-enthusiastic amateurs and botanists promises to leave the plant world a fragment of dead history.

Many benefactors must help save the beautiful plants from extinction, and from the baneful picking by many ruthless hands.

The public needs to be awakened to the essential fact that as long as they rob the sweets from the "kingdom of nature," they have failed to make education and character a success.

To make nature-study a pleasure and success, there is yet an active field for the many to teach mankind that hearts, ears and eyes must turn rightly to nature.

Will not the many true thinkers act as guardians for nature? Like many other problems, this is an important one, and it is necessary for us to do something that will make man's education truer and nobler. To be in unity with nature means better character-materials, and that power to always do the right thing.

AGNES SCOTT.

## Who Was the Greater?

In the eulogy of Frances E. Willard by Senator Beveridge on the occasion of the unveiling of the Illinois statue of her in Statuary Hall at the nation's capital he says: "The mother of all mothers, the sister of all wives, to every child the lover, Frances E. Willard sacrificed her own life to the happiness of her sisters. For, after all, she knew that, with all her gifts and all the halo of her God-sent mission, the humblest mother was yet greater far than she." Why should such an estimate of herself be imputed to Frances Willard? She was above all a Christian, and this is not a Christian idea. When Jesus answered the woman who blessed the mother who bore him he said "Yea rather, blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it." (Luke ii, 27-28.) There is, then, something possible for womanhood more blessed than to be even the most exalted mother. For mere motherhood is a physical function and such a function cannot be the highest achievement of a being endowed with intelligence and soul, whether woman or man. How clearly this would have appeared if the orator, instead of the name of Frances Willard, had used that of George Washington or Phillips Brooks, and said, "The humblest father was yet greater than he!"

Perhaps this extravagant praise of the "humblest mother" was given because the question of "race suicide" is now so much discussed. But if there is danger of race suicide at all it is not from a deficiency of that motherhood which is so humble that it aspires to little more than bring children into the world and takes no thought of the conditions which surrounds them. Statistics show where the danger lies when they tell such dreary facts as that one half the children die before they attain the age of five years, and that in the one city of New York alone 70,000 daily go to school unfed.

The noble understanding of Frances Willard, illumined by her great mother heart, apprehended and taught that the world needs a womanhood sufficiently elevated to be capable of rearing children in health and virtue.

LAURA CLAY.

### The Ballot an Equal Gift

I do not believe in woman suffrage. I believe in equal suffrage. Let the man and woman stand or fall together. I do not want to look up to any man. I want to stand equal to him and look into his eyes. What is sin in him is sin in me. What rights he has I should have also. If the ballot is not an inherent right, it should be an equal gift to man and woman.

MARGARET W. RAVENHILL, Vice-Pres., Sorosis.

### The Prevailing Blindness

We are worshipping externals, and the good one day in seven,  
While the glory of the Infinite through everything is shining;  
The paths of honest labor are the avenues to heaven—  
The gates of joy are open—yet we grope, and grope, repining.

We've restored the veil in worship, which the life of Jesus ended;  
We've enclosed the Omnipresent in a sacred place of shadows;  
So in factory and market we have lost the vision splendid,  
And we've fenced away the toiler who would find Love in the meadows.

GEORGE HOWARD GIBSON.

### A National Issue

In the March Cosmopolitan John Brisben Walker enumerates the issues before the American people. There are twenty-two in all, and the sixteenth one is: "Equal rights before the law for all—men and women."

That phrase "men and women," is significant of much.

If we say all "all," why should it be necessary to add "men and women?" That little phrase bears witness to a vast injustice which has left its record on the language of many centuries. If Richard Chevenix French were alive today he might add a paragraph or two to his "Study of Words" stating that the disfranchisement of women in this enlightened age of the world led to a similar change in the meaning of certain words. When political matters were being discussed the word "people" and "citizen" meant, not men and women but men only, and "all" signified not the whole people but men only. The day is not far off, however, when these words will be restored to their original estate. Half a century ago the movement for woman's enfranchisement was only a subject for vulgar ridicule. Today it is a national issue.

LIDA CALVERT OBENCHAIN.

DEAR EDITOR:—Returned poems and story duly received.

I am considered quite a good hand on drawings with pen and ink or pencil. As originality is not lacking neither I should think that you could make probably use of some of my work.

If you intend to bring regularly some work of mine, either literary or artistical, don't you think you could bring a short sketch of my life in one of your next numbers. I will furnish it at any moment.

WILL U. ROAST.

TO THE EDITOR:—Yes, I am with you. I understand and appreciate all the good things in To-Morrow and the Prophetic Writers. Success to you and to the Changing Order.

Yours, E. W. SLATER.



# MARCONIGRAPHS

FROM TO-MORROW'S READERS



## Yesterday, To-Day, and To-Morrow

Rockefeller's millions are not only troubling their possessor, but many other people confess to perturbed minds induced by contemplating the piles of Standard Oil gold. The theological contingent of society is just now in an intellectual and emotional ferment, trying to find that happy medium between an accusing conscience and shrewd business sense which through the long ages has lulled so many "good men" to sleep. Rockefeller would give money to churches; the churches are reluctant, seemingly, though, in reality, anxious to take the gift. But how to take such money and still insist upon the commandment "Thou shalt not steal"; how to aid and abet Standard Oil peculations, and still insist upon one's duty to God—"There's the rub." Dr. Washington Gladden, a prominent churchman of the East, is for consistency and the rejection of the gift of loot, and his utterances upon the subject are attracting attention; but Dr. Gladden is one man, and Mammon has many worshipers. Social radicalism would first stop Rockefeller's thievery, and afterwards return the real wealth, which he possesses, to those who produced it. But the Church, which is fast growing rich—what can it do and not disrupt itself, except that which it has always done—and which shows how spiritually dead it really is—take from a thief the wealth stolen from its creators, while by word of mouth it condemns thievery?

\* \* \*

Divorce is setting the world by the ears, and all sorts of proposals are being indulged in by the thoughtless, with the object of stemming the ever increasing tide of marital discontent. They are ready to dam the stream even at the court house doors, and appeal for stringent laws against separation. But the causes of divorce lie too deep for legislation. They are partly the result of economic deprivation, and partly that of the cheap, sensational, present day journalism, but more than all, they are found in the spirit of the new order of things, which will have no one bound, least of all bound to dwell in love relations with another. To make a paradox, the law of love is lawlessness, and the general decay of blind faith and acquiescence in the state of things as they are, has let the light in upon a relation which had but little to say for itself. Anyway, a relation which must rest upon outside force and not upon spontaneous need and its expression, must go, and the marriage relation of conventional life finds the numbering of its days coming upon it now. The legal restriction of love is anti-social and cannot prevail against a growing social spirit.

\* \* \*

The soul of labor is pleasure, and those who labor have reason for complaint if their labor does not give them its full measure of satisfaction. The production of things for use, under the conditions which prevail today, does not give real satisfaction; and much labor is wasted on useless things, called objects of luxury. The machine with its infinite capacity reduces labor to a mere mechanical process with the object of capturing a market, and labor on the machine tires in consequence; then the passion for novelty and change on the part of an unrefined public results in the production of an infinitude of things which have no real relation to the good of life. Labor, freed from the galling conditions of commercialism, and becoming co-operative, would look to use and beauty at once, and handicraft would largely displace machine work: that is, the creative spirit would displace the spirit of gain. The refining influence of this would tend to eliminate the production of superfluous objects, and labor would again mean joy. The future belongs to labor—to the labor which knows and is glad.

W. F. BARNARD.

EDITOR TO-MORROW:—The boyish spiteful criticism of your magazine in Collier's, evidently written by a conceited prig among the great army of "Know-it-alls," leads me to ask for a sample copy of your publication that I may see how little it deserves immersion in his tank of spleen. I will await the same with much interest.

Courteously yours,

WM. EDGAR JOHNSON.

We are to be saved. Triggs will save us. Don't remember Triggs? Discharged from Chicago University, he won a damage suit from the New York "Sun," because of the acerbity with which it narrated his dismissal, and now he is editing a paper called "To-morrow." That is the date of the world's regeneration. The feast of reason begins with five lines from "Macbeth" about to-morrow, including two misquotations, one of them destroying the metre and the other injuring it. But no matter. This periodical deals with the eternal. It says, by the way, that the world's philosophy may be condensed into sixteen epigrams. This seems to leave a shortage of philosophy for future issues of "To-morrow," as there are several times sixteen epigrams in the April number. However, "each number will be rich in new, real poetry. The new age of expression through beautiful verse will find worthy exponents in Mr. Russell, Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Barnard, Mrs. Isaacs, Mr. Swan, Mr. Schoonmaker, Mr. Sandberg, Mrs. Hunt, and others." The editor himself contributes much profundity. "What wonder," as he says, "the world is restless! I hear the wind rising and stirring in the mountains and the far-off forests." There is a crisis, "but the sages are asleep—asleep in the midst of the greatest revolution the world has known." Like Hamlet, Triggs regrets his leading role: "Why should I who love peace and books and art—why should I be disturbed by 'man's inhumanity to man'! Nearly my whole life has been spent in schools, and I have cultivated the arts of gentleness and peace. Oh! if I could only return and be indifferent to this 'riddle of the painful earth'!" But he can not return for President Harper will not let him. It is sad, this case of Triggs one of the most appealing ever sent out of the fertile city by the lake; but we are consoled for it all by the publication of "To-morrow." Regularly may it reach our desk. Price, one dollar per year, address 2238 Calumet avenue. "The fools of the present," we are told in this issue, "are the prophets of the future." The magazine is edited by prophets of the future. In the words of the poet, "Tomorrow, do thy worst."—COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

Here is TO-MORROW, a very attractive, and tall, slim "magazine of the changing order," managed by Parker H. Sercombe, the freak books man, who thinks he knows good books by the author's autograph. The January and February numbers of TO-MORROW taste like more. Send ten cents for sample copy to 2238 Calumet avenue, Chicago.—*The Nautilus*.

As if it was not enough to have Mr. Bryan, Tom Watson and Prof. Triggs issuing periodicals, Carrie Nation is to enter the field temporarily and will help to edit the coming number of the *Home Defender*, of Chicago, a semi-juvenile, temperance publication, the managing editor of which is that irrepressible young Viking, Thorwald Mauritzen.—*The Peoples Companion*.

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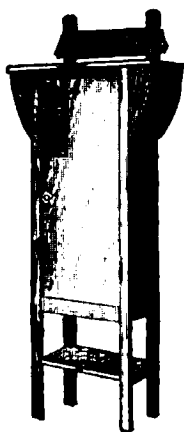
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A MONTHLY HAND-BOOK OF THE CHANGING ORDER

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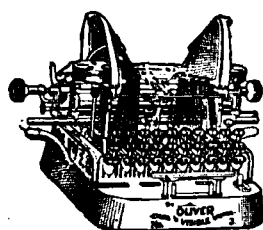
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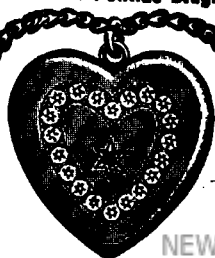
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Jacob A. Riis:  Practical Reformer

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# The Business End

(Personally Conducted)



What is the cause of the divorce evil? Marriage.

Why is Chicago the saddest city in America? Because Maud Muller and Rockefeller collaborated a comedy entitled *Harper and Juliet* and swore it *onto* the N. Y. Sun.

What is sadness? It is a habit.

How can the habit be cured? By not thinking of self and being satisfied with the world.

What proportion of sad people are so from thought of others? About one per cent.

What proportion of sadness arises from *Egoism*? Ninety-nine per cent.

Is happiness dependent upon possession of material needs and comforts? No! The truly happy are always those who have but little.

Who of all the world are the most happy? Those who serve others and love their work.

Who are the most unhappy? Those whose thoughts and desires are mostly of self.

Why are you happy?

Because I have given up striving for self.

Because nothing is essential to me.

Because I know we all deserve just what we get.

Because I recognize the world was not made for my particular benefit.

Because though largely acquired, it is my temperament.

Because we have to bear what we get anyway and to be satisfied saves friction.

Why are the Japs happy? Because they have conquered appetite and are satisfied with everything.

Does this show lack of ambition? No, they are very ambitious for others (for their race).

Is it indifference? Indifference to self gratification, yes; which always co-exists with the highest sympathy and devotion to others.

Is love a source of happiness? Yes, when it is not purely a form of self gratification.

What then? Tragedies, jealousies, and all forms of misery and misunderstanding are proofs of self love, vanity and incompetence.

Romeo and Juliet? A vapid, fantastical case of sexual attraction, based on bravado, auto-suggestion and self gratification. A pity that this unclean farce of Latin origin should still continue to influence the ideals of love of our common-sense Anglo-Saxon race.

# To - Morrow

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, MANAGING EDITOR

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**A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE**

# A Preachment on Co-operation



Let us talk it all over, Dearie. Do you realize that in starting a co-operative colony, each individual must prepare himself to make certain sacrifices—and be satisfied with the diet, dress and customs—adopted by the majority?

The commencement of a co-operative society must always be attended by hard, earnest work and economy,—and during this early period of its existence it cannot be expected to provide amusements to its members, nor cater to conventional vanities and tastes.

The chief benefit of co-operative living, in fact, lies in the training acquired—in learning to overcome former tastes, ideas and mental attitudes.

To attain success our plans must be laid out on broad lines; we must take into due consideration the regulations, successes and failures of other organizations—and the interest of the society as a whole must always predominate over desire for amusement or the gratification of personal aims.

While we each have the right to demand for ourselves freedom from coercion and pressure of all kinds—at all times—it must be by our own initiative as to when and how we surrender ourselves to the will of others.

We cannot accept aid nor co-operation from any one at the expense of forfeiting our freedom of thought and action.

We cannot accept aid nor co-operation from any one who, in return, will expect the right to dominate, control or coerce us in the slightest degree.

Our acts of kindness or generosity, to be such, must be by our own initiative.

We know that great power comes only to those who do not use it; strength only to those who strive with self; and love only to those who do not demand nor fret.

We offer to our co-workers and associates the right to coerce and control themselves only—and desire no more for ourselves.

There are subtle and delicate modes of pressure and reproach that none of us should ever be made to feel.

We have the right to demand the privilege of living our lives away from these influences of pressure and control. And now, Dearie, you may live such a life here,—but do not attempt to dominate us nor any of us.

SERCOMBE HIMSELF.

# To-Morrow

PUBLISHED BY TO-MORROW PUBLISHING COMPANY  
PARKER H. SERCOMBE, MANAGING EDITOR

WILLIAM F. BARNARD      ELEANOR L. DREW  
ASSOCIATE EDITORS

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE CHANGING ORDER

*Advertising Rates on Application. Address all Communications to the Publisher,  
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VOLUME I.

JULY, 1905

NUMBER 7

**C** While the editor sits in his den it is gratifying to know that below in the business office letters are floating in from everywhere, containing One Dollar bills for annual subscriptions and words of encouragement and support from those who know what it means to give a life to strenuous labor and tireless zeal for a Cause which has never yet been known to reward its votaries—*The Cause of Common Sense.*

Every episode in the cosmic development of the universe, the world, of society, has been equally a part of the Changing Order.

Growth, progress, has always been the most rapid when the units composing any cosmic organism have been the most free in the matter of adapting themselves to conditions.

The fall of meteors into the sun, the trembling of the earth under seismic pressure, the frantic rolling of the ocean waves, the rearing of formidable mountain peaks, and the rise of the creative sap into the oak trees that line their foot-hills, are equally with the toilsome, progressive march of society, a part of the Changing Order and the law of motion.

In tropical lands, under the best conditions of rain and sunshine, sugar cane of enormous size has been known to grow fourteen inches in a single day—a decided contrast in texture to the tough and sinewy lignum-vitæ of slow growth, that is its neighbor. The more rapid social and economic expansion of the world at this time is of course due to our modern methods of rapid transmission of ideas by mail and wire and of people and products by steam and electricity.

Were it not for the interminable variety of restrictions, regulations, laws and customs which we have inherited from more primitive times, our present rapid progress would be the marvel of the centuries and would soon place us in purity and efficiency in that high place of which dreamers have dreamed, wherein we are to know ourselves as Gods.

An idle fancy! All cosmic processes reveal the fact that as a mass we need and must have as ballast that hold-over burden of

past mistakes and blunders to hold us in check, else our Progress would end in flame and disintegration, though to the world as a whole, even flames make for Progress; and even though it be true that our race must eventually be consumed in the fires of fate, still those who write and dream are also justified in their attempts to so regulate the forces and units of the world process so that our tarrying may be made as pleasant as possible.

In their haste for perfect freedom and an entire release from the load of laws and restrictions bequeathed to us by antiquity, anarchists pine for no government at all, believing that they have arrived at a spiritual altitude and a condition of brotherly love and good will that will enable them to live without police, armies, courts, and executives.

Our less radical social and economic reformers, with *equality* for their watchword and *co-operation* for their method, believe that society will soon be ready to give up individual ownership, and that by placing the wealth of the world in the hands of those whom they shall elect we and our progeny may go down through the balance of the ages in a continuous song of good will, peace and joy.

Few of our modern revolutionists realize that the tedious march we have made in our spiritual development from the mental types of our ancestors who lived under regimes of brutal warfare and cold-blooded robbery, has been a march of preparation for the psychological and soul development necessary to fit us for better co-operative conditions, and we shall not be fit for true comradeship until we make yet another toilsome advance fully as great as that we have already passed through.

Co-operative communities will continue to be formed out of the material of which humanity is composed, but owing to the prevalence by hereditary taint and social customs, of selfness, laziness, greed and pretense, a majority of such institutions must, at least in this epoch, disintegrate on account of the unfitness of its units.

Capital will assert its pressure and arrogance, labor will continue to carry its burdens, reformers and idealists will continue saying things and doing things, and in the process some few of humanity's host will be fortunate enough to be brought under conditions which will develop in them the soul qualities that will fit them sufficiently to live for others and to toil for others instead of for themselves, so that when enough of this type may be gathered together somehow, somewhere in the future, a nucleus may be formed that will be the solution of our present political, social and economic unrest.

With imperfect units we can expect no perfection of organization, but that is no reason why we should not press on and on

and thus permit nature's sifting process to gradually elevate those who are fit to co-operative life, for while this life is ideal practically, no one has as yet lived so completely away from the competitive system, away from the vice, vanity and greed of the age, as to prepare him for the so-called "sacrifices" which he must make in order to bring co-operation to a working reality.

Philosophers and sages of all time have preached of human frailties, and in the present economic struggle between employer and employed we should all realize even though our sympathies be with the weaker side, that the foolishness and proverbial "frailties" are about equally distributed between all concerned.

It is seen that in organizations of men, whether it be within the sacred precincts of the church, in the halls of state, in labor organizations, in employers combinations; whether among Sunday School superintendents or women's clubs, the "frailty" element is about equally distributed. The greed, selfishness, heartlessness and trickery element on the employer's side is always well balanced by the wastefulness, incompetence, laziness, dissipation and lack of stamina on the side of the employed.

As between the two classes no one will deny that there is more virtue in industry than in unthrift; and while all economic success in this country, either in one generation or another, has been based upon industry and frugality, still it is well to know that when through these virtues, power comes into the hands of one man to control and exploit others unduly for his own profit, then it is a blessing, and in fact a part of the nature process that labor should become restive, stubborn, arrogant and even revengeful in order to stem the tide that would otherwise overwhelm.

In the history of the Christian Church we have an instance of the meekness of the lowly Nazarene being converted into a power which in several countries has been the means of completely overbalancing and overthrowing economic development and this the power engendered by exploiting the sufferings and meekness of Jesus to concentrate all wealth and control into the hands of the Church. Witness Italy, Spain and Mexico, and France at the time of Richelieu.

In Mexico the economic domination of the clergy became so great that a confiscation of church property became necessary. In the Latin countries of Europe, during various periods, economic stagnation has resulted from actual lack of monetary movement on account of the heavy majority of funds being tied up in churches and church work. Thus we see that no good motive nor noble cause can be trusted to become a dominant influence, for by destroying the equilibrium of society it becomes a menace, and it is beautiful to contemplate nature in all her

fields of operation and observe how effectually she raises up opposing forces to meet every influence that would otherwise dominate and throw the organism out of balance.

Nature's law of compensation adapts itself marvelously in its effort to maintain balance under infinite variety of conditions. Why should the poor man with a sound stomach who lives to great age and bequeaths muscles and initiative to his offspring, envy the man of wealth and ease who having done no useful work, can digest nothing but aerated milk, becomes aged prematurely, and bequeaths enemia, catarrhal tendencies, and ef-feminacy to his offspring. The question thus again rises, how many generations is it going to require to instill willingness and a love of work into the mental and physical muscles of man; for well we know that the *pledge* is safe only with him who does not love liquor, and industry is assured only to the man who loves his work and feels the art and beauty that must ever be a part of work that is done in the right spiritual influence and atmosphere.

Many reformers who are loudly crying for more freedom, economic, social, intellectual, do not realize that what they urge is in many cases the condition most favorable for their own extermination. Freedom is a cosmic law of progress because it liberates the unfit that they may perish equally with the fit that they may survive.

Dogmatism among conservatives has its counterpart among reformers who think they have found out the way and the only way. It is safe to say that no reformers or group of reformers of this period comes anywhere near outlining the path of our progress for nothing but the interaction of the economic forces themselves will show us what the truly ethical and correct way is to be; in the meantime, it behooves each one of us to do our part in eliminating known obstacles.

---

Among recent notable obstacles to civilization and progress that comes to our attention is the veto of Gov. Higgins, of New York, of the bill for legitimatizing the four year old daughter of Charles Bell Barker and Adelaide Stringer.

Were it not for purely monetary reasons stimulated by greed and hypocrisy no such phenomenon as an illegitimate child would be known in human society. In the matter of inheritance of the property of the parent, human justice cries aloud that the children of that parent, whether born with or without ceremony, should share and share alike.

The vile custom of visiting exclusion upon certain children in the interest of certain other children is purely the outgrowth of a malicious greed on the part of a class that is always ready to fasten disability and dishonor upon others for their own

profit. The spirit of equality demanded in our Declaration of Independence had its initiation in a desire to disable that brand of political, social and economic despotism that ever stands ready to take advantage of privilege and of weakness in order to obtain increase of power.

The heartless, relentless and unthinking attitude of Gov. Higgins is in close blood relationship to the motives back of the Spanish Inquisition and the persecution of witches at Salem.

Stigmatizing four year old Adelia Barker as illegitimate is in reality not a thrust at the child, but a thrust at the illegitimacy of the laws of the state of New York and is a proof of the illegitimacy of the Governor as such.

Were he not spurious, were he a real Governor instead of an imitation, he would have sufficient understanding of Nature's process, social laws and ethics to know that when Nature speaks she tells the truth, that when she produces she produces what she wants, and it requires no law of the state of New York nor a Governor Higgins, nor other incantation nor ceremony to make it real.

Mrs. Wilcox has said that the only illegitimate child is the one that is born into the world without the love of both parents for each other. It is quite probable that this man, Higgins, to whom the people of New York have given the title of Governor, is one of that vast army of untrained souls who, out of a mixture of cowardice and cruelty, is able to evolve a veto that at least in the eyes of the mob, places a blemish on the life of a defenceless little girl,—in this instance merely a type of many another. God bless the baby, and let us hope that there are enough real manly and educated men in the New York Legislature to overrule the veto of the Governor.

The cry which has gone up in defence of the "American Home" by those who uphold the veto of Governor Higgins must surely have been initiated by a practical joker, for the provocation which initiated it is too far-fetched to permit it to be classified as either wit or humor. What has counteracting a brutal, savage law to do with mother love and the other sweet instincts and influences that take a real part in making home truly sacred?

A few years ago a nineteen year old Chicago girl wrote a book in melodramatic style depicting the night life of the married men and bachelors of the best society; the parents and sons who create and maintain the best "American homes" in this city. As soon as her wealthy parent learned that her book was in circulation he made every attempt to buy up the entire edition—the girl knew too much for her age! She knew more than it was safe for her to know;—she knew more than was safe for others.



How did she learn all this at her tender age? Do these defenders of Governor Higgins imagine that we are all nineteen year old girls who should not know, but do know, what is going on in the "sacred American home?"

Is it not possible that the motives and emotions by which the pretended sacred American home is overthrown, would, if let alone, bring about a pure, beautiful and delightful American home instead of the hypocritical one which these ghastly reactionaries hold up to our vision and with pallid, skeletonic grin pronounce "sacred?"

It has really come to pass that unless with pen and in speech we take a hypocritical view of things we are ostracized. In other words, the grand prizes are going to pretenders, to the actors, to those who on the world's stage best play a part and are the least their true selves.

The number of divorces every year in this country is but a very small proportion of the number who really desire separation, and the reason home life is made hard for many cannot be so largely traced to sexual incompatibility as to the improper training and wrong ideals of parents and children.

Our whole economic system is a training in self qualities, teaching us to constantly resist others in favor of self, and it is this training that makes people hard to live with and makes hells of our American homes.

In many cases abnormal sex appetite is developed by both men and women on account of their being obliged to go outside of their homes for congenial companionship (who are easy to associate with).

Were the training we naturally receive in the conduct of our life work such as to make us easy to live with, the sex monstrosities which now develop as a result of the life now being lived in many, many of our "sacred American homes" would become almost an extinct species.

As a rule men do love some one woman more than any other, at least temporarily, and that woman is sometimes wife, showing that the masculine tendency is naturally towards monogamy, but egoism, under our economic pressure develops to so high a point that after a bit it wears sweet companionship to a frazzle.

The continuance of sex relationship after love is gone, after self-interest and unkindliness on the part of one or both has destroyed the spirit of companionship that drew them together, is an outrage on both the woman and the man which no traditions nor formalities can justify, for its blighting effect must reach spiritually and physically far beyond the third or fourth generations.

The same defects in human character which have rendered co-operative movements abortive also destroy the sacredness of a majority of American homes and it is needful to remark that the destruction is not alone through sex infidelity, but more largely through the infidelity of human character which through nagging, chewing the rag and domination in a thousand ways has made hundreds of thousands of homes so unbearable that the various members of the family naturally seek almost any other companionship in order to avoid the pressure.

Any conception of the American home, therefore, which implies that men and women should not seek other companionship even after those who have had the opportunity have forfeited their rights,—any conception of the home that pretends that it is what it is not,—any conception of the needs of society that demands a legal stigma to be placed on infants yet to be born,—and any movement by unphilosophic preachers to hinder divorce between persons who are unfitted to be bound to each other or perhaps to any one else, are reactionary, without warrant and tend towards the destruction of the race.

Our sociologists have long since ceased their attitude of blame and vituperation in the study of human marital irregularities, for their attention is directed to the study of human nature in all its manifestations.

Instead of appealing to their own selfishness and passion to formulate better social and moral ideals, their study unveils much of beauty and nobility inherent in the natures of men, and from the material thus gathered science will one day formulate ethical systems in harmony with progression which will bring the largest measure of happiness to the deserving portions of mankind, and elimination to degenerates and hypocrites.

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Hugh Pentacost, of New York, has recently been much exploited through the daily press on account of his declaimer against conscience as a menace to the world's progress.

The same class of pulpit orators who have ever stood in the way of new interpretations have attacked Pentacost's conscience theory with much vehemence, the same as they did Darwin, Roger Bacon and Gallileo, pronouncing him crazy or a degenerate, some declaring that he was destroying the world's accepted ethical and moral basis.

We may simply regard the comments of these penny liners and pulpit orators as their auto-biography, their remarks being only of interest so far as they serve to furnish the intellectual measurements of these writers and speakers, a piece of information, by the way, quite trivial and unimportant to those who are interested in the Changing Order.

Pentacost has studied humanity, the world, the universe, to the extent that he knows how to form a mental picture of the real forces that make for progress, and he knows that these factors and forces are cosmic and that they act and interact upon each other from within and thereby progress is attained.

While we understand that these lines will come under the eyes of but very few reactionary thinkers, yet it is worth while to explain the Pentacost point of view as we see it.

Those who have more or less of an understanding of nature's evolutionary process are aware that even among animals and plants there always has been and always must be a process going on which, unless we encroach upon the occult, must be said to be separate from conscience, that is to say, animals, plants and men in their primitive state never have proceeded or been deterred in their acts by a sense of duty of what they should or should not do; yet notwithstanding the entire lack of any sense of duty we are aware of their constant progress and evolution into higher forms.

As we proceed in our study of pre-social man and uncivilized types in their tribal states, it is easy to observe that they lived almost entirely in accordance with their natures and not in accordance with any conscience guidance. When their natures were bad,—when they went to excess either through ultra-aggressiveness or ultra-temerity they were destroyed, they perished on account of their unfitness for the environment in which they lived.

It is quite observable in these days, that through hypocrisy and presumption we imagine that we can artificially guide ourselves better than the natures which God has given us can guide us, and we have woven about us a fabric of pretense so deep that at the present rate it will take a thousand generations of natural living to eliminate the damage that untrained conscience has wrought.

In the matter of hope for the future of the race, one factor alone saves the close observer from almost utter despair and rout, and that is the tendency of nature to persist and demand her own, which to a large extent she does, notwithstanding formidable obstacles and artificial restrictions.

If a person is ignorant, conscience gives ignorant guidance; if he is a pagan, it gives pagan guidance; if he is a Catholic, it gives Catholic guidance; if he is a Christian Scientist, it gives Christian Science guidance, and there the influence of conscience begins and ends, except by naturally agreeing with our "better selves" it flatters our egotism and thus like the "scent of the roses" assumes a favored niche in the halls of memory where

under the fanned flame of self love it remains through life a deception, a delusion and a snare.

Those who have the most to say about the utility of conscience generally prove their assertions by instances in which they failed to heed its voice. What they actually did was to act upon the nature impulse within themselves.

As not one in 10,000 human beings is a psychologist, naturally the prevailing analyses which people make of their own feelings are wrong and they constantly confuse their own testimony regarding themselves, the ideas that develop from their natural tendencies and the ideas which arise through a course of reasoning with the dictates of what they call their conscience.

When we come to consider that Nature has always been profligate, and that whether we discuss fish, dandelions, human beings, or ideas, thousands and millions often perish where one is fertilized and reaches maturity, we thus see how harmonious nature shows herself to be even in the field of ideation wherein millions of foolish conscience ideas are permitted to spring up and perish while nature with incomparable grandeur like the virgin queen "moves on in maiden meditation fancy free."

Were, therefore, the entire fabric of conscience guidance eliminated from our lives and mental equipment we would then have a less egoistic view of life. We would not conceive that the universe, the world, and all the people in it were placed here for our especial use, benefit and exploitation, but we would simply live and perpetuate our kind according as we deserved or perish and happily perpetuate nothing, according to the same law of progress.

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#### THE WAR AND AFTER.

Events in the far East show that the war between Japan and Russia draws to a climax. The brilliant exhibition of their power to make war must be taken as evidence that the people of Japan will be able to accomplish great things in the arts of peace. While the war drama draws to a close, attention is more and more directed to what shall come after; when the terms of peace, which is now within view, shall have been settled. It is perhaps fortunate for the world that the experiences of 1894 have armed the people of Japan against a repetition of the events in the settlement of peace conditions, at that time, which made possible the present war. It is not expected that "civilized" nations in the occident will interfere in fixing the terms of the new peace.

The consequences of the present war to Japan must be of great moment in many ways; but the consequences to Russia and the Russian people must be vastly more important to the world at large.

While unmeasured success and the fullest realization of victory follow for the people of Japan, the Russian people in defeat achieve a more important and far-reaching triumph. Although from a political, military, economic or whatsoever standard, a disastrous and humiliating reverse, evidence is not wanting that this is the only avenue through which the real emancipation of the Russian people can be secured.

Russia and her people still dwell in the epoch of Louis XV. The only brilliancy which Russia has had to offer the world for a generation has been the phosphorescence of a decadent dynasty; the only light which Russia has given has been the illumination offered by her literature in vivid pictures of Russian degradation.

Czar Nicholas, an unwilling incumbent of the imperial throne, himself pure, but weak and stubborn; without mental power or moral force to contend with institutions which have driven the people of the Empire into revolt; a victim of medieval superstition, is a fitting instrument through which feudal and ecclesiastical privileges strive against fate to maintain themselves through archaic institutions. Defeat, in the present war, is unmistakably not a defeat of the Russian people, but a dethronement of Russian privilege; an emancipation of the Russian people; an enlargement of liberty for which Russia has been striving without hope, until Autocracy shall have run its natural course.

Events of the immediate future must follow a course indicated with comparative clearness. The Romanoffs have been weighed in the balance and found wanting: Privilege in Russia, as everywhere, and in all its forms, while oppressive to its victims, finds its ultimate victim in the beneficiary. Wrong, there, as elsewhere, carries its severest consequence to the doer and not to the sufferer. The end must be the passing of the Romanoffs; the passing of Autocracy; the passing even of anachroistic "Divine Right." Even now there are "emigres;" even now, on a vast scale, the scenes of 1789 in France, loom large against the skies of Russia where the "red cock" crows nightly. Russia and France, political allies, by force of circumstances; the ostracized Republic and the isolated Empire; driven by necessity into a union of Beauty and the Beast, present a striking similarity in their life history; one in the microcosm; the other in the macrocosm.

Is Russia, territorially and in population framed on so vast a scale compared with France, doomed to wander a proportionate period in a wilderness barren of liberty before she shall reach the goal of her people's ambition to be free; or will the wisdom of her progressive minds and the patient patriotism of her people

withstand the ignorance and selfishness which have withheld from France even till today the full realization which might have justified the sacrifices made in the Revolution? Will some adventurer seize the opportunity, offered by the perplexities of a great people, to give new names to old privileges? Will some new "concordat" hypothecate for centuries to come the aspirations of a great nation? Shall we see, in kaleidoscopic succession, Republic, Empire and Commune, followed by Empire, Commune and Republic, in succeeding cycles, with reigns of terror and coup d'état, and all the ghastly and horrible variations of the theme that human ignorance, selfishness and lust can render possible, before the Russian people can work out their destiny?

That ultimate emancipation, complete final freedom is to come for them, as for all mankind, however long delayed or devious the path-way, is indubitable as that whatsoever ought to be will ultimately be. That it has not yet actualized is merely a demonstration that human intelligence is not yet sufficiently schooled in the adversities which bring wisdom.

The heart of the world yearns for the people of Russia and grieves that suffering must expiate the "crime" of ignorance; forgetting meantime, that, on different planes, other people, elsewhere, still permit to exist the counter-part of every Russian form of privilege and still pay the tribute of compensation for violations of natural ethic laws. The day will come when people are sufficiently enlightened, when the consciousness of distress relates effect to causes; when every form of privilege will disappear and the reign of the "unprivileged" will realize the message "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

We contemplate the ardent experience of humanity that is called history to little purpose if we are unable to see that wars in all ages find their root in a purpose to extend or maintain privilege; to establish a power to levy tribute, to get something for nothing.

The one lesson of Autocracy and Imperialism, the essential thought objectified in all revolutions is that, in the highest sense, only representative government can be good government; that character can be developed only in a condition of freedom. When Russia shall once begin to be free, as has been said, "The world will be glad of Russia."

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#### WHAT IS IN A NAME?

How far the names of things fail to describe things themselves, was never more pointedly declared than in the illustration given by the experiences of "Equitable" during the last few weeks.

Few events of recent years in finance, either high or low, are likely to be more far-reaching in consequences or of more real value in the development of sound public opinion in some directions, than the revelations of "Equitable" management now in process.

"Equitable," a name to conjure with, has succeeded in conjuring out of the possession of the general public and into the control of a select self perpetuating body of gentlemen, some four hundred millions of hard-earned dollars. Matters connected with the management of this fund have reached a point which has led to inquiry and the inquiry has been so pointed that, up to date, only thirteen of the gentlemen Directors have resigned from the Board. Among them are gentlemen, whose names are conspicuous in other directions than merely high Insurance-finance, who seek to repudiate a responsibility for transactions of which they are presumed now to disapprove. That they disapprove now, is presumptive evidence that they would have disapproved from the beginning, had they been advised of what was going on. Their not being advised, as indicated by their failure previously to disapprove, is equally presumptive evidence that they were Directors of the "dummy" brand. This being the type of Director whose official functions are perfunctory merely, and who enacts a "thinking" part only in the affairs of the Board. To men of their distinguished accomplishments in other directions, it would be gratuitously insulting to insinuate that they did not understand the nature of their functions when they accepted appointment as Directors.

Of how many other Companies sustaining spécial responsibility to the general public are there gentlemen Directors? Are they "dummies" also in these other Companies? If so, do they know it? How far does the custom of "dummy" Directorship prevail? In view of the prevalence of the "dummy" type, a pertinent query has suggested itself as to what is and who is the force that operates the "dummies"? Another question is how far do the relations of "dummy" Directorship represent an inter-corporation comity?

And the other Directors, who have not yet resigned, do they approve or disapprove the management which has impelled the distinguished thirteen "up to date" to so rashly separate themselves from the juicy responsibilities of Directorship in four hundred million dollar corporations?

The panic among Directors on the inside is not less valuable as an evidence of growing wisdom than the panic on the outside. The announced comparisons of business for current and preceding periods is an indication that enlarged understanding is not entirely confined to the Directors' room. This evidence of en-

larged understanding is a hopeful sign. It is an indication that the public at large is acquiring consciousness of the fact that private management of business, which is in its nature public, is a device for exploiting the public. It would be presumptuous, perhaps, to say that other Insurance Companies, equally conspicuous and successful in hypnotizing the general public into surrendering the guardianship and management of surplus earnings, indulge in practices similar to those of which so many "Equitable" Directors are now heartily ashamed.

But, the outcome cannot be in doubt. Insurance Autocracies are treading now the same pathway that certain other Autocracies trod in the past and which a conspicuous and ancient instance of the type has been treading now, in the far East, for the past year. The days of the "dummy" Directorship are passing, or at least, the present phase of "dummy" Directorship will be succeeded by some new form. Dummy Directorship in all its present forms must give way to new types. The old forms of the Something for Nothing Game are about played out.

Some of the gentlemen among the famous thirteen have been Directors, not only of financial, but also of political organizations. A pertinent query would be whether or not they have been "dummy" political Directors; whether or not repudiating the management of their fellow Insurance Directors is an indication that under certain circumstances they would repudiate the conduct of their fellow political Directors. Also, whether or not there is any possible sort of connection, any hidden by-way or consciousness through which an Insurance Directorship may be in any way dependent upon a political Directorship, or vice versa, mostly versa.

It is hoped that in time these and other interesting questions which suggest themselves as incidents of the "Equitable" episode will be fully answered.

### Midsummer

Moon moths are fanning the white larkspur candles  
That flicker and faint in the warm little wind,  
Poppies burn dull in the dark and the gleaming  
Of silver crowns shows how their petals are thinned;  
Yesternight's long filmy vapors are vanished,  
Fragrantly crisps the dry grass 'neath our feet,  
Midsummer calls through the big dusky stillness,—  
How our hearts answer with passionate beat!

AMY S. BRIDGMAN.



# Sleep and Death

By N. L. M. P.

Sleep? O beneficent—mysterious wonder,—  
I love thee—twin sister of Death.  
Thou art the night-time of the body—  
For silence—peace—rest.  
Blessed art thou,—O brief season of repose,  
'Twixt seasons of activity,  
Which men call their—*days*.

Death? O beneficent—mysterious birth—  
I love thee,—twin sister of Sleep.  
Thou art the night-time of the soul—  
For silence—peace—rest.  
Blessed art thou,—O long season of repose,  
'Twixt seasons of activity,  
Which men call their—*lives*.

Blest art thou; and blessed thou art,  
Inevitable alteration of darkness  
And light, yearly—daily—hourly  
Dost thou proclaim the cosmic  
Life—out-spreading before us,—  
And dull eyes behold you,  
Yet know you not.

No? Unknowing, they do know;  
For it is written on the tomb of one  
Gone before—"He is not dead—  
But sleepeth."

# An Apache Protest

BY DR. CARLOS MONTEGUMA

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## GOVERNMENT AID UNSCIENTIFIC, UNAMERICAN AND REACTIONARY

The Indian is a man. He is subject to conditions like other men. He had all the rights of a man before the discovery of America. At that time, when the pale-face landed on his domain, the Indian treated him as a brother. But when that new friend encroached upon his rights then the Indian asserted himself in defense. He resisted extermination, refused to become a slave, and naturally fought to retain his home and hunting grounds, which were to him a birthright. But alas! it was a losing fight.

By force of arms in the hands of superior numbers he was "rounded up" and transferred to a reservation, where he is today duly stamped and identified under the title, "United States Indian Department," and charged with the duty of becoming civilized. Thus situated, what at this time do we find the Indian to be? To a certain extent, nothing more than what he was in his previous state, namely, a mere child, so far as concerns a knowledge of the ways of the world. The reservation has been effectual enough in restraining him from indulging in his wonted pursuits as an Indian, but this environment was not even a step in the right direction, toward bringing him into civilization. Shut in as he was and is, knowledge of the outside world was impossible, except in so far as his unpleasant experiences with the pale-faces who had access to the reservation, resulted in his being made the object of all kinds of impositions, trickery, etc. So conditioned, he acquired the evils of the outside world; was taught to gamble and to become intoxicated, while deprived of the many benefits which he might have received if he had been *in* rather than outside of civilization. The sole interest which the worthless pale-face had in the reservation Indian was a commercial one, and the poor Indian soon became a profitable victim of the white sharper.

The reservation is a one-idea institution. It originated from the belief that what the Indian most needed was restraint, and that once within the reservation, he could be controlled and, probably, eventually tamed—the further idea seeming to be that thus confined, his savage nature would depart; that he would forget his former life, and in some way not definitely known, simply by efflux of time, become though a useless Indian, yet an

inoffensive, harmless one; and that when the reservation would have accomplished this much, a great deal would have been done. This, however, is about all that could be expected to grow out of such a method of disposing of the Indian. Later on, to some who had not previously realized it, came the thought that something should be done besides trying to make a better Indian out of an alleged bad one; in other words, that the right thing would be to make the Indian somewhat like a good sample of a white man—to change the Indian's nature and habit by education and civilized associations. Hence, in the natural order of things, it came to be recognized that with the Indian, as with all other races, liberty was the handmaid of progress; and that only by free and mutual association could the Indian be made a part of the other race. And while this has been known to many people throughout the country, yet, the reservation system is still with us, and out of it has grown what might be termed a political branch of the National Government, which we find is by no means easy to lop off. Nevertheless, we for years have been insisting that the pruning hook should be applied, and by the adoption of a more practical method relieve the Government of its special guardianship over the Indian.

Even admitting that the reservation has served a purpose, yet that was for the past; the present demands something else. The Indian's buffalo-chasing days are over and gone; and instead of the one-time terrifying war-whoop, may be heard the screech of the iron horse as it speeds on its way through many of the places that were once the Red Man's happy hunting grounds. Therefore let us bring him out and make him one of the people at large. His capacities for taking on the better life can no longer be questioned. The Indian in many places throughout the country is one with the white man, and all that needs to be done is to extend to those within the reservation opportunities for a broader sphere of action.

The experimental stage, as we have said, is passed, and all that we need is willingness on the part of the Government to let go of one feature of its executive department and to direct its supervision of the Indian to the work of bringing him into complete association—educationally, commercially and industrially—with the people of the country generally, and make it a case with him of “sink or swim, survive or perish;” and as one of them I can vouch for the Indian that he will take his medicine and his chances, asking for nothing but a “square deal.”

Like other men, here and there, he may fall by the wayside; but he is always at liberty to pick himself up and thus gain strength by recoveries from his defeats. The law of evolution is no respecter of persons. It neither favors nor handicaps, and

every one, whether Indian or white man, if he fall, may rise and profit by experience. We have it on the authority of creditable writers on the American Indian, that in his aboriginal life he was honest, truthful and endowed with high moral qualities; and that the alleged bad Indian was made so by the white man; and we admit that there are many instances where the white man succeeded in making a thoroughly bad Indian. This, however, is no reflection on the Indian, inasmuch as the "bad" white man necessarily preceded the "bad" Indian. Experience teaches us that nearly any quality of man can be made out of a human being by subjecting him to good or bad associations and environments.

The great Goethe said that he could see how, under certain conditions and surroundings, he himself might have become one of the worst of mankind.

The Indian school is an indefensible feature of the reservation system. These schools are wrong in theory, because they deprive the Indians of the opportunity which, in the public schools of the country, they would have for learning the ways of civilization.

Education implies more than simply the development of the mental faculties. It means, as well, a general training of the individual to the end that he may be enabled to adapt himself to the various situations and conditions of life as they are created by localities and differences in the ways and manners of the people. The public school in a measure affords an opportunity for this development. The child is brought constantly in contact with human nature in all of its individualizations, and nearly all phases of civilized life are open to the view of the child in going to and fro and in attendance at the public school. And while such a school is not all that it might or should be, it is still better for the general education and training of the child than those schools that are isolated from the community.

A knowledge of the world must sometime be acquired by those who have to fight the battles of life in order to exist. And it is much better that this knowledge should be gained little by little during the school days of the individual than that he should be thrust out upon the world, ignorant of men and things, except so far as he may have acquired knowledge from books and teachers. And no matter how long the young Indian might attend the reservation school, he would, after all, to a great extent, be an uneducated creature when he came to mingle with the outside world; being deficient as to those things which he would have acquired almost involuntarily from public school experiences, and, therefore, unfitted to strike out for himself—to take the bitter with the sweet, as all persons soon or late must learn to do.

We are willing to go on record with the statement that if,

twenty years ago, all the young Indians who were then of sufficient age could have been given access to the public schools of the country to the same extent as the whites, with the same privileges and under like restraints, the Government today would be almost relieved of what is now termed the Indian problem. And this is what we urge as a self-solution of the Indian question.

Think of a human being ever becoming civilized who is in a situation that would give rise to a conversation like the following:

Pale-faced visitor (addressing an Indian on the reservation): "Mr. Rain-in-the-face, why do you not go out to live with the white people?"

R. F.—"Agent, he heap save—Agent, he say go, me go."

Visitor—"But don't you want to go?"

R. F.—"Maybe; Agent, he say 'Go!' Agent, he say go! me go."

What the Indian needs is not to be led by the hand, but rather to be let out into the world. And how this is to be done—that is, in what way the Indian is to be relieved from the limitation placed upon him by the reservation, constitutes all there is now of the Indian problem; for as we have endeavored to show, there will be less and less difficulties to be met according as the Indian can be brought directly into association with the people of the country generally. We realize, of course, that this will require time and a great deal of patient effort; yet, if, as we think, it is the principle upon which future work in this matter is to be based, then we need have no fear as to satisfactory results—though they may be slow in making themselves manifest.

Let us be sure that we take a sufficiently broad view of the Indian as a man, and then we shall be in little danger of error in deciding on the proper course to be pursued.

#### Madame Roland and Buzot

They find their lives who lose them, Scripture saith;  
Most true of you that claim life's best and worst.  
Children of Fame, in Freedom's bosom nursed,  
The patriot's war cry wins your latest breath;  
In vain on you the bloody sons of Heth  
Their vengeance wreak. One ringing, proud outburst  
Of nobleness their meed: "Our country first—  
The rest will follow." And so follows death.

Great hearts of fire, now ashes cold and white,  
Folded insensate in your niche of peace,  
How glowed ye once with flame for love and right,  
How flared ye higher at your woe's increase!  
Kind was the cruel power that quenched your light,  
And gave your hopeless passion soft surcease.

MARGARET ASHMUN.

# Statutory Control of Insurance

BY J. HENRY WESTOVER

## PART IV.—THE REMEDY.

The important objects to be gained by laws respecting the business of insurance may be stated as follows:

1. Protection of the assured from the dangers of dealing with irresponsible or evil disposed insurers.
2. Prevention of trusts or combines in the operation of insurance corporations.
3. Providing for and facilitating the means of fair competition between rival insurance concerns.
4. In mutual companies, to provide for the honorable performance of the trusts imposed upon officers and managers.
5. Economy in the administration of the affairs of insurance companies.

As has already been said, one can with reasonable safety rely upon the solvency of the insurer who may be licensed by a state insurance department. But this is about all that can be said to the credit either of the company or the department: "Good companies"—in the sense that they furnish complete indemnity, and are able to meet their losses—may, after all, be the most oppressive of institutions, as has been shown by the management of the great life companies. We have seen that great capital is not essential to safety and security in the operation of such a corporation. But honest and intelligent management is most important. No sort of legislation so effectively accomplishes the purpose and end of making people and corporations "good," in so far as their financial dealings are concerned, as comprehensive penal laws, promptly and efficiently administered by the people's prosecuting attorney. Effective penal laws administered by a Jerome, a Deneen or a Folk would accomplish more in the interests of the insuring public than any "department of insurance" ever did, and probably ever can. Suppose a law is passed providing that fine and imprisonment be visited upon the insurer, whether he be an officer or manager of a corporation, or an individual underwriter, or "Lloyds," who should receive a premium knowing that the insurer were insolvent? What would happen? The answer can be made with utmost confidence. Every "shaky" insurer would prepare to retire from business. To the "wild cat" companies it would be rank poison, and every one of them would, within thirty days after the passage of such an act, stretch

its feline claws in death agony. Many an indifferent "surplus line" company would retire from business, and every irresponsible individual underwriter or Lloyds would seek for other channels of profit without risk. Why may not this protective measure be made equally as applicable to the insurer of property as it is to the banker—the custodian of property? It unquestionably can be.

A law prescribing criminal punishment for receiving a premium when the insurer is insolvent, with auxiliary laws fixing a standard of solvency, i. e., an ample reserve for both fire and life insurance concerns, with penalties of fine and imprisonment for failure to maintain them, compelling insurers upon request to supply statements of financial condition and responsibility to intended policy holders, and penalties of fine and imprisonment for false ones; providing for the distribution by mutual companies, at least once each year, of profits accumulated beyond the standard reserve fixed by law; prohibiting the organization or maintenance of insurance trusts or combines, with severe penalties for violations; limiting mutual companies in respect to salaries of its officers and prescribing penalties for violations; these, with perhaps a few equally as simple statutory laws largely of a penal character, and a repeal of all existing laws upon the subject of insurance would accomplish great good for the people.

What would be the effect of such a system of laws governing the business of insurance? It would abolish cumbersome, useless and expensive insurance departments, with their hordes of grafters. It would abolish unlawful trusts and combinations amongst insurance companies. It would open up to all solvent and honorable insurers a free field for competitive business, and thus tend to lessen the cost of insurance. It would give to the insuring public as complete safety as can be secured by legislative enactment. It would prevent wholesale robbery of policy holders by corrupt managers of mutual insurance companies. It would annihilate the "wild cat." It would suppress the irresponsible individual underwriter or Lloyds. There would be no "surplus" insurance, and therefore, the "surplus line company" would not exist.

These suggestions will not meet with the approval of many insurance companies, especially those who are in the trust scheme and those who are nearly or actually insolvent. But above all will it be condemned and hooted at by the practical politician, especially such of them as are fattening at the public crib within the departments of insurance.

Neither will these conclusions of the writer meet with the ready approval of certain officials in high office who see a panacea for all evils in the economic affairs of the country by estab-

lishing a supervisory control of the affected part. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred such supervisory control proves a failure. To the shame of the country it may be said that most of them turn out to be inefficient, if not corrupt. Men employed to supervise great corporate interests and compel their respect of the law, too often turn out to be worse violators of the law than those whose evils he has been chosen to correct. *Graft* is the poison that kills the virtue of supervisory control. Honest, energetic and efficient work by the heads of such departments is the exception—not the rule.

In every state, however, there are a number (usually one in each county) of able, efficient and honorable prosecuting attorneys who, if not inspired by a higher and nobler nature, still cling to the hope of “making a record” and nearly always intent on punishing the violators of the law. Backed by efficient penal laws as here suggested, enforced by efficient states attorneys, instead of one informer there would be a sudden end to most of the evils that now threaten the insuring public or ever have done so. One prosecutor, under these conditions, would accomplish more for the good of the people and the honor of the state than any number of superintendents of departments. The efficiency of a similar penal law is evidenced in Illinois by the number of one time bankers who have been convicted under this law, and by the comparative scarcity of failures in that business. No cumbersome system of superintendence, with its retinue of useless assistants, clerks and hangers-on, have added one iota to the check upon fraudulent banking in Chicago beyond what was accomplished by Deneen with insignificant expense to the people.

The people who are directly affected by the infractions of the penal law have direct and immediate access to the local prosecuting attorney whose duty it is to investigate and punish without unnecessary delay and complaints of such infractions are, in most instances, followed by prompt investigation and drastic measures if well founded. The recent prosecution of the operators of illegitimate insurance concerns, their prompt punishment and present incarceration and the consequent closing up of thirty or forty such concerns in Chicago alone, are the strongest evidences of the efficacy of this form of protection to the insuring public—and yet this end has been accomplished without material aid from any department of insurance and with comparatively slight expense to the public.

In the succeeding numbers of this magazine the subject of this number will be elucidated and the comparison more distinctly drawn between the efficiency of the penal law and supervisory control by a separate department of insurance.



The contents of these chapters on "High Finance In Mexico" will be printed in book form in both English and Spanish and sent by mail on receipt of 25c.

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# High Finance in Mexico

BY PARKER H. SERCOMBE

**C** The number of communications received at this office, to many of which we will not have time to make personal answers, gives assurance that Mr. Sercombe's opening gun on "High Finance in Mexico," printed in our June number, is being appreciated. We offer our best thanks for those containing hearty words of approval, offers of aid, and further data in connection with more financial robberies and abuses, past and present. To those who have sent threats of violence, defiance and abuse, we beg to say that you have your remedy and can obtain justice in the courts of the United States (Chicago or elsewhere) as our courts will grant you damages and reparation, but only in event of your proving Mr. Sercombe's written statements untrue. Our courts of Cook County are especially favorable to foreign litigants, but, unlike the courts of Mexico, they will only render judgment for libel and defamation against one who speaks falsely, and we hereby declare that every statement we publish in "High Finance in Mexico" shall be nothing but the truth. Just before going to press we decided to hold over until August and September important matter prepared for this issue; this partly on account of some valuable details now on the way from Mexico, but largely owing to a meeting held by the Banco Central since our last number was issued, wherein they decided to rid themselves of the stigma of founders' shares by appropriating \$1,500,000 with which to buy them from the holders who received them as gifts.

## PART II.

A majority of people, especially those who for many generations have become habituated to exploitation by their betters (?) have gradually grown into the habit of believing that what the higher business classes do,—that the means by which the self labeled "respectable" class gain their ascendancy in wealth and power over their fellows, is honorable, praiseworthy and above condemnation.

Correct ethical and psychological analysis does not come within the province of the average untrained mind. Greed and unbridled thirst for power and profit on the part of those in control have, in this and every other age, so blinded the wealthy and official classes to the rights and needs of the common people, and have also so dazzled and perverted the masses to a lack of appreciation of their own rights and importance that all history, political and economic, is but little more than a record of the height to which unbridled arrogance and unprincipled greed will climb in the face of opportunity offered by a placid, confiding and well disposed people.

Two hundred years ago in England, the nobility paid no taxes, and they would pay none now if they were not forced to do so. The masses consented to all the expenses of the government being levied upon themselves, an outrage which could not now be perpetrated in any country in the world. In Mexico, however, while methods differ, a conspiracy, by common consent among the financial magnates, has, through economic instead of political oppression, developed an outrageous and impudent set of assumptions that enable them to fleece the *lambs*

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As we go to press information comes to us that officials of the Mexican Government have requested newsdealers not to handle this Magazine; under the circumstances a command in Mexico.

with impunity, without other justification than it having become the fashion—a fashion which by common consent permits the rich to legalize systems to fleece the less rich. .

This digression is suggested by a recent called meeting of the Banco Central, presided over by Joaquin Cassasus, in which, under pressure of a desire to offer for sale \$10,000,000 worth of new stock, it was decided to appropriate \$1,500,000 of the bank's money to buy off the present holders of bonos fundadores (founders' shares).

This action on the part of Joaquin Cassasus and the bunch of lambs whose votes he controls and counts, amounts to little more than a confession and conviction for grand larceny.

All the world knows that the whole scheme of issuing free bonos fundadores without face value, but with a heavy participation in the dividends and earnings of the bank, is one of those swindling plans adopted by the "respectable" financiers whom the common people are supposed to trust, whereby bribery, graft, and wholesale swindling can be carried on LEGALLY under the laws framed up by this same "respectable" set of financiers who would scorn to steal an overcoat out of a hallway, but in an official position willingly accept \$50,000 worth of bonos fundadores for using their influence to favor the issuance of government bank charters on the terms requested.

That investors and people who believe in honorable dealings are growing more alert is evidenced by the confession of guilt of the Banco Central in voting to retire their bonos fundadores.

But while acceding to the demand to rid their books of this incubus, who is it gets the \$1,500,000 to be paid for them? Why, the bank officials, judges, government and army officials who voted the payment, and received them as bribes.

The episode is quite like the case of the burglar who turned religious because it was more profitable, repented sincerely, tearfully, pathetically, and then offered to return the booty stolen to the original owner on payment of twice its market value.

That all the \$1,500,000 worth of bonos fundadores were issued as bribes and graft to officials and others who assisted in securing the charter, is a matter of common public knowledge in Mexico, and the reason the whole scheme has not long ago been denounced as unlawful and illegal, is because the common people are lambs who do not know their rights, and because those who do understand the barefaced dishonesty and outrage of the system, are hoping that they may yet have a chance to participate in grafts of a similar character, visions of which ever appear on the horizon of Mexican high financiering.

The mental attitude of these financial vultures suggests the story told by Victor Hugo in connection with one of his descriptions of the slums of Paris, wherein a ten year old girl behaving in a particularly hoidenish manner on the street, was asked if she was a prostitute. She replied: "I am not, but I hopes to be," and verily this is the attitude that keeps alive in the financial circles of Mexico and elsewhere, a large proportion of the legal tricks of robbery and graft inherited from a period when the people had still less sense, and wealth and officialism had still more power.

In the meantime the Banco Central has actually voted \$1,500,000 to pay off the grafters and boodlers who hold the founders' shares of that institution. The Mexican government is all powerful in these matters and the question arises, will the government or the common law of the land or common decency come to the rescue and interfere with this institution practically voting this vast sum to its own officers and friends and thus perpetrate and legalize this gigantic steal.

The plan of the Banco Central to purchase and retire these now annoying and irritating founders' shares, whether by fraudulent purchase or by force and cancellation without payment, is an indication of a growing enlightenment and pressure that insists on stamping out of existence this form of graft and is in no way attributable to any spirit of contrition or repentance on the part of the financial wolves.

Appealing to Richard, Shakespeare makes Lady Annie say, "No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity." The latter's trite reply, "But I know none and therefore am no beast" might be adopted as a confession of faith by Joaquin Cassasus, George W. Cook (whose name in the United States was Koch) and others of their kind who will be treated of in these columns. Since the above was written Cassasus has been appointed Ambassador of Mexico at Washington, and his astuteness will no doubt cause him to be sought after as a Director of the Equitable Life Insurance Co., for which duties he is highly qualified.

The effect of public pressure upon the Banco National, the Banco de Londres, the Banco International, and the various state banks which are also guilty of the same crime, will, of course, force them all to gradually retire all their founders' shares which in each case were presented gratis as bribes to the holders.

If it is needful for the Banco Central to get rid of its bonos fundadores in order to maintain its credit and establish a better market quotation for its shares, is it not going to be compulsory, and that within a short time, for the other Mexican banks to do the same? If these banks buy off the vultures who are holding these evidences of bribery and graft, it will require no less than

\$10,000,000 to accomplish it, which means the payment of this vast sum for certificates that cost the holders nothing. I say, will the Mexican Government permit this wholesale robbery, or will it demand cancellation of these founders' certificates?

The plan by which the Banco National proposes to retire its founders' shares is to issue new shares of common stock and give three of them for every four of the founders' shares turned in and at the market price of the former, \$350 Mexican money, this is equivalent to paying approximately \$260 each for the *bonos fundadores*, and according to their last report, some five hundred have already been turned in on this basis, which is, of course, equivalent to doing the same thing the Banco Central proposes to do, namely, using the funds of the institution to buy off the holders of the founders' shares who never paid a cent for them.

Public conscience has reached a point where it will demand the retirement of all the \$10,000,000 worth of *bonos fundadores* issued by the various banks in Mexico, and it remains to be seen whether the government is willing to go on record as permitting this gigantic steal, should the *Bank Funds* be used to buy up these evidences of theft.

The government should of course insist upon the bonds being retired, but should it not also insist that they either be cancelled without payment, or if payment is made, that it should be done through assessment on the private funds of the officers and stock holders who are responsible for the existence of the bank? for in every case common justice should demand the return to the coffers of the bank the full amount of all dividends previously paid on these certificates.

The new banking law of Mexico, of which Joaquin Cassasus was the author, is a glowing tribute to his fox like genius, for not only are the issuance of fraudulent founders' shares fully provided for, but with infinite deftness and trickery the provisions of the law are so drawn as to make it practically impossible to organize a bank and do business successfully under its requirements.

Without taking too much of the readers' time to go into the detail of this subject, it is sufficient to point out that the present banking laws are a result of a meeting held by representatives of the chartered banks of Mexico, who fearing that new banks would come into the field and give them competition, secured the services of Joaquin Cassasus to draw up a set of laws which should ostensibly appear to insure greater security for the people's money, but in reality contain such exacting provisions as to make successful banking under any new grant entirely impossible.

Nowadays no sensible person believes the Bible story about Satan going up into a high mountain and offering to give Christ the whole world if He would fall down and worship him, because it is understood that the Devil is a master of finesse and entirely too foxy to offer to the Son of God a property which already belonged to His Father, and to which Jesus knew the Devil himself could give no title. A parallel is found in the supposed naive simplicity of Finance Minister Lemantour, in requesting the chartered banks of Mexico to get together and decide upon what kind of banking laws would be best for the people (?), and his final adoption of the laws suggested by them as duly revised and organized into shape by his gentle henchman, Ambassador Casasus, would appeal to one's sense of humor were not the fraud entirely too brazen to be a joke.

As a result Mexico enjoys the paradox of a set of banking laws under which banking is impossible, but which, of course, in no way affect the old banks who continue to do business under their original charters.

We thus have the spectacle of a Minister of Finance accepting a set of laws suggested by the established banks, laws which do not affect them but are especially designed for their interest to keep out competition and the further spectacle of the author of these laws being elevated to the position of Ambassador at Washington through the influence, of course, of Minister Lemantour, and this after he had just tricked the Banco Central into paying \$1,500,000 of its own funds into the hands of himself and associates by a piece of financial jugglery that is purely grand larceny.

The passage of "the new Mexican banking laws," putting an end to any fear of competition against the old time banks in the capital has enabled them to double and treble their capital for the natural increase of business, and notwithstanding the fraudulent payment of millions of dollars in dividends to holders of founders' shares and the annual distribution of a large proportion of the earnings among the "Council of Administration" they have still been able to pay as high as 17 per cent in cash dividends on the common stock and maintain for it a fair market value.

I shall have much to say in later installments of the blood-thirsty methods by which these banks roll up their large profits, it being the common saying on the streets that they are nothing more than chartered pawn shops that halt at no abuse. The chief aim of all their pirateering is to run down poor devils who have big security and no ability to pay, the game being to foreclose and apportion out the surplus value between the bank officials, one of whom is always selected to do the "dummy" act of buying in the property at "Judicial Sale."

It is a matter of common knowledge that in making loans the Mexico Banks give a preference to those who "cannot pay" and that the court, through which the final adjudication is made is always sacred from the presence of competitive bidders.

The result of this system is that all the fertile ranches and plantations in the Republic (?) have gradually segregated into the hands of a few lawyers, judges, bankers and public officials in the capital and another dangerous manifestation shows itself in the extent to which financial control assumes the form of political control.

One example is pertinent: President Creel, of the Banco Central, is now Governor of the State of Chihuahua. Vice President Cassasus is now Ambassador to Washington, Manager Pimentel is now Mayor of Mexico City:—Quite a showing for one bank, and in each case *honors* have come to these men through their demonstrated ability to work GRAFT, and I have the facts to prove it.

By way of illustration of how lawyers, bankers and mutual friends stand in to hold up new comers; a well to do American desiring to purchase a tract of rubber land, came to Mexico with a personal letter to a railway official. He wanted nothing more than to assure himself in regard to the title and to see that the transfer was legally made to himself. Nothing more was necessary for him to do, in fact, than to call on the Department of Fomento and later visit a notary's office, involving a total expense of \$600 silver for stamps and \$40 for fees; but to his railway friend (a wheel in the separating machine) he exhibited his credentials and his bank credit and that was his undoing.

He was forthwith presented to H. C. Waters, Manager of the Banco de Londres, flattered, wined and dined.

He was told that the Mexican Government required a large deposit, etc., from foreigners as evidence of good faith and he would meet with many other onerous rules and regulations written in Spanish, all a part of a bygone regime, of course, but to surmount all of these difficulties a lawyer of *influence* must be had. (The victim is always kept on the defensive and by extreme politeness is ever made to feel the weight of the distinguished consideration he is receiving).

The various lawyers were discussed:—"Pablo del Rio is all right but 'Pablito's' pull is with the Department of Finance, you know." "Pablo Macedo? Yes, but he is very busy on that cotton mill entanglement, and their loan is now Four Millions." "Emelio Pardo? No, Emelio won't divide, he wants it all." "Rafael Donde? Just the one! He stands high in Fomento, and is an intimate friend of Fernandez Leal," etc., etc.

With smiles and bows the American was led to Donde by whom in due course of "Business" he was separated from \$14,630, distributed as follows: Rafael Donde, \$4,000; H. C. Waters, \$4,000 (he and Donde always divided even); American Railway official, \$2,000; Notary, \$30; Revenue Stamps, \$600; two Government officials, imaginary or otherwise, whose "*power to receive*" was held by Donde, \$2,000 each; total, \$14,630.

When the time comes I shall relate many other cases similar to this with names, dates and conversations and every active American in Mexico City, including R. B. Gorsuch, J. H. Hampson, J. C. Mordaugh, J. J. Moylan, G. W. Cook, Judge Sepulveda, W. D. Murdock, and a hundred more who, during their occasional lapses into truth telling, will testify that bunco games of this character in amounts varying from the price of a drink to the price of a railroad are matters of daily occurrence in Mexico's Capital.

My reportorial instincts tell me that a storm of American Colony epithets will be thundered toward my sanctum, all inspired by jealousy,—“their names having been left out” of my capital list of earnest prevaricators. My apology for the oversight is that most of you are so steadfast in your devotion to Ananias that you never forget yourselves, and your testimony would be too reliable.

The bond of union that exists between Banks, Courts, Lawyers and Laity to fleece everyone who has a pelt, has woven a network of abominable and sometimes ludicrous customs, hardly understood especially by those who come into actual touch with the so-called legal machinery.

Whether cases are civil or criminal, it is a matter of getting a lawyer of “influence,” or seeing who can get to the Judge first.

The maxim of the Mexican Law handed down through the “Code Napoleon” from the Old Roman is:—the defendant is guilty until he proves himself innocent, quite the opposite of our Anglo Saxon interpretation, but of momentous consideration in connection with the details of Court Cases which I shall relate in coming installments of this Magazine.

As American capital owns a majority of the mines, railways and smelters in Mexico, and is dependent for justice upon Mexican Court Practice, it comes within the province of my story to give the actual results in a number of typical court cases in which Mexicans and Americans have been pitted against each other as plaintiff and defendant, yet while the majority of their courts are beyond human endurance in delays, red tape, and an entire disregard of justice, the real bunco man, the masculine prostitute and

venal vampire is the Mexican lawyer, or the American lawyer in Mexico who is just as worse.

I was one day called into a Mexican Court while a jury was being impaneled, and no one's sense of humor can possibly picture the comedy of the situation without his being there to see and hear what transpired.

A fat little judge, several lawyers, some fifty people, more or less interested, three scared looking clerks and two gendarmes who had just turned in a list of jurymen on whom they declared they had served summons, were the *dramatis personae*.

It is the custom of the Mexican Courts to give the members of the various foreign colonies a whirl on their juries, now and then, and on this day a number of Americans had been selected.

The gendarmes who supplied the list had gathered it by walking along the streets and writing down whatever appeared on the signboards, taking it for granted that whatever appeared in English must be the name of the occupant. Military exactitude is expected when one is served with a summons by a gendarme, and so when the little judge in authoritative voice called the names each was supposed to be present and answer *aqui* (here).

The names were American, but this is the way names and responses sounded,—Senior Gualterio Hulle,—*aqui*; Senior Jorge Hamme,—*aqui*; Senior Arturo Smitte,—*aqui*; Senior Scot Emulsion,—silence; Senior Scotts Emulsion, *no esta aqui* El Senior Emulsion? The judge was growing very angry and was about to swear out a warrant on Scott's Emulsion when the interpreter begged to inform him that this was a medicine and not a man, so he proceeded without change of expression: Senior Roberto Barretto,—*aqui*; Senior Carlos Kieffe,—*aqui*; Senior Crown Whiskey,—silence, again; Senior Whiskey *porque no me contesta?* The interpreter arising to explain that this was not a man but a delectable American beverage, the judge smiled, unconsciously betraying some pleasant memory, and finished up the rest of the twelve names, without coming upon another proprietary article of virtue.

#### To An Ideal

The wonder of a crested wave,  
The secret of a cloud,  
Who knows, who knows, and who could speak  
His thought of them aloud?

So can I not, beloved one,  
Tell what thou art to me;  
Nor could I, searching, find a word  
To set my pent thought free.

AMY S. BRIDGMAN,



# The Child of Tomorrow

BY WILLIAM MOORE (Colored)

Whenever the nights were clear from clouds the Child of Tomorrow would spend his time looking high up into the sky, counting stars and wondering how far they were away. Oft-times his great, dark brown eye would fill with sadness and overflow with tears. Then again he would laugh low and bend his ears as if the better to catch the strains of distant music. It was all a strange, wonderful something—the sky and the stars. Somewhere up there God lived—the God who answered prayer when the nights were still and who placed a bright, flaming hand in the sky with the forefinger pointing to the north. The older folks were given to the telling of marvelous tales of deliverance in the days before the terrible conflict between the north and the south. When he was not counting stars and wondering whether or no God was like the wonderful man who preached in the big, brick church about Hell and the sinner, the child would turn his ear to the stories of deliverance and be filled with more wonderment and more unrest.

It was the story of yesterday's life. And one night, when he had looked up into the sky's face and saw a star with a long, flaming tail, he ran shouting to his mother that God had put another hand in the heavens and the hand was pointing to the east. But he soon discovered he had seen no hand of deliverance. The air of the streets was still heavy with the cursing breath of the multitude; the dusk of his countenance still excited the derision of the vulgar-souled. What did it matter? He could not feel the sting. Yet every once in a short while he would put his hand over his heart and hold hard and fast to keep it from bursting. And as the days grew his heart would never cease its aching.

There was ever the longing for the peace that comes not to the hunted. For hunted he surely was. Did not the commonest urchins of the streets chase him about with sticks and hurl stones at him whenever he appeared on the thoroughfares? Did not the children run affrighted and screaming into their nurses' arms wherever he stopped to note, with increasing wonder, the beautiful carvings over the doors of their fathers' mansions? Night nor the day made much of difference to him. The night held no deeper shadows than the day. His heart would begin groping for truth and the life-beautiful so soon as his eyes opened on the morning light and would not halt in its blind wanderings until it had roamed among the stars and sought to take God by the hand and find sleep with the angels.

But the great world of men knew naught of this. They were concerned with conquest and the full-absorbing quest for riches. The soul which yearned for the far-off peace of the stars was not to be found beneath the dusky tint of this child of the Benighted Strand. It counted for small consideration that the Sphynx might find her voice again; that the pent up aspiration of the far past might break its fetters and seek to roam free in the strength of the newer day. And so there came not the love of the world to the child.

But one day there came another child whose hands were as white as lilies, whose eyes were as blue as a summer sky, and whose hair shone as the mellowing light of the morning sun. And he did not shrink from the shapely brown hand that sought his in a manifest expression of fellowship. How the hours lengthened out into dream-festivals of never ending joy! Somehow a great strength came to the darker skinned boy. Life now began to unfold its mysteries. It seemed, sometimes, as though he could look behind the stars and see a great, white light which filled him with ecstatic dreamings of days of eternal blossoming flowers and the ever-flowing life current of an eternal summer sea.

His were no musings of departed power and glories. He knew nothing of the great plateau stretching to a long sleep beyond the Mountains of the Moon. That the splendors of an ancient kingdom once thrilled and throbbed there to the symphonic measures of a life impulse, strong and beautiful in the motive of lofty aspiration, was no question of assertion or controversy with him. His thought of the future was as the haze and mist of the sea—thick with indistinct, shadowy forms strangely confusing and fraught with meanings wrought in outlines of indefinite visions of unalloyed happiness, love, peace. Yet in the coming of this fairer skinned child with his unrestrained sympathy and affection into the sense of his being, life had unfolded to him one of the most beautiful of its many mysteries. Sweet as the lulling breath of the fields, pure as the glowing color of the rose, his soul went up and kissed the stars on either cheek—his voice caught up the melodies of the trees, and he made the songs of his fathers to touch the hearts of men to tenderness and to tears. There was something of the inner consciousness of time in this slow, faltering recognition of the simpler truths of life. For all the great social fabrics have been spun out of the fine thread of falter and the child-yearnings for light, love and the day beautiful.

There came a time when these two boys stood face to face with the great, wide sea. It stretched far out to a point where it met the sky, and there were many white sails swimming south

and east. The one of dusky hue stood here for the first time. It was more wonderful than the sky when the stars shone and he looked in vain to hold, for one brief moment, a glimpse of God's face.

"The sea sings, brother," he whispered to his companion.

"It is the winds blowing the waters on the sands," naively answered the other.

Then they saw the white, set face of a woman rising and falling with the waters. The sun shone high in the heavens, the sails went their way to the south and the east, the sea sang of the mystery of sorrow, and the humbler boy's heart broke into a hundred fragments.

"The sea brings death, brother," he whispered hoarsely, the music now gone out of his voice.

"The woman was drowned," the other answered simply.

"But why, brother?"

The other answered him not. He had gone to where a crowd of men had already gathered, making ready to lift the unfortunate from where the waters had thrown her body upon the shore. God opens wider the doors of our souls when he brings us to where we can look upon death for the first time. How vast the world was growing! The great, wide sea gave life to the ships sailing away to the south and the east; it held the spell of wonderful music that made the soul to throb to the mystery of sorrow and love; but it laid death at the feet of the child and somehow he could not hold his heart together.

It was not that he had not felt pain before this hour. The illimitable vastness of the starlit heavens had filled him with an indefinable dread, but the sadness which came was the spirit of baffled inquiry. When the rabble stoned him on the highways, he shed the tears of resentment and rebellion. In one leap he stood in the conscious presence of Life. The set, stark face of the woman rising and sinking in the sea had told him the story of the Soul. Nor winds, nor waters, nor the great sounds of the eternal earth around and about him could now bring him back to the imperfect yearnings of yesterday.

#### **May in the Fenway**

The smoke of rain and budding trees  
Turns all the Fens to gray.  
But with the nearer tulip-beds  
My gypsy heart is gay;  
Their bursting scarlet sends me forth  
Buoyant and free as air  
And yellow-flamed Forsythia  
Is boon companion there.

# Co-operation and Character Culture

BY VIOLA RICHARDSON

The spectacle presented in the economic and social world is one which must bring to the mind and heart of every thoughtful person a feeling of pain and protest. There is continual and enormous waste of both energy and material; there is intense pressure in the midst of a struggle for the material things of life which crushes out of human nature everything but the most intensely *getting* and *grasping* faculties. The very necessities of our present system force human energies to expend and develop themselves along one particular line only—that of *getting* and *holding*—and out of the over development of this faculty, because of continual exercise—and the under development of the other faculties of love and kindliness and comradeship and consideration for others, because of lack of time and opportunity for their exercise and consequent development—we see the world filled with men and women whose ruling motives are avarice, greed, vanity, which tendencies, under certain conditions become absolutely tigerish and savage.

Today in the city of Chicago—where it would be possible for every man, woman and child to be comfortably housed, comfortably and beautifully clad, well fed, with leisure for love in its various manifestations, we see, instead, a situation where there are many people whose veins are sucked dry of even the capacity to love and to enjoy. On the one hand men and women and little children suffer for the most common necessities and decencies of life, on the other are men and women and children enervated with luxury and its attendant vanity, power and idleness. Today the one great cry that goes up from this great city is one of hatred of man for man—which manifests itself in all forms of violence—even to murder.

There are those of us who look into our own hearts and find germs of love and kindliness—and who know that in every human soul are like germs of beauty and goodness which need only the opportunity to develop and fill the world with beauty and goodness. There are those of us who believe that all this perversion of human thought and feeling which we find in the world today is fostered by the system of personal ownership under which we live—those of us who believe that by threading the world with the co-operative thought and feeling, a new and better order of things may be brought about, under which human

souls may expand into their natural and inherent rights and greatness—into complete manhood and womanhood.

Here and there centers are being established. They are to be educational centers from which influence is to go out and leaven the whole world with kindlier thoughts and better ways of living—ways of living which accord with the completely developed human soul, instead of with just the tigerish instincts and faculties.

There is but one way to lead the world aright, and that is to lead it by teaching. And so a few of us here in Chicago have dedicated our lives and our means to an effort towards a better order. We are organizing along co-operative lines. We hope to establish shops where those who join with us may work at making beautiful and useful things, and at the same time have opportunity for the exercise of the higher mental and spiritual faculties—where the ruling spirit will not be one of grasping for self, but one of working for each other and sharing with each other the comforts and pleasures of life. In other words, where the pressure may be so removed from the individual that he may have the opportunity to expand into his real and greater self.

At the present time we have a large and beautiful home. We have a shop fitted with cabinet making and book binding tools—and we have with us a few earnest souls who are willing to put their lives into the practical working out of this Cause for which we stand—actual Co-operation. What we need is men and women who have seen this vision of a better order, who are strong and helpful in spirit and body—and who are willing to come and join their strength and substance with our own in working out this idea of life.

As people come to us with the initiative and the capacity we shall add new industries, and expand those we already have, and make our home and our shops a center for the highest education of mind and soul and body.

Let us hear from those who are interested and who are with us in spirit and ideals. We need each other, and the world needs the lesson we have to teach—for the end is not for ourselves but for humanity.

### Unison

Primeval elements are we,—the Rock, the Sky, the Sea,  
The Spirit of the Universe and the deathless Heart of Me.

As old are we as we are young and the sky was born today;  
But the tide foams high and my heart is deep and the rocks are  
seamed and gray.

AMY S. BRIDGMAN.

# Polish Parallel to the Case of Maxim Gorky

BY JULIA EDNA WORTHLEY

An interesting parallel to the case of Maxim Gorky, the peasant writer of Russia, in whose fate the entire world of letters is interested, and likewise a parallel to the part Russia's Czars have played from time to time in dwarfing the finest development of art and letters in Eastern Europe is offered in the case of Adam Mickiewicz, the poet and patriot of Poland.

The unsettled and dangerous years between 1828 and 1833, when the Balkan states were restless, and the Czar's oppression lay most heavily upon Poland and Lithunia, when Greece, Russia and Turkey were only waiting for the opportune moment to fly at each others' throats, were the blossom years of Polish literature and Polish genius.

It was then that Malzweski (who wrote the most popular and widely known classic of Poland—"Maria, An Heroic Tale of Ukraine"), Mickiewicz, Zaleski (author of "The Holy Family" and "Romances of Ukraine"), Moritz Mochnacki, critic and novelist, Frederick Chopin, and Slowacki (who wrote the famous tragedy in verse, "Lilla Weneda"), were in the fullness of their creative power.

Against the background of war and intrigue Adam Mickiewicz stands out most prominently as an interesting and romantic figure, because of the greatness of his talent and the misdirected efforts of his life. He was wealthy, of noble birth, and gifted with perhaps the finest purely lyric gift of any poet in Europe. With the enthusiasm of youth and an excitable temperament he threw himself heart and soul into the fatal struggle for independence and urged Poland to revolt while Russia was warring with Turkey. He fired the imagination of his countrymen with dreams of an independent government and the possible restoration of the ancient provinces whose loss had never ceased to be looked upon as a disgrace. It was partly at his instigation, too, that a diet was convoked in Warsaw and a deputation sent to Czar Nicholas asking permission for a changed form of government. The answer of the Czar is well known: "*Submission or subjugation!*" Then the Polish Diet passed a resolution that the Romanoffs had no right to the throne of Poland. This act was equivalent to national suicide. The result was the terrible struggle of the years 1830 and 1831, which brought about the complete annihilation of Poland as an independent sovereignty, the suppression of the Polish language, the closing of all institutions

of learning, the removal of officials of Polish blood, and the distribution of the leaders and patriots in lonely garrisons and remote outposts of Russia, or in foreign lands.

Adam Mickiewicz was among the first to be exiled. He was sent to Ukraine. It was here, amid the impressive scenery of Little Russia and the splendid mountains of the Caucasus, that he wrote his "Sonnets of the Crimea," which set Europe by the ears and were at once translated into every language on the continent. It was here, too, that he met and made friends with Russia's brilliant and unhappy poet—Puschkin—like himself an exile and like himself, too, doomed to an early and tragic death. Puschkin has left us a memory of this brief friendship in a poem addressed to Mickiewicz in 1834, after the latter had taken up his residence in France. The Russian poet bemoans the unfortunate servitude of his country and Poland to an autocrat's stubborn will, and also the fact that it had been generally reported that his old friend was now filled with hatred for Russia and everything Russian; he closes the poem with the wish that

"God may send the blessing of peace

Upon my friend's embittered heart."

The published Sonnets aroused the sympathy and interest of Europe. Poems were addressed to the writer in every language and the literature of the period is rich in incidents of his life.

The following poem I have translated from the German of Ludwig Uhland:

**To Adam Mickiewicz, Poet of Poland and  
Champion of Polish Freedom**

BY LUDWIG UHLAND.

By the distant Weichsal's billows  
Battle rages wild and free,  
Far across the German meadows  
Rolls the echo noisily;  
Swords and scythes together clashing,  
Sobs and groans of men who fall,  
And thy battle song clear ringing:  
*"Poland must not, shall not fall!"*

In the pauses of the battle  
I can hear my harpist sing,  
O, the love-winged inspiration  
With which, rich, the harp-strings ring!  
Such men could create a nation,  
Or the dead to life recall,  
Sing on my sweet Polish singer:  
*"Poland must not, shall not fall!"*

The public demonstration of interest in behalf of the unfortunate poet was followed shortly by his exile from both Russia and Poland.

Gladly indeed did he shake the dust of Russia from his feet and make haste to join his compatriots in Paris. Here he found Zaleski, likewise a poet and his dearest friend. He had fought

through the revolution as a common soldier despite his rank. Here too were Chopin, Celina Szymanowski (later the wife of Mickiewicz), whose mother was the beautiful and talented Polish woman whom Goethe once met and loved and who is mentioned in his *Conversations With Eckermann*, and the Countess of Potocka, who was worshipped by her countrymen for her untiring efforts to interest people of influence in the sad fate of her country.

It was, I believe, at the time of the poet's later sojourn in Paris that he wrote the following to the Potocka :

**Grave of the Countess of Potocka**

BY ADAM MICKIEWICZ.

In the land of love and summer didst thou  
Die my Polish rose! Like a butterfly's  
Gold winglets youth just touched thee, then passed by;  
That the bright wings left heart shadows I know now.

And just God his star-army does allow  
Over Poland as of old to shine on high,  
When the glory all was stolen from thine eye  
Ere beneath grave-moss thy head thou didst bow!

Alone, my Polish rose, I seek the grave,  
May thy mound a consecration to me be;  
There the traveler will rest him on his stave,  
And the sounds of Polish speech will come to me,  
And oft and oft above thy lowly grave  
Will they tell again, my Polish rose of thee!

Having been deprived of his rank and the income from his estates he was obliged to look about him for some means of support. For a time he was Professor of Latin in Lausanne, and later he was made Professor of Slavic Literature in Paris.

The routine and drudgery of an uneventful professorship could not fail to pall upon the poetic dreamer who had been accustomed to freedom, adventure, the luxurious ease of a nobleman's life, and the undisturbed pursuit of his literary labor which war and exile had interrupted.

In addition he was homesick for Poland and felt that he must be doing something for his people and his country. It was this that led him to Italy and to Rome in 1848, where he attempted to bring about a union of fugitives and exiles with the object of gaining permission to return to Poland. Failing in this, homesick and discouraged, a prey to increasing melancholy, which made him incapable of sustained mental effort, feeling that the energy and effort of his life had been squandered and misdirected, and perhaps, too, inspired by a longing for revenge, he entered the Turkish army in 1855, and died in Constantinople in November of that year.

Despite the fact that he had not many years of leisure in which to devote himself to letters, he ranks today as the first poet of Poland.



# To-Morrow's Today and Yesterday

BY WILLIAM F. BARNARD

The President is still clamoring for a big navy, making the specious claim for such a thing that it would insure *peace*. A peace based upon intimidation is of doubtful value.

J. Pierpont Morgan has purchased a gold encrusted crystal vase, or drinking cup, at a fabulous price, the article of virtue being very old and well authenticated. The rumor that Mr. Morgan would drink the blood of the common people hereafter from this rare cup is of course a ridiculous canard.

*Collier's Weekly*, in its comment upon TO-MORROW, only missed by a hair's breadth the chance to wear that crown of public pity bestowed upon those who overstep themselves in the newspapers. *Collier's Weekly* is to TO-MORROW as last century was to this present year, and so the sarcasms which whistled through its toothless gums may well be forgiven it.

The way in which union labor has conducted itself during the Chicago strike crisis cannot but reflect credit upon it, and a continuation of such an attitude will serve to attract public favor as nothing else could. Outside of the trusts and the big stores the general voice is for the unions, which are likely to go on from now, in Chicago, accomplishing greater and greater things, at last teaching organized capital that the *Social General Strike* is the final strike of strikes.

Our religions are the evidences of our poorness of spirit. The strong and vital natures of the world know that in that world there rest the means to satisfy every normal human need, and that if the savage fear of the unknown were dissipated, and social and economic conditions were favorable to general well being, the morbid speculations respecting whence, why, and whither would be forgotten. The common joys of a free, common life, once understood, would silence the voice of superstition effectually.

The birthday of Walt. Whitman, that grand pagan personality, brought with it throughout the world another series of apologies for his plain speaking, those of his real lovers who got a hearing being few and far between, doubtfully listened to, and getting scant recognition. Those who are sure that when Whitman spoke of a spade he meant an ivory paper-knife mounted in gold, seem to be on the increase; but thanks to the vogue of Whitman these are likely to be outnumbered in the end by the

veritable and courageous lovers of the poet who said, "Sex contains all."

Lawson's exposures are not stirring up the avowed discontent which was anticipated at their beginning; even the crime of Amalgamated, set down in black and white, which appeared in the June issue of *Everybody's*, seeming insufficient to set the public on fire. But those who see beneath the surface know that the giant Demos is awake, even though as yet he has not stretched himself, and that he may rise at any moment. Lawson may count upon public support when he strives to bring 26 Broadway before the bar of judgment. Finally the voice, as now the heart of the people is, will be with him.

On every hand there are exposures going on. The western land steals, in which United States officials are involved; the Beef Trust, that horned and hoofed human monster; Standard Oil, Amalgamated, the Equitable—what a list of publicly exhibited rascality! and the list augments daily! Surely, those who say that the public will never move, must doubt their pessimism when they think of the glut of important information which that same public is now receiving. The signs of the times are disquieting to all but those who are so fat with gold that they can not see over their own chins.

Co-operative industry offers a bourne of peace to such of the human race as are weary of competition and the storm and stress of civilized life. Many arguments worth attending to can be urged against colonies, but colonies are sure to be formed just the same; and attempts are as sure to be made to make industry mutual and co-operative. Perhaps these ventures will serve as object lessons to future generations, and there are those who say that they will have no other use; but who can blame those who retire from the world and attempt to lead an idyllic existence in some favored spot of nature? There is a limit to human endurance, and the sordid and hopeless present-day world needs a hundred palees to which the jaded and weary can turn to find breathing space. Co-operative undertakings will help to initiate the glad day of human enfranchisement. More power to the hands of those who work for co-operation.

An optimist, it has been truly said, is generally a person whose pessimism was once of so black a nature that he found himself forced to formulate a view of life in which sunshine predominated, in order to persuade himself to live. But, anyway, the man who lasts as a worker for human emancipation understands that evil and good are both veritable factors in the world's life, and that the thing to do is not to formulate comfortable theories, but is rather to work manfully at the task of changing

untoward things by elimination, or by making them tolerable through a stoical adjustment. The man who despairs, and the man who says that all is well,—these two are no friends of humanity.

### An Acrostic

(On the man who named To-Morrow)

When twilight falls, and creeping shades  
 Infold the meadow,—and down the glades  
 Linger and deepen;—when the night  
 Lies moveless,—and the small hours cark  
 In drear procession taking flight,—  
 Awake sad heart, nor heed the dark:—  
 Morning will come, and with it light.

Morning will come! The east is gray,—  
 Evangel beams fore-run the day.  
 Look where yon rosy cloudlet drifts!  
 The stars go out, the curtain lifts.  
 On high dawn treads the glory-way;—  
 Night is a prologue,—this the play.

Cheer you, O heart cast down. And hark!  
 Her sunrise paeon sings the lark.  
 A lilt it is whose echoes might  
 Sigh to the soul: "Through all the dark  
 Eternal morning comes,—and light."

OLE OWEN.

# Desmorgenslandt

BY BARRIE MARTONNE AND M. F. CANFIELD



## Maxim Gorky

Born of thy heart's own bitterness, O sage,  
With trumpet-blast thy ear-compelling cry  
Rings forth from depths of human woe, where die  
Dethroned souls in writhing, righteous rage.  
They bootless plead and hopeless warfare wage  
Against the tyrant powers who still deny  
The right of brotherhood. Thou must defy!  
The pulsing call of *human*, fills the age!  
O peasant son, thy earnest face doth tell  
Of wild despair, thy burning soul hath known;  
Insulted *God-in-man* didst thee compel  
To shout aloud, thy brothers' fate to own,  
And paint with horrors deep, their Russian hell.  
Earth's potentates must *reap* what they have sown. M. F. C.

## As You Like It

IMMORTELLE—"You look exceedingly charming this morning in that crimson dress of yours, but this time to-morrow you will be only a long stalk with a little green head. Quite truly has a great poet said that you are like fleeting pleasure. Wouldn't you rather be like me, less beautiful, but longer lived?"

POPPY—"I can't say I would, for quite as great a poet has said: 'Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.'" M. F. C.

## Rainy Day Philosophy

My Ma she's jes' the cheeriest soul I know;  
When the sun shines bright  
An' the world's all right  
Her dimpling face beams like a glad rainbow.

Then when the clouds hang low and wet winds blow,  
When the sun's turned blue  
An' the world's askew,  
She laughs and says with all her face aglow,

"What opportunities are ours, oho!  
We will have some sun  
Ere the day is done,  
For we can make it shine indoors, you know!"

An' then you'll see when the clouds all go  
An' the hours slip by  
Jes' ez happy's pie,  
Ma's manerfactring sunshine here below!

B. M.

## Her Prayer

Let me nestle close to thee, dear Heart, dear loving friend and true.  
Wide and cold the busy world, and far my weary feet have strayed.  
Hope, deceptive, lured me far beyond the touch of thy caress.  
Press me tightly to thy breast—for *this* I've wept, for this I've prayed.

Coldly lingers on my brow, the frigid kiss of selfish aim.  
Vainly sought my soul response, when soul to soul no answer made.  
Breath of life! this heart of mine its resurrection finds in thee.  
Press thy lips upon my own—for *this* I've wept, for this I've prayed.

M.F. C.

## The Gospel of Beauty and Song

Nature is full of beauty; human-nature is full of beauty; all life is full of beauty. To be sure there are shadows, and ugly spots too, but even these contrasts enhance the beauty of the beautiful. The shadows themselves we are told, contain delightful colors—subtle and elusive, perhaps, but actual and necessary to the picture. The thing is, *find* the beauty, recognize it when you come upon it. Be an artist. If your hand is unskillful, your eye need not be so, nor your soul be irresponsible. Each day study some beautiful poem; read some bit of exalting prose; drink in the beauty and perfume of some flower; watch every sunset; every sunrise too; if you be not wed to your god, Morpheus, and you will find something that will lift you for awhile, above the carp and care of the day-drudge, however much your position in life may exact drudgery.

Why waste the precious moments of life in vain pinings for dollars and cents when you have the wealth of smiling nature, free for the taking?

Is gold more beautiful than sunlight, or silver more inspiring than moonlight, or are plush carpets more delightful than the green velvet of spring meadows? Is the music of the stifling ball-room with its whirl of giddy dancers, more enchanting than the song of birds and the caress of pure air from flowering fields?

Did you ever think of that song-music, celestial, from the harps of kindness and love touched by the hand of sympathy? Ah, these are the songs that find lodgment in the hearts of men, whose echoes are rich royalties to their Authors. No copyright solicited here. O man, while you are so strenuous for the necessities of physical well-being, cease not your reach for the *higher*.

Just sing in your *soul* a song,  
If your lips refuse to sing.  
Just speak in *deeds* such kindness  
That a lift to man will bring.  
For know the greatest beauty  
That time cannot destroy,  
Are loving hearts and human,  
With their silent songs of joy.

M. F. C.

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Those who believe in us can manifest it by sending in one dollar for a year's subscription and the good of the cause.

# The Informal Brotherhood



## The Poets and "Himself"

But, Mister Editur, I want to say a thing or two,  
And that's the reason I address these lines direckt to you.  
I've seen your book To-MORROW, and I got it yisterday—  
The last one at the news stand, so I heerd the feller say—  
I red the peeces thru and thru, the lids on eether side,  
And felt so good to feel 'twas tru, I everything but cride.

It semed to put new spirrit rite into an akin' frame,  
The kind that came in contact with the blind, the hault and lame.  
It X-rayed to, an' plum clean thru, men  
I had to put my glasses on and reed it thru agan.  
I nu that things was goin' rong, when 'poverty and pane  
Existed here where welth was neer, that it couldn't attain—  
And duty never was so clear, when I nelt down to pray  
As when I red To-MORROW's text upon a yisterday.

Of course I kin not say it as you poet fellers do  
You'll never stop to lissen, tho' I offen wunt you to—  
You seme to think, because I haint a collej graguate,  
There haint no reel poetick thots 'ithin my rustic pate.  
It's tru I haint no shepeskin with a seel and singnatoors,  
Nor extry letters to my name as you hev got to yours,  
My prosodee may even be a little out of dait,  
But what's that fer a man that aint no poet lauryate.

I read John Milton till he lost me somwhar in the air,  
And Byrun till I felt the grip of gloomiest despair,  
And Burns until I sumtimes dreem of Tam O'Shanter now,  
And Shakespeer when I offen wundered how he'd end each row;  
Longfellow, with his undulatin' way of tellin' things,  
And Pope, who sumhow semes to klip the other feller's wings,  
Lord Tennyson, who always giv his simpathy a show,  
And mentul reckkage as portrade by Edgar Allun Po.

Holmes, Bryunt, Riley, Carlton and kindhearted Eugene Feeld,  
Harte, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, to all of whom I yeeld;  
They expand the inner simpathies, and cause the heart to throb,  
But even yet, I'm not content to cleen give up the job.  
Fer sumhow somethin' keeps a thumpin' underneeth my vest,  
The saim as urjes every one to try to do his best;  
So I will seek no further for lejitimit excuse,  
Because fursooth I can't adorn with classick curly-case.

I've seen your book To-MORROW, and I got it yisterday—  
The last one at the news stand, so I heerd the feller say—  
I red the peeces thru and thru, the lids on eether side,  
And felt so good to know 'twas tru, I everything but cride.

ZENE SPURRIER

TO THE EDITOR:—I find To-MORROW to be a valuable contribution to the progressive literature of the twentieth century. The age of "It is finished" stagnation is over, and humanity is everywhere awakening from its long sleep.

GEO. B. WILLIAMS, Trackville, Pa.

# MARCONIGRAPHS

FROM TO-MORROW'S READERS



## The Pink Ones

Bernard Shaw says, "The love of economy is the root of all virtue." By practicing economy we have more time for life, or the Real World, as Robert Herrick would say. But if Shaw's "good" is *meditation*, as we are led to suppose, for the development of a higher self-consciousness, doesn't he return to Buddhism and the land of dreams? Is scientific religion Buddhism in embryo? I think that Shaw's counterpart was a Chinese dramatist who lived way back in the year one. He was just such a man as Shaw describes himself as being—not a great technician like Shakespeare, but a man of new and stupendous ideas, like Shaw. He stated the case of Evolution so clearly and cleverly that Willie Bud, then a young religious enthusiast, was fired with a desire to put the writer's suggestions into practice. This ultimately he did so well and with such perfect technique, as *our* Bernard Shaw would say, that he became the great god Bud, and his teachings are Buddhism.

## A Fantasy

It was a gray, still day. A day when the atmosphere contains the shadows. They are not here or there, but everywhere. You know yourself isolated because you sense the security of the haze that enfolds you.

You are alone. You are complete. Yet in the very ecstasy of this knowledge a question arises: "Where is the pain that solitude usually carries?"

The answer comes from the mist: "As the atmosphere encircles, pervades, revivifies all Nature so Love invades and envelops the Soul." Is the oak isolated from the violet, the valley from the mountain top? Then, how, Soul from Soul? So find the shadows.

STELLA WORDEN SMITH.

## SERCOMBE HIMSELF:

By the way, I like TO-MORROW better today than I did yesterday! It's more to *my* notion since you became *both ends*! Love and best wishes for your success.

Most cordially, THE BOSS EVERGREEN.

EDITOR TO-MORROW:—You publish a most entertaining and instructive magazine, and entertaining because so instructive. Your instruction tends towards promoting the constructive in man by accomplishing the destruction of the fossilized moss-backed notions of the middle ages to which alas, so many of today are still clinging as the only hope.

Your ideas of an Industrial institution are great because so practical.

MRS. MAUD A. THORNDYKE, Canaan, N. H.

TO THE EDITOR:—I saw a rather sarcastic, belittling reference to your magazine in Collier's Weekly of May 6, which impressed me all the more in its favor.

Human betterment, liberty, progress, righteousness, and happiness *on this earth, here and now*, are very little attended to by the burlesque pretense of the erroneous Asiatic orthodoxy of antiquity which is the present standard.

GEO. B. WILLIAMS, Traskville, Ill.

TO THE EDITOR:—Kindly send TO-MORROW. Should not have been aware of such an enterprising publication but for an editorial in Collier's Weekly. It aroused my interest and perhaps friendliness at once.

A. L. FROST, New York City.

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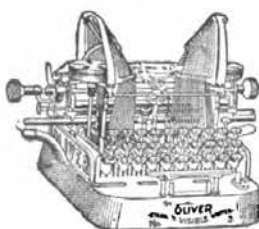
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# THE CRAFTSMAN

GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

Jacob A. Riis:  Practical Reformer

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# The Business End

(Personally Conducted)



Have men grown so wise that they may say, "Don't argue with a woman?"?

"Women are foolish, for they were made to match the men," said George Eliot.

Lucky for you men that women are foolish, or they would have nothing to do with the likes of you.

We masculines know that not one man in fifty is fit to be the life companion of a good woman.

The average man assumes an attitude of domination and ownership over a woman, whereas, to obtain the highest results, she should naturally feel that she owns and manages herself.

Woman's chief foolishness consists in not demanding a higher standard in the man of her choice.

You ask for proof? The Husbands and Sons of American Women spend each year for liquor and tobacco four times as much as for the cause of education. This surpasses foolishness; it is uncivilized.

The Husbands and Sons of American Women still continue to build jails and gallows for unfortunate criminals, instead of arranging to give them a chance in the struggle of life. This is Barbarism.

The Husbands and Sons of American Women continue to place property rights above character rights, permitting the economic despotism to crush millions, break their spirit, and drive them to hopeless desperation. This is Brutality.

The Husbands and Sons of American Women support and abet thousands of beer joints and houses of prostitution, all unnatural and unnecessary. This is Hell.

The Husbands and Sons of American Women still employ preachers with untrained minds who know neither mental science nor sociology, and expect to educate by *talking* instead of *doing*. This is Imbecility.

The Husbands and Sons of American Women still permit crafty individuals to absorb the property of the masses in vast amounts. They still put up with our rotten and inefficient courts and give little attention to improving our awful streets and roads. This is Incompetence.

In the light of the above will man still assert his superiority over woman and cast reflections on her ability to "argue"? "The Business End" believes that if these matters could be placed in the hands of women for just one generation they would prove that the masculine human has been feeding fat on foolish powders since the day of Adam's fall.

# To - M o r r o w

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, MANAGING EDITOR

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The society will establish a first-class dining room, library, gymnasium and other club house facilities, and in its lecture hall will, throughout the year, present the best speakers of the country, who will discuss the vital topics of the hour.

The society has taken over "The People's Industrial" lecture course, which during the past year proved so popular and instructive, and commencing Monday, September 4th, will make announcements of speakers and subjects that will bring these platform discussions into national prominence.

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# To-Morrow

PUBLISHED BY TO-MORROW PUBLISHING COMPANY  
PARKER H. SERCOMBE, MANAGING EDITOR

WILLIAM F. BARNARD GRACE MOORE  
ASSOCIATE EDITORS

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VOLUME I.

AUGUST, 1905

NUMBER 8

While the editor sits in his den it is gratifying to know that below in the business office letters are floating in from everywhere, containing One Dollar bills for annual subscriptions and words of encouragement and support from those who know what it means to give a life to strenuous labor and tireless zeal for a Cause which has never yet been known to reward its votaries—*The Cause of Common Sense.*

We have constantly before us the strange spectacle of a theoretical ideal of human equality and justice and an actual existing state of society which in every ramification of life and thought is based on Special Privilege of self, on special rights and rewards, not had by others, due to "me" and "mine."

Our school readers, our Sunday schools, our literature, our orators whose voices go thundering forth from platforms telling us of the glorious heritage of equal rights guaranteed by the Declaration of Independence, are equally dishonest, equally untrue to the facts of life, and clearly unfair in constantly asserting as a fact that which is only a pretense, thereby establishing the educational result of making hypocrisy and double dealing the foremost factors in life.

Bribery and graft are the handmaidens of Special Privilege, and are ever manifest in the nursery, in the relations of men and women, in the fields of finance and trade, as well as in the halls of staté.

The prevailing epidemic of graft and bribery now manifesting itself throughout the land is but the political and economic prototype and natural result of the mental attitude that causes children to carry presents and flowers to their teachers and that impels young lovers to indulge in all sorts of pretenses, conscious and subconscious, in order to create an impression in the minds of



those they are aiming to ensnare, that they know can never be maintained after the connubial knot is tied.

We will one day grow to understand that the influences which we *grown-up* and supposedly *rational* human beings throw about the cradle and the childhood and youth of our future American mothers and citizens, can have no other natural result than the dishonesty through which every millionaire gains his fortune, always through Special Privilege, self-assertion and not earned, and by which every grafter and boodler in the land has connived to defeat justice and rob someone of that which he takes to enrich himself.

To state the case more clearly, the moral influences in our families and schools are so thoroughly untrue and destructive that their natural net product must be the diamond-decked feminine fiend who grudgingly allows her three-dollar servant a half day off each week, the stock jobber who brings thousands to desperation in order that he may acquire profits and comforts for self, the millionaire store or factory owner whose game of life consists in appropriating the products of other people's labor, and the common grafter and swindler who, without the more admirable qualities of daring of the highwayman, gets and takes anybody's money, no matter how; for all of these are alike victims of the disease of Special Privilege.

Let us understand the matter. This craze for profit-making, graft and boodle is what the student of moral science and sociology naturally expects as the product of our present method of training the young. Any other result would be a miracle. Another viewpoint is to examine results, look well into the tendencies throughout the land towards graft, bribery and the wild craze for profit-getting; and from these we may know how inefficient, improper and venal our educational and home ideals must be in order to beget such results.

The most recent exposures in the management of the Equitable, wherein it is seen that the leaders of American finance and society, those like Chauncey Depew, the elder Hyde and others, who in our childish simplicity we learned to regard as bulwarks of honor and probity, have aided and been parties to the most barefaced public swindles, all known and understood by the prominent bankers and financiers of New York, escaping their censure under the same cloak of "Special Privilege" enjoyed by Chiefs of Tribes, Feudal Lords of the Middle Ages, contemporary monarchs and captains of industry, and the favored child of the wealthy contributor to the Sunday school. Does any one dream that the New York Life, the Mutual Life, the Penn Mutual, the Northwestern, or any other insurance company of the land are one whit better in their moral attitude, in their attitude

of fairness, or in their general plans of gouging the public and policy holders, than is the Equitable?

Has any one discovered that all the political grafters are in the Democratic party, the Republican party, the Socialist party, or the Populist party? Is it not true that these parties are all composed of men whose mental attitude in regard to graft and other forms of Special Privilege will average about the same?

Does not impartial observation prove that in all church organizations, also composed of men, the mental attitudes and tendencies towards willingness to take advantage of Special Privilege, frenzied profit-making, graft and bribery is more or less in the same percentage, and that the number of those who are potentially boodlers does not average any higher in one denomination than in others?

It being a fact, as every sociologist knows, that every case of dishonesty, bribe-taking and frenzied profit-making is but a manifestation of tendencies which permeate all society, is it not time that the masses should understand the significance of these phenomena and thereby come to realize that when rottenness, dishonesty, high salaries and Special Privilege methods are shown to be the practice in one bank in Chicago, and when we know that the mental attitude of the men conducting these banks is more or less on a par, is it not evidence that every banking house in the land is permeated and rioting in Special Privileges for its officers and special profit-making opportunities to the friends and allies of the institution?

So well understood is it that men are expected to take personal advantage of opportunities offered in handling other people's money, that state and city treasurers, bankers and others are naturally expected to grow wealthy during their tenure of office.

The prevailing method of indicting, trying and punishing merely those who go too far or who too openly make appropriations of funds in their own behalf is merely dealing with effects and not with causes, and from the broad humanitarian and sociologic point of view is too puerile for condemnation.

The cause which every one knows is at the basis of graft and frenzied profit-making is unthinking selfishness, greed and vanity manifesting itself in thousands of forms of desire for Special Privilege and extending through every ramification of life from the cradle to the grave.

To deal with the cause of this almost universal complaint means to organize conditions and environments wherein the opposite mental attitude will be the educational result, an attitude manifested not only in speech, but one that becomes a part of the daily life that is lived, exemplifying the oath of Walt Whitman,

"By God, I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms."

We claim to be a free country, we claim equal rights for all, and still we live in an atmosphere reeking and groaning with desire on the part of each one to get the better of every other one on any terms, in any way, and the ingenuity of man has studied out ways in infinite variety; and the question arises, which is the better or which is the worse, the slave holder with the lash, the highwayman with his billy, the financier absorbing his various salaries and dividends, grafter taking the money of the people, the banker making loans in ways that bring him indirect profit and prestige, the insurance official who divides with his broker the profit of exploiting his company's securities, or the society woman who visits exclusion upon her supposed antagonists, expecting to rise higher in social control by lowering the aspirations of others.

These phenomena all developing from the same root, all having a common cause, all coexisting as a result of the same inner attitude and willingness to accept Special Privilege, if punishable at all should be equally punishable, but fortunately we now know that punishment is not efficacious, that to abuse the victim is to aggragate the tendency and that only by segregating people into environments where more human and more spiritual mental attitudes are the educational results can we hope to reach any permanent reform or correction.

By way of making a broader generalization and realizing the force of these truths in another field, let us consider for a moment the present popularity of the institution of divorce in this country.

It is fair to assume that for every couple that reaches the point where they are willing to endure the pain and humiliation of a divorce there are scores who desire separation and would have it except for the social and economic obstacles to be overcome, but philosophically accept a life of moderate suffering in order to avoid the concentrated variety.

It should be understood from the start that Special Privilege for self, the same as in cases of graft, theft, bribery and frenzied profit-making, is at the base of all family quarrels; for in all contentions between husband and wife it is invariable that either one or both desire "Privileges" in the way of egoistic repartee or some other form of incompatibility, to which the other declines to give consent, hence their difference. It is plain to see that the education and environment that would still the desire for Special Privilege and operate in place of jails and punishment to lessen the prevalence of graft and allied economic diseases of the epoch, would also be the education that would lessen the so-called divorce evil. Let us discriminate: the condition of society wherein many united couples become obnoxious to each other

even after having voluntarily united and made life contracts, is deplorable, for it is a reflection upon the common sense, good intention and average stability of character of supposedly sensible beings who thus show themselves to be fickle and unreliable in their agreements.

Every modern physician and biologist knows that the evils, social, physical and moral, of forcing the sexes to remain together when love is gone and each abhors the presence of the other, is far greater than any evils that can possibly result from separation. An educational environment that would naturally tend to stimulate generous and considerate acts for others, that would discourage the assumption of rights, Special Privilege and special consideration in all ways and at all times, would naturally prepare such persons to live for life in pleasant comradeship with *all persons* and especially with the ones to whom they had once given their vows of perpetual love. Instead of observing these truths and assisting to form educational communities and groups in which people might live with their families and friends under conditions that would naturally encourage and develop these virtues, the preachers and teachers of the various orthodox creeds are in the habit of reviling the evils of divorce, thus striking at the effect and not at the cause of social unrest. Within the past few years a voice has been raised here and there declaring that divorce is not an evil, that it is a blessing, and that it should always take place and be easily obtained when those joined together are convinced of their incompatibility.

A man one day entered a doctor's office, his eyes blurred, his system broken down and hands trembling from the result of alcoholic stimulation. He begged the doctor to give him something to stop the trembling of his hand as he could not write nor conduct the affairs of his office. The doctor told him that he must give up the drinking of whiskey, but the patient insisted that he must have something to stop the trembling of his hand, that the liquor habit had secured such a strong hold on him that he could not give it up; and thus the preachers who are throwing obstacles in the way of divorce, and making it as hard as possible for mankind to be happy and satisfied, are dealing with effects and not with causes—are attempting to prescribe some drug that will stop the trembling of the hand without giving up the whiskey. It thus becomes manifest that all social evils are traceable to the same cause and must ultimately be reduced by the same cure, and that cure is an economic and educational environment that will make comrades of people instead of human sharks. In no other way except through the educational results of right environment can the "Sacred American Home" be at-

tained and become a reality; and the same agency that under the tender guidance of parental love will assure us this *Home of the Future* will also implant tendencies in the human heart and mind that will make millionaires, grafters, society bluffers, unpractical preachers and prostitutes, creatures of a bygone age.

---

The Fourth of July has gone, a smoked and scarred memory, and the patriots are resting after having amply demonstrated the capacity for noise which is within them. The thoughtful man for the twentieth time ponders the relation between patriotism and noise and bluster, and hopes, in face of his fears, for a time when national greatness will not be demonstrated through horrible noises and ignorant assertions of superiority. That time will be, if ever, when a spirit of world fraternity has displaced mere patriotism. Time loves us too much to force upon us the skyrocket as a permanent national emblem.

One of the hopeful signs of the times is the growing distrust of punitive measures in the handling of so-called criminals. Thorough students of the annals of prison life, some of them holding high places in "reformatory" institutions, are telling the world that punishment is folly; others, prison authorities among them, are saying that if all the jails were razed to the ground the world would be better off. To say nothing of the presumption of judges and juries, and those who are accessory to their acts—presumption in that the men whom they coerce are in general no more deserving of punishment than they themselves—the abnormal life of prisons at their best, the life of systematic restraint, can never fit a man for freedom and responsibility, but has only the opposite effect; and then, too, it begins to be plain even to the man in the street, that there is only one side, and that the ridiculous, to the action of manufacturing "criminals" in every other house by sure economic processes, while we play at keeping society tidy by sweeping up the fringes of the social dirt which results. Punishment is revenge, pure and simple. Nothing but true social life will cure "criminals" and keep them cured.

The great foe of progress is habit. Life tends to fall into method and become mechanical, or crystalizes, and takes on a fixed shape which resists everything save the friction of wandering ideas or the hammer of social radicalism. Everywhere we hear habit praised, only its praisers beseech us to form good habits. Well they realize the strength of predisposition, but few of them conceive the consequences thereof. Walter Pater, the great English essayist, to whom, as a radical, justice has not yet been done, inveighs against habit most powerfully, and makes it pretty clear that freshness of impulse, the strength to act, and the very body of wisdom herself depends for life upon living

ever new, as though each morning were our first dawn. Consistency was struck down as far as its godhead was concerned long before Emerson spoke those immortal words in his first volume of essays, words which are in every memory now. Habit, as such, is the negation of both originality and judgment; and, faithfully followed, it leads us to the limbo of an ennui which is only tempered by the pack-horse spirit of continuous and unprofitable treadmilling. The awakened senses, keen for new sensation, the awakened mind, awaiting new thought, the awakened emotions, hungry for new feelings—these are the sure sources of inspiration, of strength, of life. To those who fear that freedom from habit would upset the normal order of life there is nothing to be said but this: Wisdom and habit are not necessarily one and the same.

The newest form of the occult is the investigation of Nature, to see what hidden springs of life and inspiration she may hold for us. Nature, the palpable and vitally throbbing mother of us all; mind and matter, one and inseparable, has had her humble place in our estimation heretofore, a place just below that held by our supposed relation to things infinite and eternal; now she seems bent on winning us completely to her bosom, and creeds, religions and gods are falling like summer grass before the scythe all around her. The morbid and presumptuous attitude of the finite, the rigidly limited, in trying to measure a universe with a foot-rule, receives a setback now and then when a new philosopher arises and proves that his trusted predecessor was but "a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." For a time, then, Nature has her way with us. She is beginning to have her way with us now. Since the whole result of modern philosophy, outside of what it gives us of pure agnosticism, is to make us know that life developed out of the absolute and "unconditioned," for reasons which we cannot know, and will eventually return to its former home for reasons which are as impenetrable, it has been concluded by many acute minds that the business of the universe is not our business, and that Nature, long-neglected Nature, the mother of the world, rich in resource and abundant in inspiration, neither mistress nor slave of our minds and passions; herself, and yet for us as we can use her—that Nature holds within her hands abundant blessings, and that in her brown dust, her growing vegetation, her wonders, her recurrent processes, her beauties, and even in her terrors, there waits, to be found by man, the sure source of hope, inspiration, strength and gladness. The true joy of life, in short, now seems to many of us to cling very close to the common life of every day, and the common, but as yet hardly known opportunities which follow every dawn and dark. To know ourselves in our simple relation to Na-

ture, and to know Nature in her simple relation to us, is to have the key to all worthy knowledge and surety; so, many are thinking, in these days of social sunrise. Let the gods wrap themselves in their winding sheets, and let the pages of false wisdom brown in the sun, neglected by man, sitting happily under his "vine and fig-leaf."

W. F. B.

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### Desire as a Factor.

Life, in this transitional age, individually and collectively, is a tragedy. Why a tragedy? A tragedy because of desire generated and power unorganized. Everywhere is desire and the thing desired, but the two have not yet joined hands in loving and intelligent recognition of their service to each other.

Collectively, desire is generated and expresses itself in the cry of the masses for "bread"—more bread—better bread. The masses suffer for food, for shelter, for clothing, and for the surrounding influences that would make heaven of their hell, substituting knowledge for ignorance, and love and wisdom for hate and discord.

Interwoven with this mass of desire is the ability and desire of Infinite Nature to supply every need, but the collective mass must suffer until such time as its own desire and the desire of Infinite Nature have become one and the same, each forming but half of a beautiful whole.

Individually, the same law is manifest. I go to my brother for what he embodies that I most need. My brother desires to supply my want. He has a surplus of the principle of which I am in such sore need. My desire for that principle becomes so great that I give personal expression to it in open defiance of the law which forbids beggary and charity as crimes against one's self respect.

In a moment of distrust and despair, I have erred as the masses err when in their extremity they endeavor by coercion, boycotts, strikes, etc., to impress upon the privileged few their right to the possession and enjoyment of the surplus power which they hold in trust. The desire of the mass and that of the few, not being in harmony, the two embodiments of power have as yet no real use for each other. They will not even be attracted to each other to any beneficial degree, until each has awakened to consciousness of their common origin, their common need and desire, and their common source of power and harmony.

I came to my brother for bread. He gave me bread according to his own conception of the quality and quantity of bread that would feed me. Result—I went away hungry. My desire has not yet become my brother's desire—his desire is not mine.

When my own and my brother's inmost need have become

recognized as identical, when the personal need and the personal holder of the supply have at last joined hands in loving and intelligent recognition of a vital service to each other, there will be no temptation to beggary or violence, no opportunity for charity. Then shall my brother's and my own need and desire have become recognized parts of a beautiful whole, and from uniting of our forces shall issue the thing that in reality we both desire.

G. M.

---

**Perhaps**

Can the stars in yonder heaven  
In the deep of Prussian blue,  
Be set for mere adornment,  
Like tinsel, held with glue?

Could God who made our planet,  
Its atmosphere and light,  
Hang out mere golden pictures,  
A simple, child's delight?

Can mountain chains and rivers,  
Broad lands and atmosphere,  
Be wasted effort merely,  
Nor made for eye nor ear?

Would Nature travail vainly,  
And such production be  
A will-o-wisp of gilding  
To light an ether sea?

How can we know the purpose,  
How can we see the why?  
Tho' feel we yet that Wisdom  
Has peopled well the sky.

Not nymphs, nor less with satyrs,  
That dwell in imagery,  
But beings, grand and noble,  
That live eternally.

Perhaps that spirit-music  
Which kindred spirits hear,  
Is wafted through the ether  
From out a distant sphere.

Perhaps the poet's vision,  
Its beauty, truth, I ween  
Is but a faint reflection  
From a planet-world unseen.

Perhaps when Death shall summon  
Our souls to "cross the bar,"  
'Twill be a spirit-transit,  
To a better, brighter, star.

M. F. C.

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Although To-Morrow is the name of the new magazine, it is the opinion of the publisher that to-day is the time to subscribe.—*Chicago Daily News*.

AMY S. BRIDGMAN.



# Fashion's Folly

BY ZENE SPURRIER.

Supernal Reason!—gift of heavenly mind—  
Peerless endowment of all humankind!  
How can a thinking soul thy lead forsake,  
To follow in erratic Fashion's wake:  
Tho' Reason welcome to a feast of sense,  
To Fashion's piping yet prefer to dance;  
To cut the capers, e'en assume the shape  
In all save caudal finish, of the Ape?  
At her inconstant shrine  
Become a devotee,  
Not pausing to reflect—  
Estranged these mortals be!

Amazing truth—how on life's rugged road  
Humanity will crave things a la mode.  
Tho' all Pandora's box of jumbled ills,  
From dewy morn till dark, the journey fills;  
Tho' forced by Heaven's curse on Adam's head  
In unaesthetic sweat to eat their bread,  
Still a misguided vice-encumbered crew  
Worship Dame Fashion and deride the few  
Who yield them no applause,  
Join no encore  
But Folly's fetich—Fashion—  
Dare ignore.

Commingled hosts by good and bad are swayed,  
While weak humanity's advantage is delayed.  
Alas, that good by ill is so beset  
And beautiful Utopia lingers yet  
An iridescent dream—while love and hatred move  
And some are generous—many selfish prove  
Not seeming yet, in truth, to realize  
The baubles mission—dazzling human eyes—  
In visionary whirlpools  
Of today  
Frittering the soul's best heritage  
Away.

Behold the few brave, true, sublime and strong  
Heroic figures 'mongst the motley throng  
Presented to the retrospective gaze  
In Time's vast panorama! In that maze  
They like fixed stars set in the gloom of night  
Shed but their own and scorn'd to borrow light.  
Not circumscribed were they by Folly's rules—  
Like the mere million, aping, gaping tools,  
But blandishments repelled—  
Escaped her cares—  
Became not whimsied victims  
Of her snares.

# Statutory Control of Insurance

BY J. HENRY WESTOVER

## PART V.—THE REMEDY (CONTINUED).

That any department of state born in sin and bred in iniquity, as is the insurance department of Illinois, with its official incumbents continuously prowling about, hyena-like, through putrid alleys, by-ways and purlieus of politics in search of graft can never be relied upon for the accomplishment of good, is self evident.

That the department was conceived in sin is shown, first, by the fact that there was no necessity for the existence of such a department—its functions being then fulfilled by a not overburdened auditor of state—and, second, by the cunningly devised schemes ingrafted by the legislature into its system for multiplying the sources of graft. The creation of the department served only to place at the disposal of the party machine, through its governor, a number of fat offices, and unlimited opportunities for graft. Had the legislature seen fit to make the office of superintendent of insurance an elective one, and that official held directly responsible to the voters of the state, an honest and capable head of the department might, at least some of the time, be secured. It is pretty certain that Mr. Brinkerhoff would not have remained in permanent control as the tool of the insurance companies; but as it now affords an opportunity only for the executive to pay political debts or provide a vehicle for indulgence in graft for his own enrichment, there is little hope for anything but corruption to rule its affairs.

Before the organization of this department, and when insurance supervision was vested in the auditor, the law provided that all fees and compensation above \$5,000.00 paid in pursuance of the insurance laws, should be turned over to the state treasurer for the benefit of the people of the state. But the hand of the practical politician was shown in the passage of the act of 1893, by which the insurance department was created, in which the legislature clearly avoided making any disposition of the large amount of fees constantly flowing into the department coffers. There is no data upon which to base a statement of the exact amount of money which, from the beginning, began to pour into the department. There were fees for filing statements of insurance companies, fees for licenses to outside companies doing business in the state, fees for licenses granted to thousands

of insurance agents, fees—big ones—for the examination of companies. Every session of the legislature since the inauguration of the department has, by amendments to the law, added to the sum of fees paid to the insurance superintendent. The legislature of 1903 passed what is commonly called the “surplus line law”—that is, an act providing a means of placing, through brokers licensed by the superintendent, insurance in unauthorized companies where the insured was unable to procure sufficient insurance from licensed or authorized companies. Under this law Chicago brokers are required to pay an annual license fee of \$200.00 each, and those outside of that city pay \$25.00. There are a large number of these brokers and their license fees must aggregate many thousand dollars. In addition to these license fees two per cent of the gross premiums upon surplus line business is also paid to the superintendent.

Strangely enough, the laws are silent upon the subject of the disposition of these vast sums of money constantly pouring into the hands of the superintendent of insurance. Not a dollar of the hundreds of thousands received by him from these numerous channels ever reaches the public purse, and fees and taxes alike serve only to swell the graft for which this institution appears to have been invented.

The unaccounted-for fees and compensations paid to the superintendent are, in themselves, sufficient to sustain ten times over all the legitimate business of the department. But the greed for graft, once acquired, seems never to be satisfied, and the legislature is possessed of a growing passion to feed the constantly accumulating appetite of this department. *In 1893 it appropriated an additional allowance of over forty thousand dollars per annum for the superintendent which, by no possible means, could be put by him to legitimate use in the conduct of the department.* By the act creating his office the superintendent is given an annual salary of \$3,500.00 “in full of all compensation for his services,” and the salary is ample. Yet no one ever filling that position would dare make oath that he received no more than the salary provided by law.

Thus, oh! honest “common people,” do you sit supinely by and permit a useless and vicious public institution to exist and to thrive and fatten its horde of grafters upon money plundered from you. Thus, too, oh! citizen, who, in the prudent management of your affairs, and commendable desire to protect those who are dependent upon you, must needs secure insurance on life and property, are defrauded by public officials and officials of insurance companies and compelled to pay the penalty of your trust and confidence in them!

The whole country is now becoming educated to the fact of

the enormous frauds which have for years been practiced by some of the great life insurance companies. No one, however, who has been in a position to study the situation but has been aware of these stupendous robberies. It has been known by the heads of all insurance departments, and these same heads of departments are more guilty than the insurance officials by their failure to crush the evil as they might and would have done if they had performed their plain duty to the people whose interests they are supposed to subserve. The notorious frauds of the great life companies are the work of co-conspirators—the officials of state departments of insurance and officials of the companies. Without the aid of the one the other could not have accomplished their work of evil. One step—doubtless the first—in their plan of infamy was to procure the passage of laws in many states by which the distribution of profits in mutual life companies at stated periods is made optional, thus enabling the company managers to retain millions of dollars which ought to have been distributed amongst policy holders.

It would be an unwarranted reflection upon the ability of Mr. Brinkerhoff, the real head of the department of Illinois, to assume that he has not been cognizant for years of the system of plunder in vogue in many of the life companies. Statistics made up by Mr. Brinkerhoff show that the people of Illinois pay annually to the three big New York life companies premiums amounting to over \$9,000,000.00. Mr. Brinkerhoff is a gifted actuary. He has the charters of those companies before him and knows their requirements. He knows, for instance, that the New York Life is a purely mutual company and that by the provisions of its charter the profits derived from its business belongs to its policy holders, and that all of these profits, in excess of the reserve required by law, should be distributed to those policy holders, thus lessening the cost of their insurance. He knows, too, that these profits are not distributed by the managers of the company; that those managers have long been violating the trust imposed on them, and are withholding from their policy holders over \$50,000,000.00 and constantly requiring them to pay exorbitant premiums in order that they may continue to accumulate and add to this enormous sum, and this enormous sum of money is used solely for the benefit of the managers and practically becomes their own. This company, in 1903, according to Mr. Brinkerhoff's printed report, was paid by the people of Illinois the enormous sum of \$5,171,221.13. That year it paid losses in the state, according to the same report, amounting to \$894,761.37, thus leaving \$4,282,459.76 paid to the company by Illinois policy holders in excess of that returned in payment of death losses—more than three times the amount required to pay losses. Out

of this sum there should be an amount retained sufficient to meet the expenses of the business and maintain the reserve required by law, *but after all proper allowances for these purposes there would still remain considerably over \$2,000,000.00 illegally viciously wrung from the toilers of Illinois by this one concern in a single year.* Mr. Brinkerhoff knows all this, and has known that this sort of work has been going on for years. Yet not by a single word or act has the department of insurance in this state shown its disapproval of the robbery.

Not long since the sense of honor (?) of the heads of insurance departments of many of the states became immensely shocked at the outrages of the "wild cat" companies. They held meetings, and after a world of bombast resolved to eradicate the evil. The department of Illinois was loud in its condemnation of these feline plunderers—justly so—and an assault was made upon them in the courts. There was a blare of trumpets and much newspaper advertising about the department's work in this matter. The "wild cats" were crushed, and some of the poor devils connected with them are serving deserved sentences in prisons and reformatories, at a cost considerably more to the state than the losses to its people by reason of the "wild cat" for a year.

A comparison between the irritation suffered by the department by reason of the insignificant wild cat (from which the state never suffered to exceed ten thousand dollars in any one year) and the serene calm with which it views the monster frauds of the life companies, will be as odious to the department as it is incriminating. The prosecution of the wild cats was justified, even though it was carried on largely in the interests of nonresidents. Indeed, it was inspired, so far as the criminal prosecutions in the Federal courts was concerned, by the Protection Life Insurance Company managers—the same people who purloined \$6,000,000.00 in a lump from their poor policy holders, and whose president, a United States Senator, introduced in Congress a bill to place all insurance supervision in a single governmental department of insurance, doubtless with the philosophical notion that it would be cheaper to subsidize one big department of insurance than forty smaller ones.

But to the comparison to the attitude of the department of Illinois as between the wild cat and the "big three" life companies of New York and others of their ilk: In round figures the people of the state were, in 1903, mulcted by these three companies to an amount not less than \$4,500,000.00—one year's plunder under the nose of officials of the department of insurance and its capable actuary—a sum greater by a hundred times than

all losses ever suffered in the entire country by reason of the wild cat.

To the prowling little sneak thieves the huge mastiffs of state departments—not of Illinois alone, but of nearly all of them in the United States—growl and snarl and claw and bite and kill in order that they may fawn and cringe and grovel at the feet of their masters, the most stupendous thieves of the world—the votaries of Mammon!

### Reality and Illusion

Man does not create. He does not even invent. He only discovers. He finds things where they have ever been throughout Eternity. He reaches—with that subtle soul of his—into the world of Kosmic Imagery, that storehouse of the Absolute which Newton has so beautifully called “the sensorium of Gods”—and there he fastens upon some image, some idea, which he brings forth and holds jealously in his mind, guarding it so carefully for fear some other may anticipate.

Then he takes materials from the physical plane and combines them in new relations—or he builds up some new mechanism which will demonstrate to all men the idea or the image which he fondly thinks is his own, but which has eternally been an existing fact.

[It appears this way only to the one who sees in half dream from afar. The point of view of the man who *does the thing, is very different*. The world's waysides are strewn with disappointments and regrets of those who have essayed to do things from this viewpoint.—EDITOR.]

Pity for the poor souls who go through life laboring under the impression that it rests with them to set the world right. Their days will be spent in strenuous, tormenting thought, and their nights in anxiety and pain. Such a one greatly exaggerates his relative value to the whole—and so he works and strives to carry a burden too heavy, and, in reality, not his in any other sense than that he is a unit in the process. Yet his effort to shoulder and carry the burden develops in him much strength. O yes, he does grow, prodigiously, all of which is but the natural result of his unselfish devotion to an ideal.

And this attitude of mind marks a stage through which all must pass at one time or another; but hasten, Soul, to leave it behind you, for once safely passed, there is serenity beyond.

### When Summer Comes

When Summer comes, and skies are blue,  
When birds have found one heart for two,  
When flowers are blooming everywhere,  
And woods and fields are green and fair,  
What joyance falls to me and you!

The happy ways we wander through  
From morning sun till even dew,  
Without a sigh, without a care,  
When Summer comes.

Dear Heart, then sweetest dreams come true;  
And if our thoughts are slight and few,  
It is because a fate most rare  
Would have no gloom to follow there,  
With rapture making all things new  
When Summer comes.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

# An Unrecognized Evil

By D. ELFLEDA CHANDLER

**C** We publish the following contribution, not because we agree with the writer but to give voice to the belief of one of many earnest women who are thinking along the lines of Charlotte Perkins Gilman. We believe that divorces are caused by people not making themselves easy to live with, though we recently heard perhaps a better answer given by a much alive young woman who, when asked the cause of the divorce evil, promptly replied "marriage."—*Editor.*

Of what use is it to forbid remarriage after divorce? Of what use to forbid divorce itself? It would only pave the way for unlawful separations and second unions which would not only be unsanctioned by Divine law, but would also be in direct disobedience to civil laws. Of the two evils, which shall we choose?

The causes for the divorce evil are many and varied, and perhaps may never be entirely removed, but the main cause for its vast increase within the last twenty years passes unnoticed and unrestrained among us, while we wring our hands in despair at its ravages.

Because this thing possesses an attractive and harmless appearance it steals among us like the thief in the night. Its subtle, deadly stroke is dealt like that of an enemy who shoots from cover, and because we cannot see from whence the evil comes, its author escapes safe and unharmed, only to repeat its devilish work in another quarter.

This evil, which will one day be recognized as the greatest that has assailed the concord of our land, is none other than idleness among the married women of today.

You laugh the idea to scorn—but listen!

How many women of your acquaintance live alone with their husbands in tiny little flats where all modern conveniences are enjoyed? How many of these women depend upon the dress-maker for the construction of their clothes, or buy them ready made? How many of them put out their washing, paying some one else a good price for doing it? And how many of them even buy their pastry at a bake-shop? Have you forgotten that so many labor-saving devices for household use, together with the vast number of factories which are in operation today (while they are a blessing to the overworked mother of large families), have literally robbed a great number of women of an employment which once served to keep their hands and brain well occupied and out of mischief?

Have you failed to notice that instead of seeking other useful employment, plenty of which could easily be found for home work, the majority of these women hurry through the duties which remain to them, then spend the great amount of time which

is left in running about, spending money everywhere, on street cars and in bargain stores, seeking new causes for envy and dissatisfaction, or visiting a less fortunate friend, taking time which is needed for other things and sowing the seed of discontent in the breast of the friend who envies her the leisure which she enjoys?

Have you ever spent the evening at the home of one of these women, and failed to notice that instead of allowing her husband to read the papers in comfort and peace, and then listening to his talk of business matters which mean so much to him, and to her too, if she would only interest herself in them, she must needs repeat all the latest gossip which she has gathered, enumerate the wonderful bargains she has found, and when her bored partner at last turns a look of reproach and appeal in her unseeing direction, she makes the last shot by begging him to give her some costly article of apparel, a duplicate of which she has seen upon some friend, and which, she declares, will suit her style of beauty to perfection?

Is it any wonder that the man flees to the divorce court as a last resort?

This is only one of the types of idle women which are increasing among us every day, and who shall say she is not the cause of much envy to her friends and unhappiness to her husband, who would like to see his money properly used and a portion of it saved for emergencies?

When years bring children and a greater number of duties to this woman, the will which was too weak to keep her out of idleness will prove too weak to overcome the habits contracted during her leisure hours in the past, and the hired girl will be an unavoidable necessity, in order that she may cater to these habits, even though she ruins her devoted mate by her extravagance.

Many thefts and embezzlements committed by men who had hitherto held positions of trust could be traced to a wild attempt on the part of a devoted husband to satisfy the desires of an idle, selfish woman, who never tried to earn a penny for herself.

The idle woman does not understand the value of the money which her husband has worked hard to provide, therefore she cannot understand what she is asking when she demands something beyond his means to supply. One has only to look about among their friends and acquaintances to find many women whose duties do not employ over four hours' solid work out of the twenty-four. Look a little further and ascertain the manner in which the remaining twenty hours are spent, and one can easily decide whether idleness is a blessing or a sin.

Because a man has provided a woman with a marriage cer-



tificate, a cozy home, and plenty of leisure time, is there any reason why she should settle back in the harness and not only allow him to drag all the load, but even use these provisions as a means of destroying his peace and comfort? Why should she not find some work for her leisure time which shall provide a little sum for the rainy day which is sure to come, and while her husband is hard at work, keep herself busy also, then when he is ready to rest or enjoy an evening at the play, be ready to join him in the same spirit? Then, if he is tired, she knows how he feels and can sympathize with him. If he is interested in his work and has an end in view, she understands him, for she also has a work and an aim. The idle woman knows nothing, guesses nothing, and cares nothing about the feelings of her husband, but she would lift her pretty brows in mute astonishment if one should tell her that she was not a model wife.

Because women are so ignorant of the harm they are doing, this evil is the greater and the harder to combat.

Have you ever watched the evil influence of one idle member in a factory filled with busy people? Have you not noticed that he is the innocent cause of more trouble in one hour than the whole force can repair in one day?

The same influence is exerted by the idlers among us today, though they know it not. They are the drones of this great human bee-hive, who take all and give nothing in return save seeds of envy and unhappiness.

It is not necessary for a woman to leave her home and go out into an office or factory to find employment. It is not necessary for a woman to rob a man of work which rightly belongs to his sex, because she is willing to do it for half the recompense which he requires. Let her fit herself for some home work which she will enjoy, either with the needle, pen, or cook-stove, or let her fit herself to teach music, painting or fancy-work. There is a wide field for employment in all these lines, and with the overcrowded schoolrooms of today, where it is impossible for a pupil to receive the proper amount of attention, there is a chance for the woman with a fair education to give private lessons, or help the pupils during their vacations and hours when they are not in school.

All that is necessary is a desire to be useful and a determination to flee from the toils of idleness, and every woman can find remunerative employment for her leisure hours, and the woman of today, be she old or young, rich or poor, married or single, who is not profitably employed for eight hours out of the twenty-four, is a shame to herself and a menace to society.

# Confessions of a Divorcee

TO HER FIRST BORN

By WENONAH

**C** The following "Confessions," which will appear by installments in the future numbers of this Magazine, is a true story of the life and experiences of a representative American woman. The various installments as they appear, will in plain language, imbued with frankness and sincerity, deal fearlessly with all the abuses and phases of the divorce problem. For the present the author prefers not to disclose her identity but will sign "Wenonah." She promises, however, to append her full name to the last installment of the series.—*Editor*

You are now a college lad and you would not know her if you were to pass your own mother in the street, yet in all the sad years which have gone by I have never for one hour been able to banish from my mind the memory of your clinging arms when you were taken from me. Even now I sometimes spring from my sleep to answer your pleading: "Take me wiv' 'oo, Mamma Winnie, do take me wiv' 'oo."

Your baby mind was soon filled with half-truths and false statements, so that you now believe your mother deliberately deserted you; but even now I dare not trust myself to talk of you—the child whom I idolized. I shall pen for you the naked truth, without palliating one mistake of my own or saying one unnecessarily harsh word for those who wronged me. I have come to realize that most of our present sorrows are due to false ethics and to the fact that parents lie to children in order that they may avoid reference to facts connected with reproduction.

When the time comes, your Brother Irving will show you the original proof of some statements which I shall make here; but he may not be able to give you a connected story, and in any case he could not be unbiased, for he almost worships me and he hates the man who is your father and his. I am sorry that he has harsh feelings toward Charles (your father, I mean), but it is natural that he should remember blows after he forgets other things and I can not make him understand that your father had a lovable side to his nature. I honestly mean it when I say that I believe Charles was the victim of his parents' unhappy home life and of the overweening love of his mother, who could not see that her son had faults and who was too "modest" to prepare him to face life and its problems.

On the other hand, I was unfit for the duties of wifehood when I took them upon myself. In some ways my life had been peculiarly sheltered—by which we usually mean that a girl's guardians think innocence and ignorance are synonymous and so do not tell her vital truths, neither do they fit her to understand or mix in the industrial world. When my need came, I was as lacking in preparation as any infant in arms.

I shall not attempt to tell my story in chronological order, but

will pick up threads as they are required to make things plain to you. You will not need to know much of my girlhood, beyond the bare facts that my own mother died with spinal tuberculosis soon after my birth (leaving me the legacy of a delicate constitution, a phenomenal courage to face difficulties, and a wonderful letter written to her Unborn), and that my father later married a woman whom he knew only through correspondence. Whenever I say "Mamma" you will know that I mean my stepmother—who claims to have loved me as her own. I try to believe that she did, in her own way; but she was jealous of me because she felt that my father loved me for my own mother's sake, and this jealousy of hers made my life an unhappy one. It took many years for me to grow into a broader religion which enabled me to forgive her, your father and your father's mother. When you know all, it may seem incredible that I ever reached a place where I could forgive, so I shall close this preface to my life-story with my favorite passage from the oldest "sacred" literature in the world. When you understand it thoroughly, you will know how I wrung peace from sorrow; and as the only favor I shall ever ask of you, I request that you memorize this mainstay of the life of the mother who bore you:

"Those who are wise in spiritual things grieve neither for the dead nor for the living. I myself never was not, nor thou, nor all the princes of the earth; nor shall we ever hereafter cease to be. As the Lord of this mortal frame experienceth therein infancy, youth and old age, so in future incarnations will it meet the same. One who is confirmed in this belief is not disturbed by anything that may come to pass. The senses, moving toward their appropriate objects, are producers of heat and cold, pleasure and pain, which come and go and are brief and changeable; these do thou endure, O son of True Consciousness! For the wise man, whom these disturb not and to whom pain and pleasure are the same, is fitted for immortality. There is no existence for that which does not exist, nor is there any non-existence for what exists. The man who believeth that it is this Spirit which killeth, and he who thinketh that it may be destroyed, are both alike deceived; for it neither killeth nor is it killed. It is not a thing of which a man may say, 'It hath been, it is about to be, or it is to be hereafter,' for it is without birth and meeteth not death."

I was only five years old when I first met your father. We were visiting in Boston and a cousin of my half-brothers (of whom I'll hereafter speak as Sam) took me to a children's party where they played the games common to such occasions. I was a very affectionate girl, but I regarded my caresses as too sacred to give to strangers (though I doubt whether any one had ever talked to me upon this subject) so I refused to play Post Office and some other forfeit games. When they played Copenhagen I took hold of the rope. An instant later a dark-eyed, curly-headed lad touched my hands and then tried to kiss me. I

quickly drew back, but Cousin Sam ordered me to "play fair and kiss Charlie, or go home." I went home—but I cried a bit, quietly, when I saw the table spread for the banquet, so you see I was not a stoic in those days. Oddly enough, that table is one of the clearest memories of my early childhood, even now.

It must be that I saw Charles after that, but I do not recall doing so until the spring of '79. We reached Boston in May that year and Sam's greeting was: "Charlie wants to see you."

I answered that I did not know who 'Charlie' was and only recalled one of his boy chums. When I described the one whom I remembered, I found we were talking of the same boy and Sam continued: "He has always said he intended to marry you when you grew up, because you are the only girl that ever refused to let him kiss her."

This sounds as if your father had been something of a cad in those days, but he was not. He was somewhat given to bragging about girls, as High School boys are wont to do, but except that he then thought it "clever" to deceive his mother and do some things wild boys who are kept under their mother's thumbs are apt to do, he was still a straightforward boy. That summer I also heard of his "frightful temper," which seemed to me one of the most amusing of jests as I thought he did not have enough power of indignation.

The afternoon that he first called upon me, I rushed upstairs when I saw him coming and did my hair on the top of my head—in a somewhat untidy manner, I'm afraid, for I had always worn it curled. I do not know just what impulse led to this action, but fancy my idea was that I wished him to be impressed with my dignity. I can still see the surprised look which came over his face when he realized that "little Winnie" was a young lady of thirteen!

We were not in Massachusetts long that year, but I remember attending the prize-drill about the time Charles was graduated from the High. I also know that he entered the employ of a wholesale boot and shoe firm, with which he is still employed, that autumn.

I think it was in September that I received my first letter from Charles and we continued to correspond thereafter, all the letters being of the comradely type.

Those who tell you of my girlhood will say that I was a coquette, but this is untrue. Possibly because I had had young uncles for comrades, I liked boys as if I were one of themselves. I treated them all in an off-hand way and gave no thought to the chance of their imagining themselves especially fascinated with me. Unfortunately this led to some heartaches, but I was always sorry and never in my life gave deliberate pain.

The summer before I was eighteen, three of the boys honored me by desiring to marry me; and this would not have been if I had deserved the name "coquette." The third of these offers of marriage was made by mail and so worried me that I took a long walk before replying to it. When I returned, the letter was gone from my desk—and I knew Mamma well enough to feel sure where it was. Later she asked whether I had "accepted Fred" and when I said that I did not love him, she replied: "I'd like to know whether you expect your father to support you all your life! You'd better think of getting a good home, for you need not think you'll live with me if anything happens to your father. You have no more claim on me than any beggar in the streets and will get none of his life insurance I promise you that!"

Carl, that hurts even yet, despite the fact that from the time I was ten I had frequently been informed by my father's wife that "few women would marry a widower with a child," or that "a first wife's child was an intruder in a second wife's home," etc. From the time I was eight until I was ten I lived outside my father's home, but those were negatively sad years when compared with those in which I had been made to feel myself unwelcome in my own father's house.

My retort on this occasion was: "I'll marry the next man who asks me, no matter whether I love him or not," is an index of what was to follow.

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### Experience

O little shaded pool,  
Remote and still,  
How can you guess the thundering whirl  
That shakes the mill?

And you, my darling child,  
Demure and sweet,  
How can you know that stones and thorns  
Must bruise your feet?

Nor child nor forest pool  
Can speak to me,  
Would I acquaint them if I could?  
Nay, verily!

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Is it true, as alleged in the veracious chronicle of events, that the private holders of public utility securities all over the country are in semi-panic over the turn of affairs in Chicago? "The bearing of the observation lies in the application of it," of course, but why this swift and altogether surprising interest so entirely after, instead of before, the election? Or was it merely less noisy but no less active before than after? It will probably remain an inscrutable mystery, now, but one cannot avoid a feeling that it might have been different if they had only come into the open and let people know where they stood. It might have made a difference of one hundred thousand votes in favor of Dunne.

W. S.

The contents of these chapters on "High Finance In Mexico" will be printed in book form in both English and Spanish and sent by mail on receipt of 25c.

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# High Finance in Mexico

BY PARKER H. SERCOMBE

**C** In this issue Mr. Sercombe sets his guns for the bombardment of special privilege in Mexico as it manifests itself in the various forms of graft, deceit, oppression, trickery, and bribery on the part of Government, bank officials and their legal advisers. He declares that with *publicity* alone as a weapon the leading banks of Mexico and the Department of Finance will be forced to capitulate to his demands, naming certain banks that will be forced out of existence as a result of his exposures. He points out that much of the rank abuse of privilege and dishonesty is indulged in by officials and others in control who are not conscious of doing wrong, custom and the practices of others having so dulled their sense of right as to make them powerless to distinguish evil when they simply do as others do. The digressions and certain special instances quoted are for the purpose of forming a framework and general background on which the future campaign will rest, and as the articles progress it will be seen that the fall of a few banks or even a Nation's credit are but incidental to the issues and scope of the task which the writer hopes to accomplish.—*Editor.*

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## PART III.

In these days of intermingled wisdom and folly a writer for the masses naturally finds himself in a dilemma, for his audience being largely without a correct conception of social and financial matters, usually base their ideas of right and wrong, good and evil, equal rights and special privilege, upon established customs and certain traditions.

The recent disclosures of fraud, graft and dishonesty among some of the leading financiers of the world, connected with the Equitable Society of New York, leads us by generalization to the fact that the dishonesty which they practiced is also indulged in by all the other financial and fiduciary institutions, and further generalization discloses the fact that *only recently* have the doings of these financiers been classified as fraudulent, dishonest and criminal.

There are those who will read these lines who consider the using of power by those in high offices for their personal advantage, prestige and privilege, and the manipulation of funds of corporations for personal gain, to be just and right simply because persons occupying these positions have always done so.

To those we may now say that a finer discrimination and a higher appreciation of the adage "Equal rights to all" is placing such misuse of power under a ban of dishonesty and criminality no matter who commits the crime or how great the amount of the theft.

Officialism, which has ever been a thief and a vampire, has in the past made the stealing of large amounts a virtue, while it has punished the stealing of a loaf of bread for starving children with the sweat and dirt of the galleys. No interpretation is possible other than that officialism was in the saddle, made the laws, interpreted them and executed them; and the interpretation

by the ruling, owning and law-making class always has been punishment for the small criminal, and wealth, glory, and the label of respectability to the wholesale thief.

The trickster, the small embezzler, the petty thief has ever been a dummy clown in the "respectable circus," and the legal acrobats, judges, and million dollar dignitaries have batted him about, thrown him down and trampled upon him, to show, not the punishment for real dishonesty, but what would be the fate of other small offenders in case of their depredations.

In the meantime these "very respectable" people have formed the most deliberate schemes of extortion, wholesale trickery, and economic control in order to fill their pockets, increase their comforts and perpetuate their power.

They have succeeded for the present in establishing a universal fetich that property rights must always predominate over character rights.

Their courts have so decided and they feel fully entrenched. But this epoch shall prove for all time that their postulate is one of special privilege, and is selfish, untrue and devilish.

Thomas W. Lawson is doing the world the greatest service of the century in pointing out the innate tigerish ferocity of the modern financier, and is forcing all the insurance companies, banks, stock jobbers, and trust companies in the United States to change their methods of operation, cut down their graft, modify their insolence, and reduce their stealings. Lawson's attack has laid low vast bunco plants whose assets amount to more than the consolidated debt of Mexico and the assets of all the banks in the Republic combined, yet he and his readers little dream that financiers in Mexico are more open in their stealing, more venal in their utter abandonment of honesty than the most criminal director of the Equitable ever dreamed of.

My expose of financial abuses in Mexico is a flowery dream of ease in comparison with some of the knotty problems which Lawson has so successfully dealt with. Much of the details and inside facts necessary for Lawson to obtain were carefully and secretly guarded by the criminals in charge, whereas in Mexico the most barefaced grafts and the most outrageous schemes and systems, from public lotteries and licensed houses of prostitution wherein the Government and its officials stand in for a portion of the profit, to the purchase of uniforms and supplies for the army, the exploiting of government railroads and the official forcing of financial panics in order to profit as bears in the market, are matters of common public knowledge.

Without other power than *publicity* for a weapon Lawson has already forced the capitulation of the Equitable with its 400 millions assets, and the real influence of his work has affected

one hundred times that sum; and with the same weapon of *publicity*, and a desire to do for Mexico what Mr. Lawson has done in this country, I hereby give notice that the Banco Central, the Banco de Londres, the Banco National, and the Finance Minister of Mexico will capitulate to the demands which I shall make upon them; one of the mortgage banks in Mexico City will pass out of existence; the American bank, which is no longer American but is owned and run by Mexicans, will go out of business, its president, the crafty, unscrupulous, and morally unclean George W. Cook, will be ostracised as he deserves and reduced to a state of poverty worse than that of W. W. Graham and others with whom he has dealt, and the United States Banking Co. will be forced to a house cleaning and a withdrawal of the large loans made to its president, George Ham, and other unworthy and undeserving persons; and this all for the glory of the right which must prevail, and to the credit of the power of *publicity* which, when courts are silent and laws are perverse, must be the ever potent factor to free mankind from the insolence of graft and from economic control.

I have spoken of the degenerate character of the "forty-one" whose names I shall give and whose characters analyze. I have mentioned Mexican lawyers and American lawyers in Mexico as typifying the common courtesan in their methods and attributes, and while in the due course of my story the whole connection of J. L. Starr Hunt, now a lawyer in Mexico, formerly a grain dealer in San Antonio, whose record so rank will be completely set forth, the wildest, most maddening part of my tale will be the houcee couchee dance of Starr Hunt with the International Bank and Trust Co., and the United States Banking Co., wherein as attorney for both his reputation for double dealing in four languages was taxed to the limit.

Starr Hunt's intimate family connection, "oft and frequently," with that sweet and genial spirit, Andrew D. Barlow; his consistent dirty work, the fact that I am receiving numerous letters asking why I do not give out the information in my possession to cause him to be run out of Mexico on article thirty-three and others, his further intimacy and friendship with James H. Eckels of Chicago, whom Lawson loves so well, will all be enticing chapters for me as soon as more important matters are disposed of.

In the meantime Banco Central shares duly bolstered by the promoters of the new issue of \$10,000,000 are quoted on the Mexican market at \$170, notwithstanding the founders' shares steal of \$1,500,000 treated of in our July number. "But you wait." My case is much like that of Mrs. Donohue, a neighbor of Mrs. O'Rourke, with whom she had indulged in several bitter quarrels over the back fence. The day came for Mrs. Donohue to



put on her best sun-bonnet and calico dress and go to confession, and in doing so she was obliged to pass Mrs. O'Rourke, full of defiance and ridicule as she stood leaning on her front gate.

As Mrs. Donohue returned from the church a half hour later, Mrs. O'Rourke was fully aware that she had confessed, was in a state of grace, and must do no wrong act nor say a cross word, at least until after she should go to church the next day and receive absolution.

"A swate crayture you are with your proud face and that old sunbonnet and calico dhress," was Mrs. O'Rourke's salutation, as her queenly neighbor passed her gate.

This was almost more than Mrs. Donohue could bear but she turned savagely upon her taunting neighbor and tossing her head defiantly remarked, "Yis, Mrs. O'Rourke, I'm in a state of grace now, but you wait!"

In connection with you, Banco Central, Ambassador Cassasus, Jose Lemantour, Geo. W. Cook, and your cohorts of fawning coyotes, I say I have been in a state of grace myself for four years, "but you wait," the flood gates are open and the torrent is upon you.

In a previous number of this magazine I have touched upon the financial arrangement existing between Geo. W. Cook, now President of the so-called American Bank, and his honor, Finance Minister Lemantour, Mr. Cook paying \$2,000 a month rent for a building which Lemantour offered to me and my associates for \$500 per month, but in return making good to Cook by giving him all the Government contracts for furniture, fixtures, fire proof safes, etc., in which lines Mr. Cook has for some time been exclusive and special purveyor to the Mexican Government.

In connection with the above it is with no small degree of interest that I recall a conversation had one day with Geo. W. Cook when he, in jubilant mood, showed me a copy of a Government order given him by Minister Lemantour for one hundred fire proof Mosler safes, these for use in as many federal telegraph offices throughout the Republic.

I was at that time President of the American Bank and Mr. Cook, the modest furniture and safe dealer, was Vice President, although I had loaned him the full amount of the \$10,000 stock which he purchased in order to qualify for the position.

At that time Mr. Cook must have loved and trusted me, for he told me that he had secured this splendid order from Lemantour, notwithstanding the fact that his gentle and forgiving friend, Walter B. Hull, had offered to sell the Government *Hall Safes* of the same dimensions for 40 per cent. less than the price he was getting.

This extra profit was a small fortune in itself, and when

I murmured at the apparent lack of economy and reckless financiering on the part of Mr. Lemantour, he significantly remarked that he had the order cinched at his own prices, no matter who else put in a bid. This I found later to be true for at various times I was shown orders for safes, desks, furniture and elaborate fixtures and office railings running into many thousands of dollars, all of which orders went regularly to Cook without competition, and reimbursed him munificently for his large outlay of rent.

At that time Mr. Cook was carrying an account with the Banco International y Hipotecario where the records will show that he had an open credit of \$25,000 which he generally used to the limit, but by gradually insinuating himself with the Board of the American Bank, and by exhibiting his large government orders as evidence of his ability to pay, he secured during this period as high as \$82,000 overdraft from the institution and was never known to carry a \$500 balance over night in the six years of my management of the American Bank.

It has been my good fortune to meet in different parts of the world about every variety of man and beast with which God Almighty in his wisdom has seen fit to populate this groaning world, but never in all my experience have I before or since the day I first met Geo. W. Cook, had the opportunity to study another aggregation of cell units that contained in its mass absolutely nothing but the boiled down essence of selfishness and greed without any percentage of foreign matter whatsoever.

The siren song "Me and My Profits" has lured him to the brink of the abyss where Gorgons, Hydra, and Madera dire flit in murky night on slimy wing, and he with the scent of the buzzard and the smirk of a Griffin constantly strives to press them to his breast as doves of peace.

This shipwrecked soul is the one that fate once decreed I should at one time choose as the custodian of my worldly goods and the conservator of the hopes and promise of my career, and it is largely in struggling against the pitfalls which have since husbanded my repentance that I have acquired the determination, the data, and the inspiration to recount for the delectation of the world this story of the High Finance in Mexico.

*(To be continued in "To-morrow" for September.)*

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**Yesterday, To-day, To-morrow.**—The profound truth that to-morrow never comes, and yesterday, altho it is always passing, has never been with us, led a correspondent to throw off this little effort:

"Although yesterday to-day was to-morrow, and to-morrow to-day will be yesterday, nevertheless yesterday to-morrow would be the day after to-morrow, because to-day would be to-morrow yesterday, and to-morrow will be to-day to-morrow, or would have been the day after to-morrow yesterday." We thought as much.—*Tit-Bits.*

# Gifts of the Greeks

BY FRANK STUHLMAN

*"Beware of the Greeks when they come bearing gifts."*

In the wide-spread discussion aroused by the controversy over the acceptance by the Congregational Board of Missions of Mr. Rockefeller's gift, it seems to me that emphasis upon the real objectionable point has been greatly lacking.

The gifts of "captains of industry," trust magnates and heads of great corporations to churches, charities and institutions of learning are simply disreputable bribes to influence the molders of public opinion. They are as unprincipled as any offer of the "black horse cavalry" at our legislative capitals. The donations to public institutions are from a corruption fund, in a more insidious form, just as surely as is the giving of railroad passes and mileage books to our law makers, assessors and other officials.

It is a "business" investment on the part of the predaceous trusts, and they get good returns from it. "'Tis pity 'tis true." They throw their "hush money" in the coffers of the church and the college and the takers of "the tainted money" are in very shame forced into the conspiracy of silence regarding the respectable piracy of the donors.

The press, the university, the church, are all offered bribes to fit their special needs. So the three most powerful formative influences toward creating sentiment are "chained to the chariot wheels" of a conscienceless commercialism.

It is noticeable how when there seems to be a rising tide of indignation against the trusts—when the popular magazines are printing exposures and people are reading them—when the President is moving investigations of the most lawless of the corporations; how the trust benefactions have increased in number and in amount. They are bribing the makers of sentiment.

There can be no doubt of the efficacy of their methods. Every subsidized university and college becomes an agent in suppressing any professor of anti-trust ideas. Any one who ventures to speak or teach in opposition to corporate interests is forced to resign, as the last decade has furnished many examples. In that time instances of subserviency have occurred at the Leland Stanford, the University of Chicago and the Syracuse University, to mention a few.

The Syracuse University is closely connected with a prominent official of the Standard Oil Company, and as soon as the ethics of the acceptance of the Rockefeller gift was questioned its Chancellor, a perennial mendicant at the gates of Plutocracy, comes

nobly to the defense of Standard Oilism. The Rev. Mr. Dixon, of Boston, (a clergyman of a denomination, I believe, favored with large checks from Mr. Rockefeller, and a brother of the spectacular Thomas of "The Leopard's Spots"), is reported by the press as giving the magnate a certificate of Christian character from the fact that he always "maintained the inspiration of the scriptures." Another, a New York pastor of prominence, is said to laud the oil manipulator as a "new defender of the faith" who promptly sends Chicago University professors upon long vacations if they unduly criticise the Bible.

How the "clink of the dollar" rings through the defense of these advocates of the giver of checks!

Who dares say that the use of hush money is not a good investment for plutocracy when it buys silence from the institutions which ought to be the leaders in advocating right dealing between man and man, "which is Christ Gospel" as Thomas Willard once truly said.

All respect is due to Washington Gladden for his brave stand for Christian ethics against gold-lust. But it was a foregone conclusion that his protest would not avail. The Dr. Gladdens must be reconciled to be unheeded or leave the church. They may cry out against corporate influence, but they will be like "pelicans in the wilderness", unheard, for the "clink of the dollar" excludes all other sounds from subsidized institutions. The church is bought with a price by the exponents of "high finance" and low morality. The modern church does not drive the money changers from the temple, but invites them in and gives them the high places and the best pews and then holds out its hands for the "tainted money," the taking of which makes it stand silent and accessory to the unscrupulousness of the great trusts that violate every principle of the great ideals of the church. Today no one expects a reform to emanate from the church.

Wendell Phillips said more than a quarter of a century ago: "The church has become the outer shed of the factory, the appendage of the shop, the rich man's kitchen. It contents itself with the policeman's duty of blinding the eyes of the working-men and striving to make them contented. The undertone of its preaching is the clink of the dollar."

This tendency that Phillips observed has become so pronounced, the bonds of "tainted" gold that bind it to quiescence, to plutocratic aggressions, have become such a matter-of-course, that a bold defense for right relations in the commercial and industrial world is a real surprise coming from a pulpit. If the church wishes to be a moral influence it must right about face. It must cut loose from commercial plutocracy. What avail is it to send missionaries over the whole world and lose its own soul?

First of all, let us call things by their right names. Let every gift from Carnegie, from Rockefeller, from any of the other millionaires who handle the public sentiment corruption fund, be labeled *Bribe*. Let every church and university understand that if they accept these gifts the people know that they are purchased to help indirectly to uphold an infamous system and by receiving bribes they have become henchmen of the givers.

If, as Gov. Pingree once said, "a law ought to be passed forbidding millionaires to give away any money," it would make for civic righteousness. This keen observer knew that without the aid of the bribes given in the way of charity, churches, colleges and libraries, the people no longer deceived by the teaching of recreant institutions and false leaders, would rise in their power and sweep the system of greed and lawlessness from the land and replace anarchy with a sane corporation of all the people where no brainy robber could take thousands for his prey to wring tribute from, but where "each was for all and all for each." Again, "*Beware of the Greeks when they come bearing gifts.*"

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## Forget Yourself

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BY AMY S. BRIDGMAN

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Since God is good it does not matter how  
Men's lack of goodness pierces my faint heart:  
He is eternal: We are here and now:  
Within His wholeness sinks our little part.

Since God is great it does not matter when  
Our lack of greatness pains and troubles me,  
For, circling ever far beyond our ken  
His own spreads round the earth unceasingly.

Since God is changeless why should I grieve sore  
When all my faith in men lies dead, betrayed?  
So may I lean on him yet more and more  
And of no limitation be afraid.

By all these things which they and I are not  
He teaches men what He forever is:  
What counts the wavering weakness of our thought  
Beside the good, great changelessness of His?

# The Heredity of Genius

BY G. FRANK LYDSTON, M. D.

The question of the heredity of genius has attracted much attention. The consensus of opinion probably is that it is not hereditary, but an isolated phenomenon—a flash of intellectual lightning in the sombre sky of family mediocrity. Ribot is a champion of the hereditary view of genius.<sup>1</sup> Galton also has undertaken to prove that genius is hereditary by citing a large number of instances in which illustrious men have had geniuses among their kin folk.<sup>2</sup>

Discounting his deduction by considering the fallacy contained in his enumeration of some men whose eminence by no means proves their genius, to be proved that there is necessarily any hereditary relation between the genius and his genius-gifted ancestors and immediate relatives. This is obviously difficult of proof in the face of the fact that geniuses often adorn mediocre family trees. On the other hand, where the parents are mediocre, it is not always possible to show that remote heredity may not be potent. The given individual is the focal point of multitudinous blood-streams of varying quality. Either vice or virtue may influence one or more of these streams and show at the point of confluence.

Whether or not genius *per se* is hereditary is of little moment if we accept the degeneracy view of genius and consider it an abnormality. This being established, it would only be necessary to say that the neuropathic constitution that underlies all intellectual aberrations—i. e., losses of cerebral balance, such as insanity in its various phases, dipsomania, criminality, and genius—is hereditary. These aberrations of nervous constitution may appear in a given generation as any one or all of a number of abnormal phenomenon, either in different members of the same family or in a single individual in a given family. These phenomena sometimes seem to act vicariously with each other. The genius may be descended from an epileptic, a drunkard, or an unequivocally insane parent: the family may present among the children a single genius with epileptic, insane, or dipsomaniacal brothers and sisters; the genius who has children may have a genius among them, although he is more likely to have progeny who present all the degeneracy of the parent without his genius. The less intellectual the family stock, the more abnormal the genius, i. e., the farther removed he is from the family brain type.

<sup>1</sup> *Heredite Psychologique.*

<sup>2</sup> *Hereditary Genius*, Francis Galton.

Were it possible to follow out the blood lines of descent of any given individual, his personal attributes would quite likely be found to have a logical explanation somewhere in his heredity. The self made man is an egotistic theory; as a condition I do not believe he exists. The so-called self-made man has perhaps made the best possible use of the materials heredity has given him, but he is in no wise to be credited with those materials. That men are often the architects of their own fortunes does not discount biologic law. Accidents and adversities of environment may prevent the man of genius or of "hustling" ability from accomplishing his aims in life without discredit to the materials with which nature has endowed him at birth. The quality of mind, like that of plants, depends upon the quality of the seed, the soil in which it is sown, the character of the influences brought to bear upon it during growth, and the inherent resistancy with which it meets adverse conditions. Let not the self-made man arrogate unto himself much credit for his success. Behind him stands some sturdy old ancestor, perchance one who had just the peculiarity of mental constitution which, passed on to his descendants, should naturally be expected to crop out as genius or exceptional talent of one kind or another. Again, there may be only a hypertrophy of the center of acquisitiveness, and its hereditary product only a successful financier. To lower his conceit still further, let him add to the accident of birth the possibility that many are called by heredity, although few are chosen by environment,—which means opportunity in its broadest sense.

Royse<sup>3</sup> denies the heredity of genius, and in the next breath claims that race dominates not only family genius, but the quality of genius. If the sap of the larger family tree, race, has anything to do with the production and variation of genius, why may not that of the smaller tree, the family? It is certain that the effect of family blood in modifying the character of a given type is, on the average, proportionate to the nearness of the relation.

To claim that genius is not hereditary is to accept Huxley's "sport" *in toto*. If it be not a *lusus naturae*, there is no reason why genius—or, rather, the peculiarity of nervous constitution upon which it depends—for genius, as already remarked, is not an organic entity—may not be hereditary. Whether genius be considered normal or abnormal, this is a logical assumption. Heredity is, of course, limited in its scope by the short lives and relative infertility of geniuses.

The difficulty of proving that genius is hereditary revolves largely around the fact that by far the great majority of geniuses have had an immediate parentage which has shown by its achieve-

<sup>3</sup> Genius and Heredity.

ments no evidence of talent of any kind. Royse accepts this as disproving the hereditary view of genius. In addition to the fallacy of thus arbitrarily viewing the heredity of genius from a point too near the genius' own generation, there is here another source of error in the acceptance of the parent's station and occupation in life as evidence for or against the possession of genius by them. Among other illustrations of the non-heredity of genius, Royse mentions Boccaccio, who was the son of a Florentine tradesman and was himself for a time a merchant's clerk. It needs little mental acumen to see the weakness of such evidence. Boccaccio's father's occupation proves nothing as to that worthy man's mentality, nor does it disprove the possibility that even he was a genius who had never been called to his true sphere. According to Royse's reasoning, Boccaccio's own early occupation of merchant's clerk should be taken as conclusive evidence that he himself was not a genius, despite his after-prowess in the field of quasi-genteel literary smut.

In deciding whether the genius of a given individual is directly hereditary, its quality and kind should be compared with that of the genius of his gifted progenitor. The artistic genius of the son of a musical genius can hardly be termed hereditary in the sense in which the term is ordinarily used. The music centers of the brain and the perception of form, color, and perspective are not the same. The musical and artistic faculties are, however, co-related by the emotion center. Without a highly developed faculty of emotion, art, poesy and music are impossible, or at least largely technical and mechanical. When emotional hyperesthesia does not underlie their production, they are devoid of soul; the fire of true genius does not illumine them. Where the genius attributes of father and son are diverse, then the direct heredity of genius is not established. The most that can be said is that inequality and instability of most of the nervous structures that underlie genius are transmitted from father to son. It may also be said that in transmission they are likely to be augmented, and the physique of the second generation become so degenerate that the family 'end is brought perilously near. Neither family nor talent extinction necessarily follows, however. Charles Dickens left a son who is a worthy and able member of the bar; a son of Tennyson is a colonial governor of some ability; Dumas, the younger, was worthy of his sire, as was Hartley Coleridge, inebriate though he was; a son of Oliver Wendell Holmes is a talented member of the Supreme Bench of the United States. None of these deserves to be called a genius save Coleridge, but they are all exceptions to the rule of accumulation of degeneracy in families. Coleridge was neither better nor worse than his sire.



There are several points that should be remembered in estimating the potency of the heredity of genius, viz:

1. The genius of the son is often obscured by the father's reputation.

2. The son may, on the other hand, shine by light reflected from his father's fame, the glamour of the name investing him with an unmerited halo of genius.

3. The genius of the father is sometimes of the "fake" variety, and his children simply breed true to the over-rated inferior parent stock and encounter no opportunity for imposing on the credulity of the public.

Some of the evidence adduced in favor of the heredity of genius is as fallaciously weak as is much of that which has been arrayed against it; thus Royse,<sup>4</sup> a non-believer in genius heredity, says in a spirit of fairness:

"James Watt's early love for tools and his mechanical dexterity may be readily traced to his father, a carpenter and a builder. The father of Palissy, a noted Huguenot potter and naturalist, was a tile maker and worked in clay. Edmund Burke's father was an attorney of some prominence in Dublin. Alexander's father was Philip, inventor of the Macedonian phalanx. Both the father and brother of Hannibal were noted generals. Solon was descended from Codrus. The father of Pericles, Xanthippus, was a successful Greek general, and his mother was a niece of Clisthenes, an Athenian statesman. Charlemagne was grandson of the illustrious Charles Martel. Not only were Bach's father and brothers musicians, but his ancestors for generations back were of the same turn of mind. Mozart's father was a professor of music. Weber's father was a man of musical tastes and of some skill in that direction. No little part of Mendelssohn's peculiar bent and all the merit of his earlier training must be accredited to his highly cultured mother. Raphael's father was a painter of considerable reputation in his day. John Wesley's ancestors for four generations back had been scholarly churchmen. Van Dyck, the master of portrait painters, was peculiarly fortunate in his parents, his father being a painter on glass and his mother a painter of landscapes, from whom he also received instruction. The father of Bichat, the skilled anatomist and physician, was himself a physician of no mean repute."

Critical analysis of the foregoing illustration reflects somewhat upon the judiciousness of their selection.

The fact that Watt's father was a carpenter and builder may have developed mechanical tastes in his son, but it is hardly probable that it had much to do with his genius.

It requires no genius to be a "tile maker and worker in clay."

<sup>4</sup> Op. cit.

Palissy's father may not have ranked higher as an artist than does the modern molder and baker of bricks and tile.

The fact that Burke's father was an attorney "of some prominence" does not prove that he had the slightest genius to transmit to the future great statesman. Galton, the most strenuous champion of the heredity of genius, ranks judges and advocates very low in the scale of genius.<sup>5</sup> Talford, the eminent British barrister and critic says: "The majority of successful advocates are not men of genius."

That men of genius are found at the bar and on the bench cannot be denied, but the fact none the less remains that men of highly developed imaginative and creative faculty are not likely to be tempted to enter the profession of law, and, where they do enter it, it is not the profession itself that brings their genius to the fore, save in the cases of exceptionally brilliant orators, for whom the listening judges and, more especially, the representatives of the press, are an inspiration. Such genius as the profession of law itself develops is often the power behind the throne of the great jury lawyer. The court orator frequently expounds legal lore that has been formulated by the plodding office partner, who, while he may participate in the fees, never gets his share of the glory of a well-pleaded case.

Philip of Macedon was, it is true, a successful general and ruler, but this does not necessarily imply that he was a genius. His force of character and quality of leadership and his reductions of the art of war to the Macedonian phalanx are by no means indubitable evidence of true genius. With Philip war was a trade, and he reduced it to systematic business principles. Philip's drunkenness lends more color to the heredity explanation of Alexander's genius than does his success as a general.

Granted that the father and brothers of Hannibal were noted generals, wherein is their genius proved? If successes in war are necessarily manifestations of genius, then genius is indeed a common attribute. Among our celebrated American generals, success has ever depended more upon luck and keeping on the right side of the War Department politics than upon genius. The notable exceptions shine because they are exceptions. McClellan was a great soldier, but the jealousy of Rosecrans and the enmity of Stanton eclipsed his star. Custer was a successful general, yet he died as might a blundering fool who had never fought a battle. Roosevelt, talented though he is, has no military genius, and his Rough Riders narrowly escaped annihilation in one of his battles, yet he is called "The Hero of San Juan." Recent history in this country shows very plainly that the fame of some of our military and naval heroes depends upon the mixture of luck, pol-

<sup>5</sup> *Op. cit.*

itics, press popularity and a grade of intelligence which can be distorted into genius only on the ground that a lack of common sense proves genius. It will be admitted that the genius often lacks the common sense, but this does not prove that every pair of long ears that blotches the pages of history is attached to a wonderful cranium replete with gray matter and multitudinous convolutions, nor that the bray of the popular idol is always attuned to the whisperings of genius. The Government of the United States has had considerable trouble with some of the heroes who have been created by political preference and stamped upon the brows with "genius"—in their own hand writing—and endorsed by their party. They have brayed raucously, long and loudly, in sundry inappropriate places, and moments most inopportune.

It may be true that Bach's father and brothers were musicians and that his ancestors for many generations back were of the same turn of mind, but what claims had they to genius? A hundred generations of musicians might not produce a single musical genius, although, it must be confessed, he would be more likely to crop out in such a family sooner or later, than in a non-musical family. Mozart's father who was a "professor of music"; Weber's father who had "musical tastes," and Mendelssohn's "highly cultured mother" may or may not have had something to do with the genius of their progeny. There are thousands of families equally gifted in which no geniuses arise.

Van Dyck's parents may possibly have had genius, which was transmitted to him, but, on the other hand, they may have transmitted to and cultivated in him merely an esthetic sense which, even though they had never possessed the slightest claim to genius, would naturally have resulted in the acquirement of artistic taste and technique in their son.

Bichat's father might have been a physician of great celebrity without possessing a spark of genius. The popular idol is oftener than not an arrant humbug. As the world progresses and specialism grows more and more rampant, celebrity and genius in medicine will diverge farther and farther.

Lombroso<sup>8</sup> cites, among others, as illustrations of the direct heredity of genius, Bach and Adams among musicians, Van der Walde, Van Eyck, Murillo, Correggio, and Tintoretto among painters, Tasso Ariosto, Aristophanes, Corneille, Racine Sophocles and Coleridge among poets; Dumas, the Chéniers, and the Daudets among the prose writers; the Plinies, Darwin, De Candolle, Hooker, Herschel and St. Hilaire among natural scientists; and the Pitts, Walpoles, Peels and Disraelis among statesmen.

<sup>8</sup> Op. cit.

# Desmorgenslandt

By BARRIE MARTONNE AND M. F. CANFIELD



## The Magnetism of Genius.

I have seen a great man standing  
In a crowd of lesser men,  
Who were seeking, yea, demanding,  
Close approach and closer ken;  
For they felt there was a master  
In the midst of them,  
And they wished to press his garment—  
Just to touch the hem.

M. F. CANFIELD.

---

## A Visit From Baby Lu.

When I catch a glimpse of her wayward hair  
Or but hear the tramp of her sturdy shoe,  
I fly with glee to the head of the stair,  
For I know who comes; 'tis sweet Baby Lu!

I smile into her eyes of thoughtful brown,  
And there glad springs of radiant joy I see,  
As she climbs and tugs at her rumpled gown,  
And gasps: "I'se tum up to see oo, My'ee!"

I clasp to my heart, dear little miss,  
Together we whisk away to my den;  
And now I must release her with a kiss  
And let her play with my books, ink, and pen!

Wearied at length of my room and of me,  
She stamps her foot with a purposeful frown,  
And starts for the door, "Doin' home," says she,  
And scorns my proffer to carry her down!

BARRIE MARTONNE.

---

## The Ghosts of Yesterday.

Enveloped in a color-shroud,  
Are the ghosts of yesterdays;  
Environed some, by somber cloud,  
Chill the heart with misty grays.

Encircled by a silver sheen,  
Others float before the eye,  
A semi-brightness that had been  
Ere the day had said goodbye.

And others, glide amid a glow—  
Spectre ships, with golden mast,  
Sailing ghestly to and fro,  
Gild tomorrow with the past.

M. F. CANFIELD.

**Our Problem.**

Time's gentle hand has waved the war-smoke back,  
 New flowers have grown along the war-god's track,  
 The boom of cannon and scream of shell is past.  
 And martial "Dixie" comes, but faintly, on the blast.

The wounds are healing, that for our good were given.  
 The bond is but the stronger although it once was riven.  
 I, of the South-land stand with arms extended;  
 Oh, see you not, oh, North-land all bitterness is ended?

My hands would clasp your hands, my lips would touch your brow,  
 And will you let this question come between us now?  
 Across the grave where our dead heroes lie  
 In our distress goes forth our pleading cry,  
 We beg your trust, your sympathy and cheer,  
 But let us solve our problem and do not interfere!

Ah, friends and kindred, we beg you deem it true,  
 This problem is far dearer to us than to you.  
 All patiently we'll strive, the cost we'll not regret,  
 If with God's help we solve it yet.

ROBY C. MCCOMBS.

**An Hour in Desmorgenslandt.**

"To him who in the *love* of Nature holds  
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
 A various language."—

When in all the twenty-four hours does Nature speak such a various language as in that gladdest one of them all—the hour between starlight and sunlight? Then it is that

"Whether we look, or whether we listen,  
 We hear life murmur, or see it glisten."

O come! Just this once shake off your drowsiness and fly with me far from the externalities of life. Come, ere the activities of the day loom into view, and speed with me "in the wings of the morning" to Desmorgenslandt!

The night's dull sleep is suddenly broken; its monotonous tangle of dreams is snapped off by three silver notes as of a bugle. You are out of bed with a bound. And even before you reach the window this clear prelude is followed by such a jubilant outburst of melody that you feel your own heart vibrating in joyous accord. Your eager eye fails to find the songster, but your alert ear locates him on the topmost pinnacle of the roof above your window, while your mind's eye reveals to you a proud-crested cardinal sending aloft his matin song to greet Aurora. In the meantime you're watching the last faint star fade and melt into the first sweet shafts of color that begin to glow like a rainbow on the blue sea of heaven.

Now as you are slipping into your clothes a second cardinal raises up the glad refrain, and in another instant a wren has sweetly chimed in, and a wild canary adds his serene carol. A nonpareil all unconscious of the rusty-hinge tang in his voice joins the chorus with a jerky little ditty. And all this while the mocking-bird fills in the chinks with scraps of all the bird lore he has ever heard or invented, and finally takes his place at the head of the whole orchestra. Oh, to be sure, your ear does not have to be very acute to hear through all this harmonious symphony the continuous crowing of cocks in the distant suburbs—but even this musical accompaniment loses its harshness as it blends with the nearer true melodies.

Ere you leave your room you pause one brief moment to mingle your silent tribute of praise with the universal concord of "music that ever goes up to the ear of the Creator." Then you pass swiftly down the silent corridor and glide noiselessly out the front door.

Here Zephyrus, fresh from over the waters of the great Southland Gulf, clasps hands with your own buoyant spirit and gently swings you

off the porch, and together you whisk down the walk. But you must needs pause ever and anon to caress the modest "Marchiel Niel" buds, to bestow an admiring glance on the tall "Brides," and to bend low over the lovely "LaFrance" if perchance you may catch a breath of their rare pearly-pink sweetness. At the gate a heavy perfume directs your gaze to the pure white jasmine blossoms; while in the center of the glistening green lawn a Magnolia tree flaunts his open flowers.

Outside you look wonderingly at the dustless street. Can this still gray avenue be the same as the tumultuous thoroughfare of yesterday, you ask. And you seem to hear an acquiescent sigh.

As you are being wafted along past an unkept orchard your ear is once more attuned to the bird melodies still ringing through the joyful air. Here the un-mown grass is studded with the smiling faces of solitary dandelions and with bright patches of glad-eyed daisies, while the fence is staggering beneath an overgrowth of honeysuckle vines.

Now you come upon a mansion of former days still majestic in the proud embrace of two great live-oaks. A hallowed hush pervades the air. A St. Bernard paces solemnly to and fro with high-bred indifference to your presence, yet keenly cognizant of your every movement. You drift on around the corner where you get a nearer view of the old-fashioned garden at the side and rear of the house. And such a garden! You look down over a sweet wild-rose hedge into a veritable wilderness of fragrant beauty and bewildering color. Here all the good old-fashioned flowers you have ever seen or heard of are growing in clumps and in flower beds and jostling one another in good natured confusion, encroaching upon the lawn, and overrunning the walks—and oh, how jubilantly glad they all look! Not a face but beams with radiant joy, from the little portulaca at your feet to the stately hollyhocks lined up against the back fence.

Suddenly the heavy creaking of an approaching ice wagon and the empty jangling of milk-cans jars you strangely back into the land of realities, and you hasten down the street. At length you find yourself nearing "that hazy line where the town and country meet," and you heave a sigh of satisfaction as you once more feel yourself lifted into the enchanted realm of Desmorgenslandt.

How blue the sky is! How fleecy are the scattered cloud-flecks that lie mirrored in its depths! How sweet the free embreathed air! On the one side of this alluring road are grassy pastures with gnarled bois d'arcs drooping low over a little stream which finally makes its meandering way into a purple-shawdowed forest. On the other side stretch the flowered prairies.

At the farm-house you see the people going leisurely about their work. The sun is now glaring in your face. You become suddenly conscious that it is past your breakfast time, and you quickly turn homeward.

Nor is this the end of your morning walk. All through the tired toil of the day gleams its golden memory and because of it you find your soul ever singing a "silent song of joy."

BARRIE MARTONNE.

### I Know That Loving

I know that loving is a low, sweet song  
Of faith, that dreams are shadows, weary-grey  
Oft times, of that unconscious, fateful way  
The heart-mind finds when doubt and pain come strong  
Unto the souls of men. I know that throng  
Of grim impulse is drunk of hellish play,  
For day is night and night is sometimes day,  
As wrong seems right and right seems sometimes wrong.

But loving is the thing. 'Tis last and first  
The straighter way to joy, 'tis true and fast  
The higher light above the sad and worst.  
Faith knows, for faith is love and love doth cast  
Her lot amid the sweeter ways where thirst  
To see beyond is dead. Love's first, Love's last.

WILLIAM MOORE.

# The Informal Brotherhood



## What They Say.

The suit for damages which Mr. Triggs, (formerly editor of *To-Morrow Magazine*), brought against a New York paper on the ground that its facetious criticism of him had been the occasion of his loss of a professorship at the Chicago University, has been accorded Mr. Triggs with six cents damages—and nothing more saturnine could have been devised. The scornful laughed deep in their throats; perhaps some members of the English Department with which the professor was once associated, laughed, too—they who had never been ridiculous, and knew not the torment of it! Probably the young men and women who used to crowd his class-room till there was hardly standing room, considered it worth a good guffaw. And now, in a current periodical, occurs a characterization, more clever and more cruel than anything that has yet been written about the little man. "A Triggs," says this writer, "if we may attempt a definition, is a man who aspires to an egregiousness far beyond the limits of his nature. He is a fugitive from the commonplace, but without means of effecting his escape." And the writer discovers in him something distinctly western. The West, he insinuates, is full of Triggses. As to Mr. Triggs' radicalism, he finds it of a feeble flavor. He speaks of the contributions to *To-Morrow* being written "in a tone of desperate valor, as if editor and contributors were hourly expecting each platitude to be their last. They nerve themselves by battle-hymns into saying the sort of things that we hear at a tea-table."—*Reader Magazine*.

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## The Simple Life.

BY MAUDE JACOBS

To live the simple life it is necessary to be a simpleton, although there is a tendency in the life of this epoch to lead one to it. The average man of today prides himself on the fact that he is not easily made happy; that his wants are so many and varied that he cannot be satisfied on any ordinary income. Many men consider it a mark of superior attainment that the common beauties and pleasures of the world do not appeal to them and that it

requires something extraordinary to give them any pleasurable sensations. These persons are the real simpletons, for it shows rather a deficiency than a superiority if one cannot see the beauty of simplicity and the grandeur in natural pleasures.

What is the simple life? Is it not the life that comes the nearest to the attainment of happiness in the simplest way? I should say the simple life is a life full of pleasurable activities; a life able to find the joy of every moment while it endures.

Men are egotistic and measure the importance of occurrences by the way they affect themselves. One of the most effective methods of getting away from the unhappiness which results from disappointed hopes and aspirations is to consider how these phenomena of life would be regarded by an inhabitant of Mars, or to what extent they will affect one in five or ten years or in two days. If we measure the disagreeable things of life in this way we will be surprised to find how few are really far reaching in their effects, and how few things are really essential to our happiness.

The moment we base our happiness on any one particular thing or combination of things, that moment are we placing it in jeopardy. If all our happiness is centered about one thing and then through any chance we are deprived of it our happiness is wrecked. So it is very necessary, if one would be always happy and serene not to permit anything to become the essential thing in life.

To be absolutely sure of happiness under any and all conditions it becomes necessary to have many sources of pleasure. The man who can enjoy the carol of a bird has a great advantage over the one who is pleased with no music which is not furnished at the rate of ten dollars a night. The one who can enjoy a crust of bread has a wonderful advantage over the one to whom a dish of roast veal is a necessity. The one who does not care whether his eggs are rare or well done is in no way liable to disappointment when they come to the table. The man who is satisfied with his clothing plain, neat and comfortable is much more to be envied than the one who does not feel right unless he is uncomfortable in high collar, heavy coat, tight shoes and silk hose. The woman who is satisfied with the love of her husband and children, and to whom a change of costume every few hours is unnecessary, is much ahead in point of time and enjoyment.

The woman who shuts up her home and goes off to Europe in a mad race for pleasure may find it and she may not, but the chances are she will ride right over joys she dreamed not of, and which you and I who cannot go so far, may have the time to discover and know.

In every human soul is the possibility of infinite enjoyment.



We may not always find happiness in the way we expected, but the secret of a happy life is to find happiness in what comes, whether it is what we ordered or not. Better not to order, than to be disappointed when the order is filled, or when it is not filled in the manner desired.

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### **Dr. Stockham a Teacher.**

The indictment and trial of Dr. Alice B. Stockham seems like a refrain from the dark ages. We look to see if the inquisition with its horrible accompaniments is looming near.

Dr. Stockham is an educator, not a law breaker. A woman of great brain and inspired soul, striving for the uplifting of humanity through knowledge of the most vital subjects that concern the human race. She is a wise friend and counselor of inestimable value to women. Her work is known in all lands and women lift up beseeching hands not in vain for help,—from the so-called dark continents as well as in our own land. And to man she is an instructor, a help and a light. Her mother heart enfolds all children, and her published instructions for the care of the infant have saved thousands of lives to their parents and to the world.

She is already reckoned among the world's great women, and will, in the final making up of history be given her rightful place as one of its great characters. Only ignorance would assail her or seek to cast discredit upon her work.

Of what do we need knowledge, if not of life itself? When shall divorce reform begin if not now? Ignorance of these great natural laws is the fruitful cause of inharmony in marriage and its woeful results in the divorce courts. If we would do away with these evils it must be through knowledge and wisdom. Legislation acts only secondarily. Legislation cannot *create* harmony in marriage, important as are its functions in maintaining external harmonies. Shall Science be barred in these fields, and Dr. Stockham's investigations forbidden? Is our Government so ignorant of the real needs of its children that one of its most valuable teachers shall suffer public ignominy at the hands of the law?

K. V. G.

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### **Chicago's Larger Amusements.**

Those who have doubts about Chicago's just claims as a summer resort, should visit a few of her many delightful recreation centers.

The White City is truly a little city in white and one might

call the various individual portions of it where special amusement features are emphasized, its suburbs. A fine band discourses popular music, Cumming's famous Indians are to be seen and heard, and sweet little live babies may be gazed at as they lie so comfortably in the incubators that have saved them to their fond mother. A most beautifully lighted tower that can be seen for miles is a special attraction here.

Sans Souci gardens have the honor of seeming to be a portion of Washington Park. Here is the most exciting attraction where you "loop the loop"—and one must have experienced the peculiar sensation of being whizzed thro' space in the form of a loop within a loop, to appreciate the fact and extent of electricity as a provider of amusement to tired human beings. There are some fine continuous shows here, and a beautiful artificial stream with an old mill that is made still more attractive by the wonderful play of lights, now revealing and now concealing it from view.

Brooke and his band have dignified rag-time music by devoting to it two evenings of each week and proving that it can be made as delightful as it is sometimes the reverse. Friday afternoons have been set apart for the Women's Clubs of the city, and the opportunity to renew the friendships and social pleasures of the club-room, has been taken advantage of and greatly appreciated by the ladies whom Mr. Brooke has thus complimented. The new Casino building erected for this band's exclusive use, is a most pleasing and elegant one and a decided credit to the music loving city of Chicago.

Ellery's Band, now beginning a season at the Coliseum, in place of the famous Weber's band which played its farewell concert there July 15th, is having a generous and flattering patronage.

This Italian band comes to the city with an unusual prestige, its leader being a genius of phenomenal power, just entering his twenties and the individual members of the band being artists of world-wide reputation.

The many summer attractions in the down-town theaters are furnishing relaxation and wholesome entertainment to steady crowds. The "Land of Nod" at the Chicago Opera House, "Little Johnny Jones" at the Illinois Theatre, "The Mayor of Tokio," "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," Lew Fields, and others of their type and superiority, are all successful and enjoyable rendezvous for the tired and oppressed.

---

Those who believe in us can manifest it by sending in one dollar for a year's subscription and the good of the cause.

# Book Reviews

"Light" for June is concerned with throwing light on the *reason why*, and does it not as a sentimentalist but as a rationalist. Selfism is the *cause*, and love is the cure for the evils that spread themselves wherever there are men and women.

As one turns through the "New Thought Magazine" for July he finds many thoughts which if assimilated make for health of mind and body. The world is growing into the idea that health is the normal condition of the body, as happiness is the normal condition of the mind, and that *wholesome thoughts* are the most precious possession one can have.

"Nautilus," which is filled with the strong, wholesome, loving personality of Elizabeth carries this lesson to its readers with compelling power. It makes one quite ashamed of that sort of sickly sentimentalism that used to be taken as an indication of superior refinement and delicacy of feeling.

A parallelism very well worth the noting has been made by Mme. Mary Hallock in the pages of the current number of "Poet Lore," America's standard magazine of poetry.

It is to the effect that not only the clock time rates but the form of the heart beat is mirrored in the rhythm of poetry. The heart impulse is made up of a "short long, short long" rhythm which is in point of time precisely that which makes up two-thirds of all English poetry.

In zoological rhythm Mme. Hallock finds an added proof that this physiological suggestion is at the basis of this form of recurrence. A guinea hen's cackle for example has the honor of being couched in as perfect ambics as those of Shakespeare's pentameters.

The subject is all embracing and much honor is due this clever pianist for having so thoroughly cleared the rhythmic atmosphere.

---

## Choosing

The East is wisdom: ancient, calm she stands  
With truth held in her contemplative hands;  
The North is strong endurance: see, she waits  
Arms folded there and fronting adverse fates;  
Pleasure is all the spirit of the South,  
Shown in her eyes and on her amorous mouth;  
But give me for my mistress, She, the West!  
Her young, glad, striving spirit takes me best.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

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Vegetarian Magazine  
Peoples Companion  
Wiltshire's Magazine

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*An appreciation by  
Horace Traubel in  
the Conservator for  
December, 1904*

If Mosher's talent and inclination had run in the direction of painting pictures he would have painted good pictures. If toward poetry he would have written good poetry. If toward music he would have composed good songs. The synonym of Mosher is completeness. He likes to do things well. Mosher has talent for publishing books. He chooses to publish books. If he had chosen to make shoes instead of books he would make the best shoes. But he chose books. So he makes good books. Mosher sees to the fore and aft of product. His books are not accidents or incidents. They are designed. They are the main thing. Mosher's reprints have the unmistakable air of a good pedigree. They come of the surest foregrounds. An old book is made new by his touch. A new book is given a better chance between his covers. If I was a man who wrote anything that I thought anybody would care to read the day after tomorrow I would be ambitious to appear in a Mosher book. So I can be glad for the fellows who are to be read the day after tomorrow. They are sometime likely to come under the Mosher wing. Mosher belongs to the group of men who have given publishing back to art. Who have rescued books from the machine and given them to men. Who have shown that publishing need not be a swell affair, like serving victuals on a plate of gold to the elect. Who have shown that publishing may be a plain affair taken direct to the crowd and offered in return for the pennies of the average man. Mosher has not only helped to give publishing back to art. He has helped to give art back to the people. Back to the people, to whom all art belongs. Back to the people, in whom all art has its root.

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I may to-day in darkness grope,  
But Ah! how limitless your scope—  
An optimistic future bright,  
Ever appears before my sight.  
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Trouble to-day, but overnight  
It will be gone; and seem more light—  
To-morrow.

*Hugo Alexander Hamilton.*

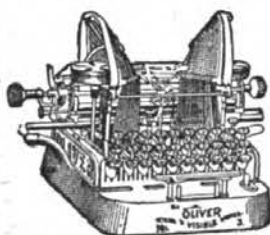


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# The Business End

(An Affair of the Heart)



Notwithstanding the fact that in the business office below, the one dollar bills continue to float in from all points, the author of "High Finance in Mexico" has been constrained under orders from his physician and nurse to lie on his back in the Brass Bed, with hands folded, feet crossed, and lips closed, while an impatient ringing of telephone and door bells are reminders that "things are doing."

A week ago the "Disciple of Herbert Spencer" came stealing in at the hour of midnight, pallid, faint, groping, and unable to remove that pair of Johnson's shoes which by annexation have become his'n. It soon transpired that he was suffering from an affair of the heart, so severe as to make him unable to accommodate his six feet of prostrate manhood to any sort of position on the Brass Bed, and in spite of his violent protest a physician was summoned and an investigation instituted.

The first theory was that his Automobile had come into collision with the speed ordinance, but the physician after a careful examination of the patient's tongue, pulse, and spectacle case, made the somewhat startling announcement that the Editor Himself had received a powerful blow directly over the heart, from the hind hoofs of a Bronco.

At first the diagnosis was received with incredulity, but further examination brought to light a pass to the "White City" reposing in the Editor's vest pocket, and later investigation of the wigwam at the entrance to the Indian Village which was at first supposed to have been struck by a cyclone, was seen to bear the impress of his anatomy, so the doctor's statements were accepted as correct, notwithstanding that never before during his connection with the People's Industrial Society has Sercombe Himself been known to take a kick to heart.

No surgical operation will be ordered except that it may be necessary to have his pajamas cut out.

Sympathizing friends have poured in, bringing delicacies to the follower of the Simple Life to tempt him from his favorite dishes of beans and prunes. To these and all others who have supplemented our efforts to restore the Editor to his normal condition we express our gratitude, and are glad to say that he is now on the road to recovery, indeed some fear has been entertained that he may recover too rapidly, for taking advantage of the opportunity, his trousers have been sent to the cleaners, and if their return is not coincident with his recovery, the consequences may be embarrassing.

Sercombe says he "just had a kick coming and got it." but the steel spectacle case and the "gold ones" inside were shattered and bent double, and even with their help nothing but the Editor's Simple Life and his remarkable constitution kept his heart beating, so his advice is "Beware of the end of a Bronco's Kick."

M. J. G. M. V. R. W. F. B.

# To - M o r r o w

For People who Think

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, MANAGING EDITOR

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# Fallen

By R. W. BOROUGH.

I loved a' cause—ah! yesterday ere I had fallen—  
Loved it because I loved my fellowman.  
As lived the monks of old  
So lived I thrilled by ecstasy of dream,  
So swept by painful passion but to serve  
The race, preach the Essential, lure Justice to the earth.  
But in my heart, ah, me! there linked  
The treacherous love of beauty, grace and color,  
And I am fallen.

For when *she* came—how beautiful!—  
She loosed the turbulent music in my soul,  
She drew me from the hot and dusty path where travels the great  
throng,  
Drew me unto the realm of flowers, of falling waters and of languid  
gliding sunbeams.  
Ah me, the shame! with hot impetuous kiss she daggered Truth within  
me.  
Fallen! I am a slave, a traitor to the Cause I loved.  
Humiliation deep is mine—I would have freed the race—  
I cannot free myself.

Sercombe Himself:

Have just read, in May number of *To-Morrow*, the editorial explanation of your objects and aims, and I can not refrain from sending you this belated expression of my appreciation. I must congratulate you upon the strong and commanding quality of your utterances and their convincing character, no less than upon their literary finish—combining fineness with force. If all the world might read your words understandingly, the nebulous dream of Universal brotherhood would soon be resolved to reality.

Yours verily,  
WALTER HURT.

## TO-MORROW'S PRIZE CONTEST

(In reference to the prize contest announced on the cover and on page 58, the three prizes, \$25, \$15, and \$5 respectively, will be paid for the three best answers to the question.

**"WHY IS 'TO-MORROW' THE MOST VITAL PUBLICATION TODAY?"**

To ascertain why "To-Morrow" is the most vital publication it will be necessary to search its pages. The answer will not be found written ready to be copied off by the contestant, for the winners will be those who, from a study of the August, September and October numbers, glean and give in their own language the strongest and best answers to the question.

"To-Morrow" is unique. It is not a "chap book." It is not ORDINARY. It is different from any other publication, and those who best understand and state this difference will win the prizes.

# To - M o r r o w

For People who Think

PUBLISHED BY TO-MORROW PUBLISHING COMPANY

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GRACE MOORE

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

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The object of the following letter to President Roosevelt is to bring to general public attention and discussion, the difference between the educational results of LEARNING BY DOING and by SERMONIZING and to open the way for a plan to provide real results in CHARACTER CULTURE for people of all ages, in place of the artificial and unreal education offered by our schools and colleges.

CHICAGO, ILL., August 7, 1905.

Theodore Roosevelt, Esq.,  
Oyster Bay.

DEAR SIR:

Your sermon yesterday afternoon, with pertinent quotations from scripture, to the Christian Brotherhood of Oyster Bay, wherein you made suggestions in favor of all persons living upright lives, etc., provokes a desire to bring out your views on the efficacy of preaching as a factor in human progress.

I believe the question is a momentous one, in fact the foundation rock on which rests the errors of our system, the educational results of which manifest themselves in the various forms of political, economic, and social unrest, and are directly responsible for the epidemic of graft, adultery, and public and private abuse of confidence prevailing everywhere.

If it can be scientifically demonstrated that progress is *racial* and not *individual*, subconscious to the mass, not conscious to its

units: if all moral and social progress can be brought under the universal postulate, cosmic in its action, not balked nor led by opinions nor theories: if the crimes of each epoch are but manifestations of a lack of equilibrium inherited from a worse past: if all progress throughout nature consists of a struggle towards harmony by means of a constant and gradual elimination of the unfit, then preaching, scolding, criticism are a waste of time for purposes of education.

The system of Froebel, the entire inductive method, in fact the very principle of freedom and right of self government on which the Constitution of the United States is based, is in harmony with the above principles and implies that all units have the right to perish as unfit providing they do not have the viril quality and stamina to hold their own in the environment in which they find themselves.

If the inductive method is right, if it is by *living the life* that we acquire the qualities that fit us to survive physically, socially, spiritually,—if we *learn by doing* and not by sermonizing, is it not to our very great detriment that a majority of preachers and educators throughout the land still persist in the wrong mental attitude, and by *preaching*, still implant hypocrisy, pretense and wrong philosophy in the childish primitive minds of our citizens of all ages and conditions.

If these principles are true it is pertinent that we draw attention to the oversight of our chief citizen who, by *committing a preachment*, gives endorsement to a mental attitude that is reactionary.

All advanced educators agree that dogmatism removed from the home, the school, the church, the office and the halls of state would result in humanity's having the benefit of the grand old nature process unhampered by the false educational effects of cant and the idea that one person can consciously guide himself to realms of morality by the experience of others.

The question is, to what extent do men act contrary to their natures and inclinations in order to conform to what is told them in sermons; and then the other question arises, does it make for moral and social progress for men to promise to live contrary to their natures?

Has God given oxygen to the air, life and agility to birds and beasts, fragrance to flowers, and the power of propagation and multiplication to all living things, and to man a nature that is unfit for publication?

Is it not a fact that all attempts in the past to live contrary to our natures have ended in failure, that man's nature has persisted through all obstructions, and that all these attempts have done nothing more than to leave in their wake a trail of pre-

tense, selfishness, hypocisy and wrong mental attitude, that have been a curse to the race and a hindrance to mental and moral and social progress?

If it is conceded that we do not and cannot conform our lives in accordance with the sermons we hear, of what efficacy is preaching?

Further, if the entire science of education proves that we *learn by doing*, that we improve physically by physical exercise, morally by moral exercise, and spiritually by spiritual exercise, why should we continue to perpetuate the talking method?

Why, instead of sermonizing, do we not create institutions and environments in which the natural educational effects will be to stimulate by exercise the mental, moral and spiritual attributes?

We know that rich men, able and willing to buy anything at whatever cost for their sons and daughters, as a rule fail utterly in developing in their children the mental attitudes of initiative, industry, kindliness and consideration for others which the right educational environment would surely impart. They are misled on account of the educational ideals of our epoch being vapid, artificial, reactionary, based upon a vanity, greed, and pride of power that have ever characterized the traditions of our race, for we have inherited our educational ideals in direct line from the monarchical conditions of European society.

Far from aiding in moral development, sermons create an artificial aura in which the victims live under the false impression that they consciously conform their lives to the sermon, that their acts are in harmony with it; whereas the sermon is always preached by persons who subconsciously speak to the preconceived ideas of the audience, and neither speakers nor listeners are able to guide their acts by their theories, but instead they live in accordance with their natures and then hound their "consciences" because their acts do not conform.

Were our American millionaires with families properly instructed in the science of education, instead of employing preachers, they would use their means to create profit sharing industrial groups under such regulation that the right educational results in *living the life* would naturally implant strong character qualities, including abstemiousness, industry, mental and physical willingness to do useful and beautiful work, together with the strong democratic impulse that would decline Special Privilege, and grant to all others the right and opportunity to enjoy what they enjoy, in effect the true gospel of Christ. The desire for *Special Privilege* is the root of all crime and all oppression (see editorial in August To-Morrow).

If the science of education so clearly indicates that we can

only learn by *doing*, and that sermonizing can only have a detrimental effect on the building of moral character, why is it that you who have the power and others who have the means, are not lending influence and support to intelligent and effective movements that have for their object a rational and scientific system of *character culture* that cannot fail of giving real results?

I am sending you by this mail copies of the July and August numbers of To-MORROW Magazine, in which the hopes and aims of the People's Industrial Society are partially set forth. I trust that you will be in sympathy with the object and scope of our plan and will realize that to reduce the present percentage of crime, divorce, graft, bribery and frenzied profit making, we must get at the *cause* and not continue dealing with *effects*, for the cause in each case is desire for "Special Privilege," and the cure must be educational, founded on the broad ideals of an Industrial Democracy.

Our Revolutionary Fathers procured our National Freedom only, and took over wholesale all the forms and principles of monarchy, in matters of education, religion, economics and social regulations, and we have still to work out the meaning and realities of democracy.

The democracy of industrial education, the overthrow of desire for Special Privilege in the nursery, the kindergarten and common school, is intrinsically the same education that will soften the antagonism between capital and labor, decrease crime in every form, temper the profit making zeal of the avaricious and teach them consideration for others, insure a higher degree of domestic tranquillity and lessen the tigerish zeal exhibited by society dames struggling for social prestige.

Yours respectfully,

PARKER H. SERCOMBE.

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In order that To-MORROW's readers may understand the viewpoint of the writer in the above letter to President Roosevelt they are referred to the editorial comments on Special Privilege in the August number of this Magazine, wherein it is shown in some detail what the full meaning is of our modern scientific inductive method of education when applied to all the ramifications of human life and society.

The trouble with you readers is that you constantly take it for granted that your education is finished and you speak of the "inductive method" as if its efficiency extended to the nursery, the kindergarten and perhaps to the Grammar school, but no farther. Banish the thought!

Visit any of our courts during the trial of criminal, civil or divorce cases, sit as unbiased listeners to the proceedings of any congress or gathering of business men, benevolent societies, bankers, women's clubs or Chautauqua and be appalled at the untrained and childish natures of the grown-up participants, for it is often pathetic to watch their zeal as it discloses the extent to which vanities, ambitions, and childish foibles are the actuating motives underlying grandiloquent phraseology and pompous demands for ethical procedure.

In discussing, therefore, the various phases of human life from the sociological point of view it becomes manifest that as we desire to formulate character and mental attitude in the nursery and kindergarten by means of the inductive method, so must it be applied through all the ramifications of life if we would wish to continue having the best educational results through the periods of youth, manhood and old age.

This point of view proves that jails will never decrease criminality, but instead that they are the most efficient agents for increasing the army of evil doers. Placing our fellow-men in pens and preventing them from coming in contact with the momentum of life hardens their natures and increases their feeling of vengeance towards society as a whole, for not understanding its complexities and knowing themselves oppressed by forces which they cannot resist, they are compelled by court and jailor to revert back to the dogged, stubborn instincts of their savage ancestry.

The inductive method of education aimed always at causes instead of effects demands that these creatures be given a chance in the struggle for life, that their chances shall be *special* in order that their stupefied minds may be awakened to realize *opportunity*. It requires no great sociologic insight to understand that it is not the land owner and keeper of a good bank account who becomes a thief, but it is he who has nothing, whose mind has not been trained to see *opportunity*, and hence, lacking the imagination, to attain by legal means what he sees that others are able to enjoy, his limited vision travels the simplest and shortest road and impels him to crime.

\* \* \* \* \*

The arrest and conviction of Moses Harmon for publishing so-called obscene matter in his sex reform paper, Lucifer, suggests what may become a new departure in the control of public morals.

The fact that Mr. Harmon disagrees with the Post Office Department as to what is obscene indicates that at times obscenity and non-obscenity may approach so near to one another that

none but a student with psychological and sociological training will be able to discover the line of demarcation.

Even should the people of this country succeed in taking away the power of censorship and confiscation from postal officials and should we eventually gain as much freedom in this respect as is allowed in Morocco and Turkey, and be permitted to submit our cases to courts and juries, even then the technical question of a standard for obscenity might often be necessary as it would always be unsafe to permit it to rest with any jury or judge to consult merely their prejudiced taste or habit of thought in such matters.

If the Post Office Department is to continue to make as much advance in the future as it has in the past, along the line of press censorship, it is going to be necessary for the Department to employ eminent psychologists and sociologists in order to discriminate justly in these matters; and if under the fraud order they are only going to carry mail for honest men, God help the trusts and combines of the country, for assuredly our pious government cannot permit its mails to be used for their fraudulent schemes of oppression and graft.

Again, a strict censorship would deny the right of every orthodox preacher in the United States to receive or send letters promising either hell or heaven to any of his flock, as there are those who believe that this form of dishonesty is far worse than the mere fraudulent manipulations of stock companies and the payment of dividends without earnings, from funds received from shareholders.

Under the fraud order our department stores who advertise bargain sales never would be safe from confiscation without trial. Lawyers would all be compelled to carry their letters personally, and the strict enforcement from the standpoint of the censor would practically mean "you think and do as I do or stop eating."

\* \* \* \* \*

One almost overlooks the brutality of wife murder for which Johann Hoch stands convicted and sentenced to be hung in the Cook County Jail, when contemplating the colossal blood thirstiness of the laws of the State of Illinois which with a fiendish brutality demand the right to be Hoch's murderer without the provocation of an economic environment that not only forced him to his deed (if he is guilty), but prevents him from obtaining a complete trial and possible freedom unless he can raise \$500 to have the proceedings printed for the convenience of the Supreme Court.

The State in effect says, pay \$500 by August 25 or you hang. Were such laws and regulations made by the rich or the poor?

Before the War of Secession the life of Negro slaves were valued at a much higher price than this, and to the shame of the State, in the past thirteen years there have been hung in Cook County Jail on sentence of the lower court, twenty-five persons who did not get the benefit of trial in the highest tribunal for lack of the fees to appeal their cases. The following list of names and dates of execution of men who were hung in the Cook County Jail for lack of the funds to appeal their cases is furnished To-MORROW by Jailor John L. Whitman:

In 1894.

Geo. H. Painter, Jan. 26.  
"Buff" Higgins, Mar. 28.  
Pat. E. Prendergast, July 13.

In 1895.

"Butch" Lyons, Oct. 11.

In 1896.

Henry Foster, Jan. 24.  
A. C. Field, May 15.  
Jos. Windrath, June 5.  
Julius Mannon, Oct. 30.

In 1897.

David McCarthy, Feb. 19.  
John Latimore, May 28.  
W. T. Powers, May 28.

In 1898.

Chris. Merry, April 22.  
John Orngan, Oct. 14.  
Geo. H. Jacks, Oct. 14.

In 1899.

Robt. Howard, Sept. 18.  
A. A. Becker, Nov. 10.  
M. E. Rollinger, Nov. 17.

Made statement on gallows that he had paid to have his case taken to the Supreme Court, but it never got there.

In 1901.

Geo. Dolurki, Oct. 11.

In 1902.

L. G. Tombs, Aug. 8.

In 1904.

Lewis Gesent, April 15.  
Peter Neidermier, April 22.  
Gustave Marks, April 22.  
Harvey Van Dine, April 22.  
F. Lenandouski, Sept. 30.

In 1905.

John Johnson, Jan. 20.

The attorneys for Johann Hoch, with commendable zeal in trying save their client, whom they and Jailor Whitman believe to be innocent, have issued the following notice:

TO THE PUBLIC:—It is unfortunate that there is no law upon our statute books providing that the State pay for appeal in capital cases where the defendant is unable to pay the required costs. It would be a lasting disgrace to the State if a man were hanged because he did not have the money necessary to take his case to the Supreme Court. The verdict of the lower court is a conviction; but the full guilt of a defendant is not established, in case of an appeal, until the Supreme Court has approved the finding of the trial court.

Part of the funds with which to perfect the appeal of the case of Johann Hoch, pledged at the time of the reprieve of Governor Deneen, did not materialize. Of the \$700 subscribed for this work, \$600 has been paid to Mr. Binns for the transcript of the evidence, \$25 has been paid the clerk of the Criminal Court for the official record. \$500 is needed at once to pay for the printing of the abstracts and briefs as required by the rules of the Supreme Court. This money must be had at once if



justice is to be done. We have worked day and night preparing the case for the Supreme Court. Only a few days remain before the expiration of the reprieve granted by Governor Deneen. This appeal would not have been necessary had it not been that the \$400 raised by the St. Louis editor was returned to the donors upon receipt of the telegram from Mr. Plotke the day prior to the day set for execution last month saying that the money was not needed as all chance of a reprieve was gone.

Every citizen who believes that a poor man should have the same rights as a rich man, and is of the opinion that the full guilt of a man should be positively established before his life is taken by our State, should respond to this appeal and make whatever contribution he can afford to Jailor Whitman at the Cook County Jail, Chicago, Ill.

COMERFORD & NEIGER,  
*Attorneys for Hoch.*

Mr. Comerford, who is a member of the State Legislature of Illinois, and a humanitarian, will, at the next session, introduce bills providing that the State furnish the funds for persons accused on capital charges to secure them at least the right of appealing to the highest court. Let it be hoped, however, that the State of Illinois will go out of the butchering business by declaring against capital punishment forever.

The following communication to this Magazine from Johann Hoch is unique and contains many suggestions of peculiar significance, considering that it is written by one condemned to the gallows August 25th unless he raises \$500 before that time.

\* \* \* \* \*

BY JOHANN HOCH.  
COOK COUNTY JAIL, CHICAGO, ILL.,  
August 12, 1905.

*Editor To-Morrow,*

DEAR SIR:—Your humane efforts to right the wrongs of the down trodden, and to change unjust laws, prompts me to send you my views of the Court Procedure in Capital Cases, and their reliance at times on the Sweat Box efforts of the police, many of whom care neither for Truth nor Justice, and look only to their own promotion, no matter at what cost to others.

I was convicted of murder on June 3, and sentenced to be hanged on the 23d following. At the solicitation of my Attorney, Governor Deneen granted me a reprieve, extending the time to July 28th in order that I might appeal my case to the highest tribunal. I breathed a sigh of relief, for I knew that prejudice having worn itself out, and venom barked, the cool-

headed future jurors might give me Justice. Imagine my surprise when told it would require \$700, afterward increased to \$1200, to bring my case properly before the Court of last resort. God of Mercy! Just to think I had been given a reprieve of four weeks, and it would take at least three of them to properly prepare the necessary papers, leaving me only one week in which to raise the first sum necessary, viz., \$700, to pay for some 1400 pages of stenographer's note. The task might well appall the freest of poor men.

To realize the true situation, you must put yourself in the Death Chamber to await the coming of those whose duties compel them to commit judicial murder. Perhaps you would take a different view of matters when you find that the reason of your death is not because of the crime you committed, but because you are too poor to buy Justice!

Up to the time set for my execution, I had only been able to raise \$120 by gift of a few friends, and the proceeds of a raffle of my watch. Though the leniency of Sheriff Barrett and three intercessions of that Prince of Humanity, Jailor Whitman, my time was extended to 2 p. m. At 12:30 a Mr. Alfred Thompson appeared with \$500. and the fact was telephoned to the Governor. I received on the 28th of July a further reprieve to August 25th. The press gave me credit for nerve and courage. The fact is I felt that mine would be the last judicial murder in our State. As the movement was started by a friend of Justice, one Mr. Luddy, in a letter to the Governor, in which he appealed to him to save the State from the disgrace of hanging a man for being poor. He said, "We appear to have one law for the rich and another law for the poor. Let two men be equally guilty, and receive sentence at the same time, death, etc., yet their financial conditions being different, the one in poverty, the other in affluence, nine cases out of ten, the poor man would be hanged, his family disgraced by his ignominious death, while the other would by the judicious use of money, obtain a new trial with the chance of walking the streets, a free man after a few years' confinement."

Now for suggestions in regard to change. First, let the State or County in capital cases furnish free to indigent persons a printed record of the evidence, and pay the expense of at least a fair lawyer to be chosen by the defendant.

Second, abolish all fees paid to the State's Attorney for conviction. Pay him a straight salary, and abolish the present system of filling the office of political henchmen, and dependents of machine politicians. All assistants of the office should be appointed by a Civil Service Commission appointed by the Governor and should hold office only for four years. Men acting

in this position continually for any length of time become so hardened that instead of representing the people of the State, he tries to convict a man, guilty or innocent, in order that he may earn for his boss the fees paid for breaking up homes, destroying character, and if necessary, for taking life.

Again, this pernicious system of appointment enables politicians to place their tools in a position to enable them to have their enemies indicted and put to great expense or imprisoned because they cannot furnish bonds even though innocent.

Our Grand Jury system should be abolished or changed so that when a charge is brought against a person, he may be represented.

It is a well known fact that gross injustice is done because the State's Attorney does not feel that he is paid to look after Justice, but to make all the money he can for his boss in order that he may keep his job or pay his debt to the friend to whom he owes his appointment. In place of the Grand Jury, I would have all cases brought before the Judges, about to be appointed under the new Charter, when both sides may be heard, and not by the present iniquitous system under which a respectable citizen may without any warning be picked up by a Deputy Sheriff and lodged in jail with or without an opportunity to see friend or family.

Respectfully,

JOHANN HOCH.

After all, does it not appear that this condemned and sentenced murderer (?) has a better sense of Justice than the police who captured him, the court that sentenced him, or the legislature that makes the laws? Would we not fare almost as well were a complete revolution of affairs to be made at once and the making, interpreting, and enforcing of the laws, such as they are, inherited direct from monarchy and feudalism, together with the scepter of the courts, and the policeman's club be turned over completely to the inmates of our jails? We could hardly fare worse than now and there are few punished except for lack of money.

EDITOR.

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The most significant statement made by Chas. E. Russell in his articles on the Beef Trust which have appeared in "Everybody's Magazine" is one in the August number, to the effect that the passing of new laws to antagonize the great food monopoly would result in just nothing of advantage to the people at large. Russell shows that existing laws and Supreme Court decisions cover and amply cover the depredations of the Beef Trust, and also that despite these, the trust goes serenely on with its highwayman methods.

Accounting for the situation, he declares that the Beef Trust owns all the legal machinery, which might otherwise be set in motion against it; and, too, that the minds of the people in general are in a state of deplorable passivity with regard to public affairs.

Russell wants an educated public opinion to rise and sweep all the rascally trusts away, and he realizes that the development of a public opinion of such a character is a matter fraught with great difficulties. He states in conclusion that peoples as peoples are always slow to move, being soldered in customs, and disposed to accept conditions as they find them.

There are three familiar things which are, each of them, large determining influences in the condition under discussion. The education of the young places the acquisition of wealth above all other objects in life, dulling the social sense; the settling of public matters through the ballot box withdraws the voter from direct dealings with those matters and makes him largely or almost indifferent to them; and, finally, and in consequence of these things those who control the wealth of the world control the people—the lives of the world.

The larger social causes which include those noted, need not be considered here; it will be enough to say that the cry "To the ballot box" is in general a false cry, in which even all the leather lunged agents of the trusts are joining with their vociferations for fear that this cry may change to that of "To the money box!" and that nothing but a new public opinion, unmistakably expressed in deeds, will suffice to dislodge the parasitic trusts from the body of the people; and that nothing but deeds, or the fear of them, will suffice to keep them dislodged.

The prosecution of Moses Harmon, whose offense was that he permitted the discussion of sex in the pages of *Lucifer*, has revealed several things which are matters of vital moment.

The great public will, of course, not make much of these matters, for the great public are content with things as they are; but those among the masses of somnolent humanity who are awake and who have an interest in human progress must regard these things with some measure of alarm.

The ruling of the trial judge as to what might be printed in *Lucifer* and what might not, was that all discussion of purely sexual and reproductive science was unlawful outside of medical works and physiological text books. This ruling implied that the people have no right to the possession of ordinary knowledge on the subject of sex. It amounted to a declaration that the acquiring of an education was illegal and that the attempt to acquire one should be punished.

This would be plain to the average mind, if some judge had

ruled that all discussion of diet was illegal except that which occurred in medical works and text books for the professed student; but because the matter pronounced upon is the comparatively unimportant one of that means whereby the human race lives and has its being, the matter of procreation, it is not plain at all.

How long shall we have to wait before "the law" will permit us to know ourselves? The situation of intelligence in America would be comic, if it were not rather tragic.

Then, too, we learn that the Post Office officials cannot be appealed to for a declaration as to what may or may not be transmitted through the mails, or as to what is and what is not obscene. The "gentlemen" say, in effect, when interrogated, "Go ahead and print and then we will let you know whether what you have printed is mailable or not." In other words, the officials make the law by the peculiar process of suiting themselves, and make it over every morning, or for every occasion. Where the freedom of the press will be if this outrageous action is not soon rebuked effectively, can only be imagined. In it we see the "looming large" of a new censorship portending other and worse things to come.

Finally, through the fate of certain editions of *Lucifer* we learn that the Post Office officials send "unmailable" matter to the dead letter office, where it is destroyed without consulting the owner or owners at all. Property rights are ignored without a semblance of legal excuse; no legal process being gone through, and no opportunity being given to the owner of the property to state his case as the owner. Apparently the Constitution is an instrument existing solely for the benefit of the "man on horseback" who lightly nullifies its provisions for the safe guarding of individual liberty by riding down the mere citizen on foot whenever he makes his awkward appearance known.

Moses Harman is to go to prison. It behooves us whether we share his special views or not, to effectively protest against the increasing encroachments of authority, lest all human liberty finally stand behind bars, looking out into the low browed face and dulled eyes of slavery. We shall protest. But when?

W. F. B.

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### A BROADSIDE AT A BUGBEAR

William H. Taft, one of the Administration men rated "extra choice" in point of *avoirdupois*, says that the administration of criminal law is a disgrace to our civilization. I have seen a number of photographs of Mr. Taft, but none of them indicate that

the shame he imputes to the nation has torn and worn any weight from him as an individual.

Mr. Taft says that in 1885 the number of murders was 1808. In 1904 it had increased to 8482. The number of executions in 1885 was 108. In 1904 it was 116. This increase in the number of murders as compared with executions is considered "startling." It appalls, disturbs, and affects to utterance, William H. Taft.

For my part, I refused to grieve in the face of these statistics, until the ponderous head of the War Department gives me further facts and figures to ponder over. The argument was incomplete. It was a lawyer's argument. It was one-sided. There was no statement of the fact that since 1885 a number of States have abolished capital punishment, and the figures that alarm our heavy bureaucrat mean nothing till we know how many murderers have been sentenced for life. During some years now, California, for instance, has not caused any man to hang by the neck till he is dead, nor to have his heart-beats stopped by electric volts. California assumes that God gave life, and only God has the right to take it away.

If conditions had been such here in America that the Honorable Mr. Taft could have announced to us that in the entire year of 1904 there had been not one man executed, it would have been greater proof that our civilization is advancing than the citation of the fact that 116 men had met death at the hands, or to be more explicit, the machines, of the State. I would rather be mistaken in the belief that these figures prove that mercy and reverence for human life is on the increase than be correct in the assumption that men are growing to love murder.

The business of war is bloodshed. The greatest warriors have always been the most expert human butchers. It is natural that Mr. Taft should not be able to read as an encouraging sign of the times, a decrease in executions, a lesser amount of human blood spilled.

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President Roosevelt once wrote a letter to a Governor of Missouri, congratulating him on preventing a lynching. In that letter he said that one of the most deplorable features of lynching was its effect on those who took part. It breeds an attitude of cruelty in men; tends to dehumanize them; pulls them nearer the level of beasts. By the same reasoning the hanging or an electrocution stirs a community, a State, a nation, and to a degree not quite measurable, it brutalizes all who witness it, or imagine it from descriptions.

How accurate this is I do not know, but it seems to me reasonable, and is the computation of experts: *Ninety per cent of all*

*murders and homicides are due to two causes, drunkenness and poverty.*

The man who is working for an elimination of drunkenness or poverty is doing more for justice and protection to society than Secretary Taft or any other man who deplores the fact that the number of persons being killed by the State is on the decrease.

When the State ceases to kill the persons who are so unfortunate as to possess a combination of hot-head and pistol-habit, when Law reveals a desire to safeguard, not avenge, then men will take more pride in the quality of self restraint. We shall recognize some day that the impulse to murder is a form of insanity, and there is no more reason for executing murderers than there would be for executing other types of madmen who, because harmless, are termed idiots. If the State must be satisfied with a man's blood, and cannot be content with debarring him from his fellows, if the State must glorify the gallows, it is to that extent brutish, and must expect that its children will also employ the various forms of vindictiveness that require the use of knives, pistols, and poisons.

C. A. S.

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## DESIRE AS A FACTOR

(CONSCIOUS)\*

Next to the discovery that the basis of harmony in the social world is the recognition of a common origin and a common need and desire, is the discovery of what the common origin, need and desire really are. That we have a common origin is not denied, but that we have a common need and desire is frequently questioned.

The man of the soil desires his brown bread cut thick, and spread with butter in which is the scent of the clover field; the man of the counting house desires his bread very thin and white, and his butter served on an extra plate in a neat little mould. What is the common desire of these human beings seemingly so different? What the basic principle upon which they may affiliate? The greatest conscious need and desire of all men is for sustenance, and the fact that all desire the one thing though in different forms, proves a natural relationship.

Infinite Nature holds in reserve, inexhaustible supplies of all kinds of bread. Each human being chooses for himself the kind of bread he shall have and as he chooses so shall he realize.

But man chooses according to his nature, and for his nature he cannot be blamed and should not be ostracised. He is part of evolving nature as the spokes are part of the moving wheel.

The spokes may be soiled with mud, but they are not the less useful and necessary to the hub and the tire. In the fact that one part is as necessary to the whole as any other part, lies the common ground of association between them. White bread, fine and thin, does not wholly satisfy, neither does the best brown bread cut thick. The man who has feasted on white bread is still hungry, so is the one who has relished his brown.

The appropriation by the man in the counting house of more bread than he can eat, brings to him a realization of the fact that no matter how well stored his grainery be he is always hungry. Brown bread of satisfactory quality and quantity proves to the field and the factory man that he also has other needs and desires than those of the human stomach.

The greatest hunger of mankind is for social relationship as against social distinctions.

Man is himself to blame for prevailing distinctions. They are the barriers he has erected against fellowship through his falsely cultivated respect for thin white bread to the disparagement of the brown thickly cut. Full realization of the truth that one is as desirable as the other, provided it is relished, will rid us of personal grudges and cause social distinctions to take their rightful place in the ash heap of our dead and gone erroneous conceptions and perversities.

When the man who produces and he who distributes, have wearied of their self defensive mental attitude, when through fear and limited understanding they have stood attention so long that their bones ache and their minds refuse longer to analyze or quibble, the real desire of their natures will find voice and expression. They will cease to be sentinels and have become human beings. The desire to protect and to assert themselves will have been lost in the greater desire for fellowship and co-operation.

Then will the ability and desire of Infinite Nature to supply every want have been realized. As men gather in the fields, and factories and counting houses, to plan and work together for each other's benefit, new powers and possibilities will unfold to them. Warehouse and counting room, factory and field will echo and re-echo man's joy in his labor, for behold! he is no longer hungry.

G. M.

\*In October To-Morrow will appear an editorial by G. M. Desire as a Factor (Sub-conscious).

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# Statutory Control of Insurance

By J. HENRY WESTOVER.

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## PART VI. THE REMEDY.

Departmental control of insurance is a failure. It has been tried and found wanting. It is a willing co-conspirator with the unscrupulous capitalists in pilfering billions of dollars from the poor of the country. It is the tout of the insurance company manager in his race for graft; and the world is now standing aghast at the recent revelations of the enormous plunder this combination has secured. The crimes of the Equitable would never have been had not the departments of insurance been a party to them.

Not concerning the Illinois department alone are these reflections made. Public condemnation of the notorious career of crime by insurance managers has been uttered by two state departments only—Wisconsin and Massachusetts. Host, the elective commissioner of Wisconsin, stands alone among state officers in actually attempting to eradicate the evil of managerial plunder from insurance companies; and it is, doubtless, in a considerable degree due to his convincing arraignment of these people that the country has at last come to know of their nefarious practices, and that policy holders are being aroused to the point of taking steps for their protection. Through Host's influence too a law has been created in that state making it mandatory that life companies shall periodically distribute profits amongst their policy holders, instead of leaving such distribution optional with the managers, as the law now stands in nearly all states.

The department of Illinois is mentioned in these articles merely as a type. What is true of this department is equally true of those in most of the states. The New York department is even worse than that of Illinois, for it is in New York that the great bulk of insurance corruption is born and bred, and is there fostered and nursed and protected by its insurance department. Of course, just now, since the "gang" connected with the Equitable have all confessed—the thieves having fallen out and "squealed" upon each other—the commissioner of insurance of New York must needs play "The Artful Dodger," and join in the cry of "stop thief." How much of this spasmodic exhibition of virtue is intended to divert attention from the commissioner himself or from

the real culprits in the Equitable affair, can only be surmised ; but there is one decidedly significant fact appearing in the situation, and that is the New York Life Insurance Co., and the Mutual Life of New York, in which lie more and worse corruption than ever cursed the Equitable, are not the objects of any interests on the part of the commissioner of that state. It was long after the internal rottenness of the Equitable was made public before the attention of the commissioner could be attracted to its affairs. He should have been the one to have first known of the evils existing in that company and to have acted in the interest of the insurers in the company. The New York and Mutual Life Insurance Companies, let it be remembered, are purely mutual organizations, and their officers and managers are merely the hired men of the companies intrusted with the care of the policy holders' property and they can not, under the charters of those companies, be clothed with any greater power, nor can they legally derive any greater benefit from their offices other than their salaries. But the Equitable has a guarantee capital, and its officers are stock holders and claim thereby an interest in the property of the company. There may, therefore, by reason of this interest, be some small excuse for their speculating with the Equitable property. But in these two purely mutual companies, wherein the assets belong of necessity to the policy holders alone, and no such excuse for speculating with them exists, the managers have gone to even greater depths of infamy. The president of the New York Life, himself a one time commissioner of insurance, who, while acting in that official capacity, discovered the graft within these companies, having murmured some little complaint about it, he became suddenly converted to the beauties of the system upon further discovering that the New York Life was in need of a president, and by his acceptance of the position at a princely salary and a much more princely opportunity for the gratification of his greed by handling other people's money. And so President McCall took control of the New York Life and with all convenient speed proceeded to adjust, improve and enlarge the appropriate machinery of this huge concern and turn the graft crank until \$50,000,000 has been gently lifted from the pockets of its policy holders and with equal grace transferred to his own. Now why don't Hendricks, the commissioner of New York, do something about that? Why has he been silent for years past on this point? Why is he silent now, after the often repeated charge that the New York Life affairs are worse than those of the Equitable? Why so ardent in looking after the Equitable affairs when other companies stand in need of investigation? It would be impossible for him or any one else to read any annual statement of the New York Life company and not see in it that its

policy holders are being kept from their own—that they have paid in premiums millions of dollars more than the actual cost of their insurance which should have been distributed as dividends amongst them. Hendricks is by no means blind to the corruption with which all these companies are saturated.

In one point of view the officials of the insurance department of New York are less culpable than those of Illinois. New York is the home of vast fortunes and huge corporate interest accumulated from tribute ever flowing into it from the West. The unholy orgies of a Hyde, a Seeley and others of their ilk, the castles they have built and their vulgar ostentations of wealth are paid for in gold distilled from the sweat of those who toil in the sunshine after the shadows have fallen over New York. Millions upon millions of this money is yearly wrested from the soil and shops of Illinois.

But New York is in the business of accumulating and enjoying this tribute. To juggle with dollars of other people, and in the process to absorb some of those same dollars in recompense for the pleasure of watching the skillful operation, is looked upon by New York as its prerogative. This is an established, legitimate business principle which has become *sui generis* in New York's business life. The New Yorker watches the manager of a mutual life company invest the money of his trusting policy holders in all sorts of ventures. When the venture is a losing one it is the company that sustains the loss. When it succeeds, it is Mr. Mc Call that is benefitted. "Honorable, and great sagacity," says the watching New Yorker. To get at least twice as much as is given in exchange is the very acme of ethics, and in this lies the germ of all the insurance grafting so successfully and so grandly carried on in the Empire State. Therefore it is to be expected that the commissioner of New York is somewhat tainted by the prevailing business atmosphere of his environment and that he is not qualified to view with that feeling of utter abhorrence the plundering of life insurance companies by their managers which one necessarily expects in the less tainted and purer moral atmosphere that surrounds a like officer in Illinois.

John F. Dryden, United States Senator from New Jersey, breathing spot of the trust and corporate corruption, president of the Prudential Insurance company of that state, occupies a unique position among men. Sole dictator of this institution, which has accumulated from the hard earned savings of the very poor nearly \$75,000,000.00 in the comparatively brief period of thirty years, holding in his hands in a considerable degree the destinies of the families and dependants of its toiling and struggling policy holders, he is in a position to wring more money out of these five million families than any other person in the world could in like

manner secure from the same number of people, and he does it too. By a simple twist of the wrist he can and does play the game of extortion more cruelly and successfully than any other man living—cruelly because it is ground out of people who can ill afford to pay an excessive premium. In this way the company(?) is possessed of \$25,000,000.00 surplus profits which has been acquired in the payment of excessive premiums. And Senator Dryden is in favor of department control of insurance! He is the author of a bill, introduced by him in Congress to establish such control by the United States Government. The bill will receive the undivided support of all trust combinations, of all the great life and fire insurance companies and of all the very rich. Why?

(To be concluded in October).

## Love

The many loves of our lives should all be allowed to exist, side by side, at once, in the mind and heart.

Why should one be dropped because another is added?

Is our consciousness so limited—our nature so narrow—that one must be crowded away, in order to make room for another?

Surely not; but each love should be all the time growing stronger, deeper, more enduring; higher, finer, more purified; no one interfering with another to its detriment, or retardation; but serving only—to support and augment all.

Now, in order that this may be,—it is necessary that our attitude towards those who inspire these loves, should be one of unselfishness.

The sort of unselfishness that refuses to fetter them with claims.

The unselfishness that grants to each his entire liberty, to go, or to stay—at it may please him. To live his own life as he may choose to live it. To be—in fact, free.

It is in this way—only—that we can win and hold the devoted love of others—for love is an ethereal thing, and will not be caged—nor bound. Cling to it, never so fiercely, and it will elude you; but open your whole self to it—as a flower opens its heart to the sun—and such full measure of this divine elixir as your mind and heart and body can sustain—will flow in.

N. L. M. P.

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# Confessions of a Divorcee

TO HER FIRST BORN.

By WENONAH.

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In this installment Wenonah tells of her girlhood and in frank manner and language that she might have used herself when a girl, relates the story of the courtship and final engagement to the man from whom she was subsequently divorced, the human details of which have led to the writing of these confessions.

The reader obtains a realistic picture of the heart attitudes and hopes of both Wenonah and Charles, that hardly prepares one for the subsequent domestic tragedy.

As stated in our August number the author for the present will not disclose her identity, but she promises to sign her full name to the last installment of the series  
(Editor).

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## PART II.

You must not get the notion that I had a melancholy temperament at this time, for I gave the impression of being quite the reverse. We learn to smile in the midst of grief, if the grief lasts long enough, and I had known all my life that Mamma begrudged me my place in my father's heart and home. There were times when the knowledge almost overpowered me but for the most part I ignored it. I am glad to remember that even when it hurt and angered me most, I was able to control hot words and not forget that Papa had put her in my mother's place and there by compelled me to give her outward tokens of respect. But I was always a bit heart-hungry in those days and I can recall kissing my own face in the mirror, or my own arms and hands, in a passion of longing for love. Yet way down deep there was an instinctive reserve which kept me from being at all gushing—and kept boys from attempting any liberties with me.

Not long after this I went to Boston to visit your grandmother's family. The first evening I was surprised to find that Charles' father was alive. I had known the family for thirteen years, yet never heard his name mentioned. You may not remember him clearly in later years, so let me assure you that he was one of God's noblemen and that he never failed me in any time when he knew me to be in trouble.

My visit was in the main uneventful. One evening your Aunt Nellie and a young gentleman, Charles and myself went to Jamaica Pond. On the way home, one couple went one road and the other another, meeting at a bridge. I well remember that Charles and I stood on that bridge half an hour and that I was

subconsciously aware that he wished to kiss me and dared not—an unimportant thing in a story like this, except that it will show you that I had true dignity. I was also proud, with the pride of an English family which for five hundred years has had as its motto: "Be not high-minded"—and never obeyed that warning.

September nineteenth Charles and I went to Nantasket Beach. We spent the day very pleasantly and I seem now to hear the zhirr and lap-lap of the waves on the pebbles as we rested on Atlantic Hill.

After a while Charles' voice took the tone which every woman intuitively recognizes and he said: "Winnie, do you like me well enough to love me always?"

I could not say a word, but I looked down and cried, though I do not know to this day why the tears came. Charles turned his face away from me and threw himself on the grass as he said, in the stillest sort of a voice: "Never mind, dear, I'll be all right soon."

Every other man I ever knew met a refusal (even a silent one) with thoughts of himself; but I am glad to know that Charles thought of my hurt and less of his own, though he was boy enough to cry over that. He lay there and shook with silent sobs, while I inwardly asked higher help that I might know how to comfort him. But I could not think of one word to say and at last, impulsively, I stooped over and kissed his forehead as I would that of a child who was in trouble.

I was not even thinking of him at the time, for into my mind had come what I had been told were my mother's last conscious words: "God deal with others as they deal with my baby." But Charles misunderstood my action and looked up to me with a face glorified. Even yet I can not be sorry, because in spite of all that has followed I am glad that I am the mother of my two sons.

The whistle announcing the departure of the steamer came just then, so we started for the wharf before one word was said. On the boat, we sat outside. Charles whistled quietly and I thought of many things; of his sad homelife, due to the unhappy relations of his parents; of my own need for a home and my hasty statement that I would accept the next offer of marriage made to me; and of countless trifles which you would not understand. Not once did I weigh the responsibilities of wedded life, for I had never heard of them. To me his words meant: Will you live with me and make me a happy home? I knew nothing of the martial relation in its real sense and the thought of larger duties never came to me. At last he whistled "In the Gloaming" and when he reached the strain the words of which are "Will you think of me and love me," I murmured the Minnesota assent which can not be represented phonetically.

"Let's seal it then," he said and kissed me. I was betrothed and I considered a betrothal as binding as any wedding ceremony—yet I had never heard even of the physical differences of the sexes, to say nothing of the sex relation!

Such ignorance will seem strange to you, in these days of public schools; but in the lonely years in which I had not lived with my father, I had been with adults and grown old before my time. It is no exaggeration to say that in many ways I was older at ten than I am now, so when I went to school I did not associate with those of my own age but with older girls who had learned the truths of generation, took it for granted other knew them and never mentioned them. The day you were born, I was still ignorant of what I should have been told before I was twelve.

Charles' gratitude for my love thrilled me. I had always liked him in a girlish way and his caresses seemed to fill that longing for love which had been a hard thing for a reserved child to endure. He was twenty—a man of the world in knowledge. I was eighteen—an odd mixture of age and babyhood, with a self-reliance beyond my years in some ways and a contrasting mental and physical unfitness for wifehood. It was as insane a contract as two young people ever made, but we were both contented in our own ways.

At first Charles utterly refused to tell his mother of our engagement, as he was not financially able to marry and knew she would object to his contemplating such a change in his life, but I insisted that she be told. I never knew what she said when informed of this betrothal, but she sent word that she wished to see me and I went to her house—which I had left the day after our trip to Nantasket. I can not clearly recall our conversation, but I know I was made to feel that a daughter-in-law would not be welcome in the family and one remark was burned into my memory. It was: "No matter when Charles marries, or how many new ties he may form, you must distinctly understand, Winnie, that I shall always be first in his heart and that you may expect to take second place."

You may imagine that this spirit was not a good one in which to receive a son's betrothed. I think I had thought more of having a mother—for whom I had longed all my life—than I had of my future relation with Charles, so this was like a blow when I had expected a caress. She was jealous of me and I was too proud to explain how I felt. Had she known the reverence which I felt for mothers in general, she would not have feared that I would ever try to wean her son's heart from her. Bear this attitude in mind, for it had much to do with what followed.

I need only tell you of one other event of that autumn. The evening before I returned to my father's Minnesota home, Charles

and I went to walk and I promptly coaxed to be told the wish with which he had put on one of my rings. He replied that he had made three wishes and told me two of them, then added:

"We may as well go along, for it's no use for you to tease me to tell you the third. I shall not as long as I live, anyway we will be safely married first, for I am sure you would never speak to me again if you knew what it was."

It began to rain a few minutes later and I said it would be well for us to make haste, to which he answered with a suggestion that we "go to the Adams House and get a room where we could talk." I responded that folks seemed to talk about girls who did such things, so I thought we'd better go to church instead. Then he gave a long odd whistle and hugged me—right on the street, which was fortunately almost deserted—as he exclaimed: "You are the biggest baby I ever saw and as pure as one of God's angels."

And it was two years later before I knew what his design was on that occasion.

(To be continued in October.)

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## Shelley's Death

Well was it, Shelley, that death came to thee,  
Not through sad, slow disease, upon the shore,  
But far from man, 'mid sudden clash and roar  
Of wind and wave, on the tempestuous sea.  
Well did'st thou wish; no fitter thing could be  
Than that thy spirit which an aspect wore  
Unearthly 'air, should pass in secret, more  
Like other powers of beauteous mystery.  
Thy death was not like death; thou wert like a star  
That, when the dusk at the horizon dips,  
Shines clear and dazzling from some region far;  
Beauty and night's most strange apocalypse,  
Anon to quench its light in clouds that bar  
All suddenly and leave it in eclipse.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.



# Abolish Reservations and Government Aid to Indians

By CARLOS MONTEZUMA, M. D.



CARLOS MONTEZUMA

Dr. Carlos Montezuma, thinker, sociologist, patriot, and one of the most widely known of the cultivated Indians in the United States, is a pure blooded Apache who was captured as a child by a tribe of Pimas and sold by them to Mr. C. Gentile, of Chicago, in 1871.

After receiving his education at Carlyle School he became Indian School Physician in the U. S. service at Ft. Stevenson Agency, Physician at Western Shoshone Agency, Physician at Colville, resident Physician at Carlyle School, and now enjoys a large and lucrative practice among his many friends and clients in the city of Chicago.

Dr. Montezuma realizes that not only has the Indian Bureau at Washington always been a "graft bureau," but that the entire system of Government aid which tends to keep his race as perpetual dependents and worse, cannot have other effect than to cause their degeneration and final extinction.

As a sociologist he knows full well that reservation life must be discontinued, that to find real advancement, his people must mix with the world and find the place which they deserve to have in the struggle of life.

In the series of articles in this Magazine of which this is the first, Dr. Montezuma will recite the facts and reasons why the Indian Bureau, like the Office of Controller of Currency, are unscientific, unsociological, and a fraud on the American people that causes a continued increase of the very evils which they pretend to control. (Editor).

In the series of articles which will appear monthly in this Magazine we shall convince the public of the administration's blunder in dismissing from the department Gen. R. H. Pratt, the strongest and best friend the Indians ever had.

The Indian Department is too hysterically enthusiastic in its interests on behalf of the Indians.

The Carlyle School—(Port Arthur of Indian Education)—has become a mere machine.

The standard of Indian education is going backward.

The Indians are tired of this dilly-dallying, red-tape method of "bettering" them.

A year ago the government committed its first important blunder—a mistake so great that the Indian has been set back twenty years. That error was the dismissing from the Indian service the greatest and best white friend the Indians ever had or probably ever will have. He was the one man to whom the Indians all over this country looked for genuine guidance and fair dealing.

He founded a school that has not only become famous but, under his superintendency was an ideal institution, patterned after by some of the best educators in the world. The Carlyle School was founded upon the lofty principle of uplifting the Indian race. It withstood the criticism of twenty-four years and had never wavered an iota from its fundamental plan.

New and weak heads have come into power, and they are having a war dance around it. But the real life of the Indian Department has gone out. The creative spirit which worked assiduously and untiringly for the best interest of the Indian is not there. The department is a machine turned by a crank. There is no heart, no faith, no abiding wish for the Indian to become a man. These have all been wafted away by the selfish winds of "graft," and the exploitation of personal caprice, a seriously questionable experiment.

The superintendent of Carlyle has been replaced by a headpiece (lifeless and inert), who believes that an Indian is an Indian—fit subject only for government ward, and cannot go beyond the menial pursuits of life; while the man at the head of the Indian department at Washington sees no need for the Indians to study the world as other people study it, but he would limit them to the coyote and the bear family for their intellectual uplift. And some of his weak subordinates in the Indian bureau are of the same opinion.

Most of the Indians know better what they need than most of the government hirelings who draw salaries to watch over them.

The educated Indian believes in doing away with all of the reservations and encouraging the Indians to work for their bread and butter, and to have their children attend public schools and thus become self-reliant and useful citizens.

Some political economist ought to figure out whether it would be cheaper for the government to do this or not.

Some of us Indians have experienced the various stages of development incident to life in the midst of civilization, just as long as have those who have the helm of the Indian department in their power. As escaped Indians from the reservation corrals, we would be unworthy of our race to withhold our voices when our plea is needed, or to stay our pen when a crisis is at stake. We believe freedom is NOW or never!

The foundation upon which the Carlyle Indian school was builded must not be disturbed, but the change which the grand institution has undergone in its curriculum to satisfy the whims of an impractical theorist, who happens to be in power, is its ruination.

We stand against the anthropologist who wishes the Indian to remain as an Indian as long as possible, so he may have material to study. This means continuation of the reservation system and corruption of the race.

We are against sympathy and sentiment that will lead us on flowery roads and glide us slowly and easily into civilization. Life is too real, too earnest to be led in that way. Too much of that has been done in the past, depending on "will-o-the-wisp" theories. Groping in the dark has brought us to where we see ourselves, helpless to compete with the strong world without.

The fullness of life is gained by experience; experience in coming in contact with all phases of human society. Life is competition between nations and individuals. The nation or individual that has the widest experience and understanding of human nature is the most useful nation or individual.

To understand human nature we must see each other, we must speak with each other, we must think and work for each other, with one motive, one conscience, one God. The Indian department is blind to these facts, but the Indians are not.

You may specialize for the inmates of the insane asylums relative to their work; you may by force specialize the work of the prisoners behind the bars; but it is not just to specialize the education of the Indian youth to the country. Give them the public schools and all that lies between them to and through the university, and then let them choose their own occupation or profession as you give that freedom to your own sons and daughters! When you have done that your duty toward the Indians has been accomplished.

*To be Continued in "To-Morrow" for October.*

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# The Unconscious Need

By GRACE MOORE.

The greatest human desire is the desire for happiness. The greatest human need is the need of self-expression.

In the animal world we see happiness and self-expression in beautiful relationship with all other natural worlds. The animal that has been trained in harness, the flower that is the result of persistent pruning, are interesting as examples of acquiescence to man's self-conscious efforts at directing nature's forces, but the animal and the flower that we most love, are those that have come to our hand, strengthened and purified by the adversities of wind and weather, breathing somehow of their triumph by the wayside, and of their fitness to survive.

In the evolutionary process involving the transition of the animal into the human stage, the element of self-consciousness is introduced. This element in its early manifestations is perforce crude and imperfect. Man is first conscious of himself to only a very limited degree. His self-conscious relationship with other natural worlds than his own, is essentially evolutionary, and as in the development of the animal and the flower, he must by the same laws, survive or perish, as the cosmic forces decide. But in his elementary stages of self-realization, man is entirely an animal and only partially a human being. At the present period of human unfoldment man has little more than a glimmer of his true nature and relationship as a self-conscious human being.

Fear was the first result of self-consciousness as it is of every newly recognized human condition and relationship. Man feared to trust his own nature—he did not know that he had a nature he could trust. Next to his fear of himself was his fear of his fellow men. As the expression of his fear, and of his desire for something upon which, in his ignorance he could rely, there was evolved the idea that somewhere outside of nature there were two Gods, one to punish and destroy, the other to commend and reward.

With every step in the ladder of self consciousness, there is in man less fear of himself and his fellow men, and more reliance upon the essential nature of things. Little by little it is seen that in the last analysis there is only good, beauty and perfection in the universe. With each new discovery in the human world, it is found that some quality or force in man that was considered useless and evil, is good and powerful in proportion as it is intelligently applied and directed.

As in the study of the animal, vegetable, or mineral world, we find ourselves powerless to interpret the laws governing any par-

ticular world except we study all worlds as they are harmoniously related to each other, so in the study of the human world, and of man as a being by himself we are baffled by all manner of inconsistencies. It is when we study the world of human beings as a natural world, in its harmonious relationship with all other natural worlds that we are able to discover a beautiful pattern, the study of which gives us the laws of which we are in search.

Following the elimination of fear, and recognition and acknowledgement of so-called evil as in the ultimate good, there is the question before us of how best to find the ultimate good. How may we realize only good and so gratify our human desire for happiness? Upon what principle and under what system may we as individuals, and as a race, fulfill our need of self-expression?

The first step toward the solution of the problem how to be happy, and how to realize our greatest need, is in the recognition of the fact, that the ultimate, so called, is here and now.

Next to man's ignorant interpretation of a Supreme Power, as something outside of himself, is his conception of happiness as something dependent upon the future. Second only to the realization of his own God like potentiality, is the understanding of happiness as the condition by which that potentiality may express itself. The elimination of fear is the first step toward the realization that Supreme Power is from within, and the introduction of happiness or satisfaction with one's self here and now, as a reality, is the first requisite toward its manifestation. Self-consciousness in its elementary stages is only self-contrariness. It is lack of ability to see more than a portion of the truth.

Self consciousness full developed, becomes unconsciousness. With the development of self consciousness to the point of naturalness or unconsciousness, man will cease his quest for the means and source of happiness; he will have become both means and source of all that he longs for. But fear of himself and of his fellow-men and distrust of the present moment is still barring the way to happiness and perfection. Only here and there are souls brave and strong enough to look to their own natures and to the present moment, for all that the universe contains for them, of human satisfaction and lasting peace.

The mass of humanity to-day is in search of some proof as to its probable identity to-morrow, rather than find on the instant its supreme and only good. We think by our self conscious efforts toward perfecting ourselves and the universe, that we shall create the conditions necessary to happiness, realizing not, that the conditions for happiness are with us now as much as they ever shall be. Satisfaction is not the result of condition, possession or achievement, but of self realization, to the point of self-forgetfulness.

Have I a craving for drink that cannot be controlled? Am I bereft of my child or the dearest companion of my days and nights? Have my father and mother forsaken me? More than ever I say, the present moment for me is beautiful and sufficient. To me is given this instant, the sublimest privilege that falls to the lot of a self conscious, human being, that of self realization to the point of self abnegation and personal unconsciousness. Did I make an effort to pass by the wine cup and fail? What responsibility then is mine, other than to have made the effort? Coming generations will benefit by that effort. Or failing to have made the effort, are there not other and various efforts yet to be made? Do I make merry and joyous the living little ones about me rather than mourn for the one claimed by a Supreme Power for good?

If not an atom of physical matter is in the last analysis, destroyed, why permit the mind to dwell upon thoughts of destruction? Or, if the mind itself entertains a spectre of death, does not the heart know that life in reality, is all there is or ever has been or ever will be? In reality I am strong, glorious and eternal, though the father and mother of my physical being, in the ignorance of personality, and self consciousness forsake me. Though teachers and preachers in their self conscious efforts at reforming the world, philanthropically come to my aid with their various formulas for salvation now or in some imagined future, yet will I trust my own wisely created and wisely inspired nature, and the wisely created, wisely inspired natures of my human fellows, here and now.

To him who would say me "nay," I will myself say "nay." I am free to gratify my desire for happiness and to realize my need of self expression, because I recognize that that is the law and the nature of human beings. If I misinterpret my own nature and disobey its laws, natural consequences will force me to new conclusions and more intelligent conduct. I need not law givers and penitentiary wardens, to make me self conscious and afraid. My violation of the real unquestionable laws of creation, has dammed and punished me, ere the barred door swung on its hinges behind me. My fellow men should not fear or condemn me, were they not themselves to be feared and condemned.

Races, families, individuals, sects and institutions, are by nature free to gratify the existing human desire for happiness and to realize the existing human need of full normal and complete self-expression. When man, individually and collectively, recognizes his right to freedom and self-expression, the death knell of human misery will have been sounded. When man's fear of himself and of his fellow-men, has taken its place as a back number along with other false growths that are the incidental results of

his self consciousness, a social order, upon the basis of "peace and good will," as defined by the world's great sages of all history, will have taken the place of the present brutal commercial one.

As man comes to full knowledge of the law of freedom and self-expression, and as human relationships individually and collectively, are clarified of all semblance to fear or coercion, the neighborly love so long dreamed about and laughed at as an impossibility, will have come to the weary and overburdened, with healing in its wings.

Then will there be universal co-operation, harmony and happiness, so full of joy for all mankind that the present moment will be all inclusive and sufficient.

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## The Present Good Enough

"Our age is retrospective. It builds the sepulchers of the fathers. It writes biographies, histories, and criticism. The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight, and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not the history of theirs? Embosomed for a season in nature, whose floods of life stream around and through us, and invite us by the powers they supply, to action proportioned to nature, why should we grope among the dry bones of the past, or put the living generation into masquerade out of its faded wardrobe? The sun shines to-day also. Let us demand our own works and laws and worship."—*Emerson*.

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## Some One

Some one to love and be kind to,  
Some one whose faults you'd be blind to,  
Some one in trouble to fly to,  
Some one you'd love and not try to.  
Some one to struggle and strive for,  
Some one you're glad you're alive for,  
Some one you'd do any task for,  
Some one you'd give and not ask for,  
Some one to climb earth's heights with,  
Some one you never would part with,  
But dwell in the land of the heart with,  
That's love.

J. M. WHITSON.

# High Finance in Mexico

By PARKER H. SERCOMBE.

The following reprint from a Chicago Daily explains why Mr. Sercombe has for three weeks been reposing square on his back in bed under the care of a doctor and trained nurse, although he had the nerve to drive his snappy French Automobile six miles from "The White City" home, after the accident.

While able to dictate fairly vigorous copy in his "knocked out" condition, his weakened heart part of the time beating but little over thirty a minute, his sore ribs and muscles prevented him from going over the mass of documents and data (the ammunition for his 24 month campaign) to make selection for Part IV., hence the vital issues intended for this number are postponed until October.

The general remarks in this number, important as denoting the breadth and scope of his attack, were written by Mr. Sercombe before his accident, but for which our Magazine would this month have been left without an installment of High Finance in Mexico. (Editor).

## BRONCHO'S KICK MAY KILL

### Parker H. Sercombe's Steel Spectacle Case, However, Lessens Blow and He May Recover.

Parker H. Sercombe, editor of "To-Morrow," who was seriously injured by a broncho in the Wild West show at a South side amusement place, is in a critical condition. The exact extent of his injuries is not yet known.

Mr. Sercombe and a party of friends were witnessing the performance of the Wild West show when one of the bronchos being led past them became unmanageable. The rope slipped from the hand of the man who had the ponies in charge and the loose broncho kicked viciously in the direction of the visitors. His hoofs struck Mr. Sercombe just above the heart. A steel spectacle case carried in his left pocket probably saved Mr. Sercombe's life.

The horseman immediately recovered control of the broncho, but the single blow of the animal's hoofs had been so severe that doubts are entertained of Mr. Sercombe's recovery.

## PART IV.

*A word of wisdom* to those about to be kicked in the heart by a broncho:—Place a heavy steel spectacle case in your upper left hand vest pocket—it will bend the case double and smash your gold spectacles to smithereens, but by distributing the blow over six ribs instead of one it may, if your raw material is all right, enable you to keep on breathing, as the end of a broncho's kick has determination in it.

Thanks to an abstemious plebeian ancestry and a constitution unimpaired by indulgence in tobacco, liquor, religion, or other



form of enervating excess during my own stewardship of my mortal frame, I shall be able to continue regulating the morals and finances of Mexican aristocracy in the October number of To-MORROW.

In a recent conversation with Princess Viroqua of the Grand River Reservation, a cultured and common-sense, pure blooded descendant of a chief of the Mohawk tribe, into which be it recorded to the merit of their institutions and customs, no deformed child, mute, nor defective was ever born, and into whose social life no dentist, manicure nor plumber has ever come, I asked if she was civilized, and her prompt reply, "I hope not," has been echoing through the labyrinths of my mentality ever since, and always in its reverberations suggesting new interpretations of the problems of life, of mind and of society.

This fine Indian woman, strong of mind and body, is sixty-eight years young, and her superb vitality gives every promise of her easily reaching the century mark in good health, as she eats only vegetable food, does her quota of physical work each day; and in her declaration that she "*hopes she is not civilized*" we may grasp the deeper meaning that she does not subject herself to the effete personal habits of the leisure class nor practice the heartless greed and vulgar avarice that distinguish those controlling spirits of society who, down to the very threshold of this epoch, have had the audacity to label themselves "respectable."

It is this co-called respectable class in Mexico and elsewhere that I am after, for it is this class that make and interpret the laws in the interests of the rich as against the poor, that demand all the special privileges for themselves, that establish commercial and moral standards for their dependents and then with devilish hypocrisy interpret "thou shalt not steal" as a warning to the "lambs" not to nibble along the hedge rows or the corn fields that they themselves have stolen in bulk.

It is well known in Mexico that such families as Limantour, Hagenbeck and others are indebted for their present wealth to the fact that at the time of the reform laws and the confiscation of church property, much of this property was transferred to the names of private individuals in order to escape being condemned by the Government, and great wealth came to a number of such families who, after the confiscation storm blew over, refused to deed back to the church the property which they had acquired in trust.

There is not a notary nor law office in Mexico whose records do not practically consist of a list of conscienceless depredations of this character showing that what "*Los Respectables*" need is to be set to work, prevented from receiving bank stock and commissions on concessions as bribes and from interfering with jus-

tice by taking advantage of the "law's delay, the insolence of office and the spurns which patient merit from the unworthy take."

The fact that there is a marked tendency of late among really wholesome men and women to revert back to nature in many of their habits and customs, to sleep out of doors, wear sandals, eat uncooked foods, think naturally and clearly, forget creeds and ceremonials and scorn the vanities of pomp and power, is a crushing tally against the mental and physical degeneracy of our times.

Though my narrative will often speak of crimes, and depredations against persons and society in general, I must again emphasize the necessity of the above digression in order to indicate clearly the point of view from which I shall discuss the economic and social vampires who after all are not so entirely to blame as the untrained thinker might suppose, their crimes being of the race, of the epoch, the result of their environment, and not entirely chargeable to themselves individually.

In the light of true worth no stronger charge can be made against the inefficiency of our modern civilization than to note RESULTS in the shape of the large percentage of persons without honor, without feeling, without gratitude, without semblance of the virtues which orthodox theorists preach by word of mouth and deny in their actual lives and methods of living.

Were I to give the names of those in the American Colony in Mexico who in society, in their business, and in their home relations constantly commit acts so lacking in common honor and fidelity, so devoid of gratitude, so completely dishonorable and unfeeling as to place them beyond even the possibility of being recruits in the army of decency, the percentage would be so large that were they banished from Mexico on article thirty-three, the writ would practically amount to a wholesale order.

The person whose occupation in life is such that it remains always his first interest to be trustworthy, faithful and grateful for consideration received is fortunate indeed, for he is never able to know to what depths he might sink as an ingrate, should conditions change and make it to his self interest to break promises, defy fidelity and throttle obligation.

We may almost accept it as a truism nowadays that people are your friends only just so long as it is to their personal financial interest to be so,—a soulless condition for which our economic system is responsible and which aboriginal civilization would abhor.

In the business life of Mexico it is a truism unanimous and unqualified that no person was ever faithful to a trust or to a friend any longer than it was to his financial interest to be so, and as far as my observation goes every promise kept, every contract complied with, every instance of fidelity fulfilled, was just so far

as it was paid for in hard adobe dollars and not to the amount of one centavo more.

*The crime* is of the epoch, of the race and of the environment and these poor starved souls simply respond to the pressure of conditions; they simply sell their so-called fidelity as the various grades of Mexican prostitutes sell themselves according to the schedule price denoted on the blue, red or yellow pass books which they exhibit to patrons.

But it is *these starved souls* with which my story deals. I point them out as phenomena, I designate them as instances of the failure of our epoch to inaugurate systems of moral culture and development that will make men of these creatures instead of vampires,—comrades instead of sharks.

Every American in business life in Mexico knows them by the hundred. It matters not whether they have been unfaithful to me or to others; it matters not whether in forfeiting their souls for gain it was done during their protestations in the sanctuary, or for self indulgence, or in response to the cry of need from wife and child, or in a sacrifice of obligation to friends, or in failure to acknowledge and execute business obligations, the almost universal habit of responding to the call of avarice is a most shocking denunciation of method and practice in all the ramifications and grades of society.

I stand amazed in contemplation of my own credulity in permitting myself at times to believe in the friendship of some whom I have cherished and in the gratitude of others whom I have served, for though they ate at my crib, profited by my initiative and applauded my successes, I now know that they did so just so long as it was to their interest, just so long as Mexican forty-cent dollars fell into their laps. The moment their avarice saw even a slight percentage of profit on the other side they heeded the call and harked back to the instincts of their wolfish ancestry.

*(To be continued in October.)*

Now is the time when people begin to think about what magazines they are going to take for the coming year. We want to call the attention of our readers to "To-Morrow's" clubbing list. Look it over, make out a list for yourself and send it in.

# Religion of the Indians

By DR. PRINCESS VIROQUA.

Dr. Princess Viroqua was born on the Grand River Reservation, Canada, and is the daughter of a chief of the Mohawks. She is a physician, a member of the W. C. T. U., the I. O. G. T., King's Daughters, Companion Court of I. O. F., and a philanthropist, but above all she is a thoroughly strong, intelligent, wholesome, womanly woman. With an indomitable will she has allowed no obstacle to baffle her efforts for self-improvement; indeed, she may be classified among the self-made people of our day.

She had the courage to leave the Reservation, thus forfeiting her allowance from the Government, for the sake of getting out into the world of activity and educating herself. She graduated at Miss Gill's school in Newport, and studied medicine afterward.

She has a brother who was educated by King Edward and graduated at Oxford University, and who has established a world-wide name for himself as Supreme Chief Ranger of the Independent Order of Foresters.

With marvelous tenacity Princess Viroqua clings to her race and works in its behalf with the greatest enthusiasm. (Editor.)

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I deem it a high honor to have your kind permission to write something for To-MORROW in regard to my people. I am going to write about their religion as it is so little known.

There is no congregation of people who remain so perfectly quiet as an assemblage of Indians at a religious gathering. The head speaker begins the feast ceremonies with an invocation to the great Spirit. The men with uncovered heads, bend in reverent attention (Indians never kneel) and the women are earnestly serious as the speaker in low voice renders his prayer. After a pause he lifts his voice with the following address:

"My friends, we are here to worship the Great Spirit, By our old custom we give the Great Spirit His dance, the Great Feather Dance. We must have it before noon. The Great Spirit sees to everything in the morning, afterwards He rests. He gives us land and food to live on, so we must thank Him for His ground and for the things it brought forth. He gave us the thunder to wet our land so we must thank the thunder. We must thank Handsome Lake, the Prophet of the new religion, that we know he is in the happy land. It is the wish of the Great Spirit that we express our thanks in dances as well as in prayer."

One of the most imposing dances of the Iroquois is consecrated to the worship of the Great Spirit and is performed by a carefully selected band of costumed dancers, every member of which is distinguished for his remarkable powers of endurance, suppleness, and graceful carriage, who offer the ceremonial thanks while walking around the room keeping step to slow beating of rattles.

Each thanks is followed by a quick dance once around the room, and terminating at halt into a slow walk which is continued during the recital of each thanks, until all are rendered.

The thanks to the Great Spirit are given in the following words:

"We thank Him for the earth and giving these beings its products to live on. We thank Him for the water that comes out of the earth and runs for our lands. We thank Him for all the animals on the earth. We thank Him for certain timbers that grow and have fluids coming from them for us all. We thank Him for the branches of the trees that grow shadows for our shelter. We thank Him for the beings that come from the west, the thunder and lightning that water the earth. We thank Him for the light which we call our eldest brother, the Sun that works for our good. We thank him for all the fruits that grow on the trees and vines. We thank him for all his goodness in making the forests and thank Him for all his trees. We thank Him for the darkness that gives us rest and the kind being of the darkness that gives us light, the Moon. We thank Him for the bright spots in the skies that give us signs, the Stars. We give Him thanks for our supporters who have charge of our harvests.

We give thanks that the Voice of the Great Spirit can still be heard through the woods of Ki-how-he-youh by his religion. We thank the Great Spirit that we have the privilege of this pleasant occasion."

Vigorous dancing follows this, all shouting in gladness in which the speaker joins, and thanks are continued as follows:

"We give thanks for the persons who can sing the Great Spirit's music and hope they will be privileged to continue in their youth. We thank the Great Spirit for all the persons who perform the ceremonies on this occasion."

This ends the thanks. Following is the Lord's Prayer of the Indian Sign Language. The Bible differs in the wording. It reads thus:

"Our Father in Heaven, sacred Thy name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy laws the earth sit the same as in Heaven. Day after day give us, rub out works bad the same as we forgive those who do bad to us. Lead us not in bad roads. Keep us in good roads. For Thine the Kingdom, Thine the Power, Thine the Glory, Forever, Amen."

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### A MESSAGE

Out of the night, out of the heroic, low-browed night, out of the determined womb of time, out of the lurk of stressful winter, out into the beckoning twilight, persistent, relentless, unfolding, floats to you, O Human, a living, existing, procreating message of joy.

Be Happy and you will be Good.

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# Desmorgenslandt

By BARRIE MARTONNE AND M. F. CANFIELD



## TO A HONEYSUCKLE HEDGE

Hedge of beauty, hedge of fragrance,  
Drifting, drifting, drifting,  
Through the summer air.  
Golden petals, snowy petals,  
Sifting, sifting, sifting  
Forth their nectar rare.

M. F. CANFIELD.

## MUKDEN

O mighty Mukden, ancient, sacred place,  
O battle-fields, and cite of Shaman shrine!  
Thy boasted sceptre must thou now resign.  
Unstable cradle grey of Manchu-race,  
Thy princely tombs their royal dust encase.  
Untouched, tho' blood thy fields encarnadine.  
And grewsome, mangled millions lie supine  
In death, the dawn of freedom on their face.  
Nor vainly does the blood of heroes flow,  
If peace and justice shine from out the gloom,  
And nations learn eternal right to know.  
If potentates avert their country's doom,  
Not vain the countless thousands' bitter woe,  
Who found at Mukden, death and honored tomb.

M. F. CANFIELD.

## A BIT OF GOLD

One eve I sat at my window  
And gazed on the sunset fire.  
My soul went out to its brightness,  
My heart was full of desire.  
I thought of the hopes long buried—  
I thought of the living now,  
And the doubts of the past came low'ring  
Like clouds about my brow.  
I saw the sun-glow dimming  
And ghostly forms appear.  
Then I said, "This all is seeming,  
The specter-forms of Fear."  
For the sunset still is glowing,  
Whatever Fear hath told,  
Somehow, the now and the future,  
Must hold a bit of gold.

M. F. CANFIELD.

## CASTLES IN DESMORGENSLANDT

The last of your castles-in-the-air—those evanescent castles that dance so merrily through the soap-bubbled fancy of childhood—have scarcely vanished from your tiny grasp, when there begins to loom before you in their very stead other castles of seemingly greater stability, for are not these—the promiseful structures that gleam so alluring throughout the lovely-visions realm of youth—are not these builded in a **real** country, even in **Spain**? And so it is that your castles-in-Spain bring even rarer delight to the gladdening soul of your youth than did ever your earlier castles-in-the-air know how to bring to the changeful heart of your childhood.

Now ere you are aware these too begin to fade from your ever-broadening horizon. In the strenuous daylight of manhood there is little room for the castles that looked so real when wrapped in the imaginative dream-light of youth. But ever and anon you feel a painfully wistful yearning for a return to that far-away castle-starred realm of the past.

And because the soul of man sincerely craves an occasional brief respite from the callousing realities of the present, you look up one summer day and behold a rainbow-of-dreams. You follow it breathlessly, and now you find yourself entering Desmorgenslandt. Here you look wonderingly around you, and with a tearful thrill of joy you exclaim:

Oh, my dear old long-lost castles-in-Spain,

In Desmorgenslandt I've found you again!

And so saying, you cross the threshold into

### The Fragrant Old Castle-of-Memories.

Within this grey ivied castle your eye penetrates the shadowy twilights until it discovers that the walls are everywhere covered with paintings and etchings redolent of memories. They are all more or less shaded and dimmed by time, yet strangely beautiful, too,—for all the harsher lines have faded completely away, leaving only the softer, sweeter tints in all their purity of color.

The fragrant air is teeming with little winged memories. And when you would approach for a nearer view of the walls, myriads of these hovering spirits flit sweetly before your gaze, each importuning you for a momentary recognition. And you do not begrudge a single one of them the fond glance or the reminiscent caress. How well you remember them all! They once inhabited your iridescent soap-bubble castles and later your even lovelier castles-in-Spain!

When you at last succeed in riveting your attention upon the walls you find portrayed here such a bewilderment of delightful memories that you wander on and on entranced throughout the storied span of your childhood, of your youth, and of your later life. Yes, they are all there, nursery and kindergarten scenes, and all the fond memories of city school days and of country vacation days, of purposeful college days and of glad holiday home-comings, of winter's long business hours, and of summer's short rejuvenating trips.

Ere you quite reach the end of this storied labyrinth you hear far-away music-laden echoes. You follow their trail and presently you pass into

### The Castle-of-Music.

Here the twilight is deeper than that from which you have just emerged. You pause in the resonant hallway to get your bearings.

The air is vibrant with myriads of harmonious echoes proceeding from all quarters of this enchanted castle and all blending here in sweetest accord.

A mysterious spell is being woven around you. You feel that your own uncultivated ear is becoming sensitized until finally you are triumphantly conscious of being yourself in perfect tune. Though you had never evinced any musical ability, yet you had always enjoyed music somewhat more than does the average unmusical person. Now, however, you suddenly feel that your appreciative faculties have increased a hundred-fold.

As you are wafted through one joy-resounding room after another, you hear all the musical instruments that bring pleasure to the heart of man, from the flute to the mighty organ. There are cradle lullabies and church anthems, there are bands and orchestras, oratorios and grand operas. You hear once more "The Lost Chord." You also catch the far-away strains of divine melody floating down from the "Choir Invisible." You listen to the playing of the masters from Orpheus to Paderewski. Then in the silent gloom of the forest-room you presently detect "The Song of the Forest," a very symphony of the myriad music-voices of Nature.

Now the dark is vanishing and your ear is attuned to the "Music of the Spheres." The birds break forth into riotously glad matin-songs. The dawn is fast approaching and you are now standing in the doorway of

### **The Castle-Beautiful.**

Here you gaze in keen ecstasy upon the sunrise scene before you that glows in ever-changing beauty until the sun climbs into view and the sky has absorbed all the color and the clouds themselves, together with the preceding darkness, into its own vast unfathomable blue.

The Castle-Beautiful is perhaps the largest and most varied one of them all. In it you find the crystallization of all that was loveliest in the others. Throughout the Realm-of-Art you wander in ever-increasing admiration of human achievements.

The Realm-of-Literature holds out to you an inexhaustible feast of poetic beauty. The wealth of all ages and tongues is yours for the taking!

But it is in the still more wonderful Realm-of-Nature that your soul finds the sweetest delight. Here you would fain linger always. Here is infinite variety and never-ending supply, for truly "Each day the whole world is born anew!" The birds and the butterflies, the flowers and the trees, the prairies and the mountains, and "the water wide between" are each a source of unspeakable joy to your beauty-loving nature.

And the further you journey the more clearly do you learn to see the half-hidden beauty in the lives of those around you, of those who are, in the name of Christ, selfishly devoting their time and energies to the uplift of their fellow-men.

Now the glories of the sunset sky burst upon your view and ere the night has followed in the wake of the sinking sun, you find yourself at the other end of your rainbow-of-dreams. You emerge from Desmorgenslandt with thankful heart for the lovely castles that have been revealed to you.

You heave a sigh of contentment whenever you think of the fragrant old Castle-of-Memories, and you breathe a prayer of gratitude at thought of the Castle-of-Music and the Castle-Beautiful, both of which you have not yet half explored, and both of which have a place not only in the Past, but also in your Present and your Future.

BARRIE MARTONNE.



# The Spencer-Whitman Round Table

CONDUCTED BY GRACE MOORE

(This department is designed to give expression to the co-operative spirit of the workers at the Spencer-Whitman Center. Such experiences in the every day, domestic life of the To-Morrow Family as may interest our readers, will be recorded and commented upon here, by the workers themselves.) (Editor).

Every "To-morrow" has two handles. We can take hold of it by the handle of anxiety or by the handle of faith.

KATHARINE CONKLIN.

The editor's sense of humor which has more than once saved him from a tragic fate, on the occasion of his collision with a broncho served him ill, for notwithstanding orders from the nurse, and the fact that to laugh produced paroxysms of pain, the Brass Bed fairly shook as Sercombe Himself lay there and recalled the vision of the beautiful lithe Broncho spying him for a mark and with graceful sweep of her Business End tallying the well directed blow on his broad and muscular chest.

Our charming poet friend, Mr. Moore, sent word to the kicked occupant of the Brass Bed that he would do something for him that he very seldom did for himself. "Tell him," said he, "that I will pray for him."  
M. J.

Irrepressible "Anna" came down to breakfast the other morning, with more than her usual smile. She had attended a Socialist meeting in the Ghetto the night before, and had a wonderful tale to tell of awakening interest in the Changing Order by the women of her race. That so many women and girls from the factories and various industrial centers in the district and elsewhere, were present, and taking the liveliest possible interest in the speeches and discussions of the evening, was a matter of as much pride and pleasure to our little Russian comrade as are the flattering additions that she makes to our subscription list.

It is a significant fact and indicative of the trend of the times, that the women of the Producing Class are waking up and thinking. Changes in the great social body come slowly, but thought is an irresistible power and the units of human society will certainly readjust themselves under its resistless sway, and new and better conditions take the place of the old.

Charles A. Sandburg spent a week in Chicago recently and the To-MORROW family was made glad by his presence at their home during his stay in the city. Our readers will remember Mr. Sandburg's poems in our March and April numbers, poems which it will pay them to hunt up and read again.

Wenonah, whose series on "Confessions of a Divorcee" began in the August number, was a caller at the Spencer-Whitman Center one day recently and remained to luncheon. She is a brave little woman who has faced the hard problems of life with that higher faith and courage which make it possible for men and women to step aside from the beaten, conventional paths, and find new views, new possibilities and larger activities.

V. T. R.

R. G. Hafling brought us his farewell offering of wild flowers the other day. He is now in Colorado.

David Graham Engler writes from St. Louis that he has accepted a position in the Indian Territory. He will take charge of some Hygienic Treatment Rooms at Brattleville.

Mr. Smith, who is expecting to make his home at S. W. C., sent his "Red Ravens" ahead of him. Our headquarters is now the abiding place of a flock of ravens which in point of size and color would have startled the immortal Edgar Allen Poe.

Messrs. Comerford and Neiger, attorneys for Johann Hoch, dined with us a few days ago, and incidentally gave us some interesting matter for reflection concerning the celebrated bigamist.

The warning has been sounded by Katharine and Viola that in the future no such word as "stable" or "barn" is to be applied to the neat, clean building at the rear of the Spencer-Whitman headquarters. The erstwhile "barn" is now the "Annex," and there is a general scramble for sleeping space as close to the automobile as the gasoline tank will permit.

The "Shop" is closed for the summer months. The cool fall days will witness fresh activities and greater originality and concentration toward the making of artistic books, furniture, etc.

## A CLASSIC ON P. O. PRESS CENSORSHIP

In the *Public* of Saturday, August 12th, Louis F. Post has surely outdone even himself in his masterly presentation of the question of the Post Office Press Censor Bureau and what it is likely to lead to. His prophecy therein contained showing what the growth and tendency of such a censorship may become is seen in a Mexican publication coming into our hands this day, wherein it is stated that Post Master General Cortelyou has issued orders to detain mail of certain Mexican Plantation Companies on the ground that their issuing fraudulent statements as to earnings, dividends, etc.

Of course, as Mr. Post says, it ultimately becomes a matter of judgment of the Post Office officials what is fraud and what is not. In this connection it is pertinent to mention that at one time the Mexican Government officials arrested and imprisoned several grocers in that country for selling Battle Creek grape nuts, it being ascertained that this popular cereal contained neither grapes nor nuts, hence the arrest for fraud.

It is safe to say that no other publication in the United States will contain so exhaustive and painstaking an examination into the power thus assumed by the Post Office censorship, and we commend Mr. Post's editorial to any of our readers who may wish to go more exhaustively into this subject.

P. H. S.

# The Informal Brotherhood



LINCOLN, NEB., August 3, 1905.

MY DEAR MISS GRACE MOORE:

I am in receipt of your kind letter of July 31, and note your statements therein. Am pleased to hear that you are associate editor on a progressive magazine. Am confident your high grade of mentality will meet with a cordial reception by people who relish clear, forceful and wholesome ideas. Have received and read *To-Morrow* and find it a high grade thought provoker, written in luminous, strenuous, attractive language. The article, "High Finance in Mexico," impressed me as very strong and a robust "eye opener." All the articles of this number merit a careful and reflective reading. I shall be glad to aid in circulating your cards and sample numbers.

Wishing you a full measure of success, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

L. W. BILLINGSLEY.

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If the Cosmic Spirit fills me I am bound to be successful in every undertaking. I shall have health, wisdom and eternal life. I shall not form unjust conclusions upon any subject. I shall be what the Creator of all things designed me to be—a perfect woman.

As a perfect woman I shall have Common Sense as my Guide, Harmony as my Counsellor, and Peace as my Companion. Being created in the image of God, I am also Creative Energy and am able to create conditions of peace, energy and right living among my fellow creatures. Having found myself in relation to the universe, in which I have my being, it is my privilege and duty but to live as I alone feel to be in accordance with the universal principle upon which all things are based. Living thus, why is not my life a pleasure, a benefit, a miracle? Does not the same force actuate my motives, my desires, my aspirations, that operate the elements of structure and of Nature's dominion? Unless I am filled with the Cosmic Spirit, my efforts are in vain. I am weak, dull and unappreciative of the beauties and wonders of the conditions in which I have my being.

For me, but one principle remains. Let me grasp it and I live anew. I am born again, reincarnated, if you like. 'Tis the law of service.

KATHERINE CONKLIN.

HUBBARD THE FEUDALIST, is the title of an arraignment of his East Aurora Lordship which was to appear in this number of To-Morrow, but as Fra Elbertus always gives himself away better in his own language we abandon our original intention and simply reprint this choice bit of fol de rol from the August Philistine:

I see that a jury has brought in a verdict of six cents damages against the New York "Sun" in favor of my friend and coadjutor in the fight for purity, Oscar Lumax Quiggs.

The "Sun" that occasionally blisters all, said that the Professor of Stiggsology, erstwhile editor of the late "Yesterday Afternoon," called Longfellow, the greatest race horse that Kentucky ever produced, a dunghill. Also, that Twiggs had hammered the hymn-writers, and worst of all had compared William Shakespeare and John Rockefeller to the great disadvantage of William.

For these things Friggs felt himself bitterly aggrieved and asked the court to award him a trifle of say, ten thousand dollars as vaseline for his lacerated feelings.

It took five days to try the case, and the learned lawyers cited precedents and incidents from the days of Juvenal down to Connellsville Coke, Blackstone, Belva Lockwood and Marilla Ricker.

Sliggs was on the stand two days and admitted about all that the "Sun" charged, but objected to the nasty way they said it.

As the "Sun," like other newspapers, never says anything about the libel suits that are brought against them—especially, successful libel suits—I am obliged to shine for all, like Billy the bootblack.

That Sniggs mixes an aqua fortis with his ink, and heaves the literary stinkpot with great accuracy, none deny. Yet when the "Sun" snipers got after him a trifle, he calls in Jaggers and together they drag the culprits before Dogberry.

Swiggs does not know that every knock is a boost, and that were it not for the merry anvil chorus the name of Bliggs would still be buried deep in primeval Cook County obscurity.

Zwiggs is no glutton for punishment. He just believes in punishing others. He is a fine example of a literary man who rubs salt into the blistered backs of others, but who faints when pushed toward the public spanking machine, which he himself connived.

Shoemakers' wives go barefoot, doctors never take their own medicine. Ypsilanti folk wear no underclothes, and Kniggs, the knocker, yammers loud for "justice" and gets gooseflesh when you suggest he is a gander gosling learning to hiss.

Ho! ye anarchists who call on police for protection, and who fly to the courts for vengeance, and ye liberals who are afraid of free-speech—which do you fear most, Herr Most, truth or untruth? Do ye not forever declare that truth is what ye desire, and in the same breath say that untruth smirches only the one who deals in it?

Good Togo soldiers should not complain if the enemy occasionally use them for a target.

Would you hold an attorney's elbow in your lap for a week for six cents, or grab at the graification gotten by the thought of revenue and revenge against a corporation run by men who have no souls.

Nemesis got hot after Bfiggs when she ran him up against Sercombe Himself—calamity? I think so. But she biffed him below the belt when she allowed him to go into court because a penny-a-liner intimated that he was a geezer. Nobody can make you ridiculous but yourself. And the man who goes to law to get revenge is as big a fool as one who goes to law for money.

Lliggs is most certainly out of a job.

Fie upon you Phiggs!

There is no copyright on stupidity.

---

TO THE EDITOR:—Your magazine gives me much pleasure. To-MORROW is just what American radicals need. Your policy being safe and sane helps to fill a big gap.

Yours truly,

RISDEN STEWART ASBURY.

# Amusements and Recreations

---

## THE BEN GREET COMPANY

Nothing could more tellingly point to the Changing Order of things than the presentation of Shakespeare's plays in the open air, by Ben Greet and his company. Mr. Greet is a man with a thinker and the courage to be original as he proves to us by his amazingly successful departure from customary forms and fancies in stage-land.

On the campus of the Chicago University and at Ravinia Park, and other out door places of amusement, the "Ben Greets" have been holding large audiences in closest attention to the wonders of Shakespeare.

There are no stage trappings, nor anything to take the mind from the purely abstract and intellectual—not even a curtain rises and falls. The players as nearly as possible appear throughout the performance in the same costumes, no changes being made for mere sensuous effects, as in the ordinary way.

The "Stage" is only the particular portion of the ground or campus which happens to have a natural elevation and a convenient arrangement of trees and shrubbery through which the players may make their entrance and exit with good effect.

It seems a matter for surprise that a presentation so simple, and so entirely opposite in point of attraction, from the plays which year after year fill the money boxes of our down town theaters, should be so enthusiastically received and so thoroughly appreciated.

But the highest intelligence to-day, unmistakably acquiesces in the universal return trend toward simplicity and intellectual and spiritual naturalness. The modern stage with its preponderance of artificialities is like every other social institution, reactionary. In the very extreme of development is found the sure beginning of something finer and higher.

## THE WHITE CITY

No trip to Chicago nowadays is complete without a visit to the White City, the new million dollar amusement park on the south side. Here is concentrated within the space of two square blocks, more of the Chicago spirit which has made things, and now caters to the recreation and amusement of the workers, than in any other spot in the world. The array of beautiful buildings, flower beds, statues and lagoons has cost a million dollars, but it is thrown open to the public for a dime and every attraction on the board walk may be visited at an actual expenditure of \$2.00. It will take the better part of three days to do this though, for there are over thir-

ty-five separate attractions, including the famous Fire Show, The Scenic Railway, Over and Under the Sea, Beautiful Venice, "Bumps," Air Ships, Temple of Music, Animal Circus, Beautiful Jim Key, the educated horse and dozens of others.

At night White City is more than ever deserving of its name. Then it is a fairyland of incandescent brilliance and electrical illumination. A majestic tower carries ornamental rows of electric lights 300 feet into the air, and on every side are the beautiful buildings outlined in electricity. On one side of the tower are the sunken gardens where thousands of visitors sit and listen to the band music and on the other side is a lagoon into which dash boats from the Chutes. On every side is music, mirth and merriment of the wholesome order, and there are always thousands of people there to enjoy it.

### THE BROOK'S CASINO GARDEN

The Brooke Casino garden, where Bandmaster Brooke and his famous Chicago Marine band are established, has come to be a favorite resort for lovers of music. The Tuesday and Thursday night "Rags" continue to find favor with the public and justify Mr. Brooke in his conception of the popular taste. The ladies "Klatsch" concerts on Friday afternoons fill a want which has long been felt in the city, and women find the informality of these concerts to be most enjoyable. As no men are admitted they have the garden to themselves. Three nights in the week—Monday, Wednesday and Saturday—are devoted to vocal features and the best soloists obtainable are engaged for these occasions. Tom Brooke, Jr., has developed into a cornet soloist of note and has a selection every Friday night, at which time some Wagner music or selections from one of the symphonies is also presented. The fourteen soloists of the band appear frequently. G. M.

---

## The Awakening

"Placed here, as on a giant raft, moving along the tides of an infinite ocean, sped from an unknown port and ignorant of its final haven, the race has a common heritage and a common destiny. Gradually, the huddling creatures on the raft become conscious of their powers; they erect shelters from the rain, the heat, the cold, and they fashion clever tools for making articles of use and beauty. By design, say some; by immutable law, say others, this raft is amply provisioned for a multitude of souls and an indefinite voyage; only that in every generation the cunning and the strong take to themselves the greater share, to the deprivation of others; and their right to do so is ever sustained by a succession of ingenious pleas from the mouths of other men themselves, for the most part, sharers in the plunder. But slowly among the victims arises a sense of the injustice, the chaos, and the waste of this practice; and more slowly, but still surely, the determination to be rid of it; to apportion, upon equitable terms, the common burdens, and to distribute, in equitable shares, the common hoard. That determination is the growing and expanding will of the producing classes and its fulfillment will be the co-operative commonwealth."—*W. J. Gent in "Mass and Class."*

# Books, Reviews and Magazines

## The Man of Sorrows.

It was some sixteen months ago in the "Hyacinths" Cottage, John was at his desk in the alcove, Alice was looking over some "Little Journey" manuscript in the front room, and I had just finished a romp and a wrestling match with "Sweetheimer" on the big bear-skin rug that for the moment covered most of the hardwood floor that separated the East Aurora "Browning" from "Elizabeth."

The Little Journeys to the homes of great scientists, including Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall and Heckel had just been scheduled for psychic visits of the Fra's prolific mind, when the suggestion came from somewhere for a series of Little Journeys to the homes of great "prophets." I turned to the Sage of East Aurora, and said, "John, why not write a Little Journey to the home of Christ, the Man? It will make a great hit, think of it, the Nazerene in limp calf done Roycroftie."

Alice looked up, startled, and as Sweetheimer's frouzled hair fell down over her shoulders, she said, "Yes, do it, papa, a Little Journey to the home of Jesus will be great."

"The Man of Sorrows," by Elbert Hubbard, completed, beautifully printed, and a work of genius, now lies on our library table, from whence it is oft lifted, read and discussed.

I recall that once in visiting the National Art Gallery in the City of Mexico there hung in one of the departments devoted to early native artists, a picture of the Lord's Supper, wherein Christ sat at the head of the table as though presiding at a Masonic function, wearing a high crown Mexican sombrero, the disciples with heads bare. The head of the table was in every sense a Mexican Christ, and Hubbard's Little Journey to the Home of Jesus is assuredly a Roycroft Man of Sorrows.

It is true that as a biographer there is an analogy between Fra Elbertus and Herbert Spencer, for while the latter has given to the world the unification of knowledge in philosophy, the former has done the same in biography.

In other words, the harsh critic would say that the Fra plays Hamlet, King Lear, Touchstone and Othello all with the same accent and costume.

The reason Hubbard's biography of Christ is so very good and so very true to the man idea is that a large portion of it could serve equally well in his biography of Chopin, George Sand, Spencer, Michael Angelo or Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

It may thus be said with truth that where Herbert Spencer reached the unification of knowledge Elbert Hubbard has effected the unification of biography.

P. H. S.

---

The Truth Seeker Company, 62 Vesey street, New York, has just issued a fine translation by Frederic Mitchell of Edgar Monteil's "Freethinker's Catechism." This is the catechism which created such a sensation in France some years ago, the clergy being particularly infuriated at its bold opening declaration that "God is an expression." The book was introduced into some lay schools of France, which caused intense excitement among the Catholics. Monteil, the author, was imprisoned in his younger days for his book, "The History of an Ignorantin Brother," but to-day he occupies an honored position under the French government, being prefect of the Haute-Vienne at Limoges. The price of the "Freethinker's Catechism" is 35 cents.

History tells us that there was a time when people were healed of disease through spiritual instead of material means on the theory that the cause of disease lies back in the realm of the spiritual and is a product of sin. The records tell us that Jesus cured disease by casting out sin.

John J. Snyder, in his book, "How to Obtain Happiness and Health," sets forth the idea that to-day people may be healed just as history tells us they were in the time of Christ, by spiritual regeneration.

'The Book of Heavenly Death.'

Why was it necessary for Horace Traubel to burden his latest compilation from Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" with the lid of ghostly sentimentality implied in its title, "The Book of Heavenly Death"?

Neither Thomas B. Mosher, its publisher, Horace Traubel, nor Walt Whitman himself believe in any kind of an orthodox heaven, and surely the "King Lear" graveur of Whitman appearing as a frontispiece is more of a reminder of Don Gonzalo in his wanderings through Gehenna than suggesting any possible relation to the Golden streets, Throne Avenue, or any of the other environs of the place of bliss.

The book is beautifully printed by Mosher, in fact, one of the triumphs of his press, and the selections are all that selections from the works of the world's greatest poet should be, especially when compiled by so gifted and sympathetic a friend as Traubel, but the name is reactionary, and does not sound a little bit like Whitman. However, there should be a copy of this book in every library.

Among Our Exchanges.

The "Literary Digest" keeps to its usually high standard and is a most welcome visitor to our study table each week. Under date of August 12th it contains most pertinent and interesting comments as to the Russian and Japanese peace plenipotentiaries at Oyster Bay.

"Health Culture" for July prints some charmingly clever pictures of women and children in wholesome, active enjoyment of out-door recreations.

"Wayside Tales" for August contains some good "fool" comments, short stories and an article entitled "How I was converted to Altruism," by Oscar L. Triggs.

The July number of the "Primitive Occult Journal," published at Helena, Mont., contains an attractive portrait of the editor, who, by the way, is a woman and writes good poetry.

The "Business Philosopher" is a peculiarly bright little monthly, considering that its philosophy applies to the commercial world and that it teaches to "do good and make money."

"Chain Lightning," a magazine of flash thought, issues its first "flash" under cover of September.

The August "Craftsman" publishes a delightfully illustrated paper on John Burroughs and has its usual amount of reliable and interesting information concerning the many arts and crafts with which it is so familiar.

"Tom Watson's Magazine" for August bristles with first-hand information and pointed reflections. It has this to say: "The average politician does dirty work before he gets his job and very little of any kind afterward."

The "Popular Science Monthly" (August) well deserves its name. It is truly scientific and therefore progressive.

The "Era Magazine" contains an interesting article on "The Truth About Barbarie Fritchie," "Marital Exchanges Among the Smart Set," and other fetching things.

The "Ingersoll Memorial Beacon" (official organ of the Ingersoll Memorial Association of Chicago) is a very strong publication and only 50 cents the year. We hope to keep in touch with it.

The "Vegetarian Magazine" is itself attractive as well as making attractive the vegetarian idea.

The August "Review of Reviews" contains many interesting views and portraits and is as usual replete with information, foreign, national and domestic.



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# The Business End

## MISINTERPRETATIONS

How posterity will give us the laugh!

We are not the creatures we think we are at all.

We reason like fish and mistake the fantastical for the philosophical. See Madam Blavatsky, J. A. Dowie, "Science and Health," Astrology, Palmistry.

We live in cold climates and because we wear clothes, like pissmires with but one idea we grow to believe it WICKED to expose the body.

Expediency becomes translated into a moral code.

Follow the fashion or be crucified.

We live fool lives, break all the laws of health, treat our bodies like enemies, indulge in idleness and excess, and then support a multitude of Doctors, Dentists, Sanitariums and Medicine Factories in the hope that we may restore that which we threw away and have lost forever to ourselves and our progeny.

We know that pigeons and sheep improve as flocks and we weed out the scrubs to keep them from propagating, but HUMANITY'S DEGENERATES are given the pedigrees and opportunities.

We declare for Human Freedom and retain all the forms and practice of Despotism in our schools, churches, homes, shops, manners, customs and dress.

Parents chew the rag about lying, and offer no inducements to their children to tell the truth.

Society frowns on hypocrisy and crucifies the first person who stops pretending.

The talk of lovers is a hodge-podge of irrelevance and lunacy wherein they stridently abstain from the truth and industriously avoid the real issues.

Science proves the efficiency of natural selection and democracy as factors of progress, and the government appoints a *Controller of Currency on lines of Despotism and Paternalism*.

Love cheap! Pshaw! The prevailing epidemic of selfishness has produced thousands of domestic misfits who fail in attracting others, their mental attitude expressed in money value being, "I'll give you five cents if you'll love me."

We are the most unhappy nation in the world, all due to "talking" and belief of "half truths."

After attaining self-consciousness, humanity went *ego mad* and there will be no happiness for us until we are ready to discard man-made systems and with knowledge plus return again to nature.

# To - M o r r o w

For People who Think

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, MANAGING EDITOR

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE



## Indian Summer



Listen: we love summer best  
When she stays, the transient guest  
    Of autumn; when the season's fruit  
    Is ripe; and aspects rich, to suit,  
Are on the fields and woods; when red,  
And gold and brown, beneath the foot and overhead,  
Announce as glowing colors may,  
The year's long happy holiday.

Not at once her splendors die;  
Not at once she bids good-by;  
    But loitering wheresoe'r she will,  
    She keeps her state and beauty still;  
Wooing Time to pause the while;  
Tempting him with song and many a gladsome smile;  
Till the graybeard can but wait,  
Fingering his gauge of fate.

Yes, the maid, all loth to go,  
Nooks and places green doth know,  
    Where her tender flowers we find  
    Nodding in the autumn wind;  
Where the brown belated bee,  
Still storing sweetest sweets, goes buzzing lazily,  
And a lingering, longing bird  
Sings, the rarest ever heard.

The cattle find new juicy grass;  
And through the fields the sheep bells pass  
    On to the vales; where wintergreen  
    And new-sprung flagroot spears are seen.  
The muskrat plunges from the bank,  
And startled minnows, shining, dodge with many a prank;  
And dandelions scatter gold  
E'en from the roadside o'er the wold.

Oft the sun when day is new  
Will drink the heavy beaded dew  
    In a trice, and burn as hot  
    As erst upon the ripening plot;  
And eyes, far-looking everywhere,  
Can see his fervors in the moted, wavering air;  
While rustles answer from the trees  
A slow and sleepy wandering breeze.

Anon at dusk an insect voice  
Untouched of doubt, will glad rejoice.  
    And scents of grass and clover balm  
    Will faintly fall; while in the calm,  
Such stars outwink, and such a moon  
Shines o'er the hills as blessed the rapturous nights of June.  
Ah me! then we love summer best;  
Departing, she shows loveliest.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

# To - M o r r o w

For People who Think

PUBLISHED BY TO-MORROW PUBLISHING COMPANY

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, MANAGING EDITOR

WILLIAM F. BARNARD

GRACE MOORE

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

A MONTHLY HAND-BOOK OF THE CHANGING ORDER

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VOLUME I.

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From Nebulous Matter to Free Society according to Keppler, Newton, Spencer, Darwin, Heckel, Morris, Whitman, Materlink, Thoreau, Kropotkin, and Carpenter.

## HUMANITY

A child of Eternity, gradually formed along with other bodies, out of the cosmic mists.

Gaining in CONSCIOUSNESS, it evolved many silly interpretations, explanations, systems.

Gaining in KNOWLEDGE, it saw the follies its egoism had created.

Gaining WISDOM, he came to know that our business here is to live sweetly, work willingly, and perpetuate our kind, the same as the grass, the fish and the birds.

Gaining ADAPTABILITY, he will one day discard our present complexity of existence and return to simple Nature with knowledge and happiness plus.

The many favorable comments on our letter to President Roosevelt in To-MORROW for last month make it necessary to continue some further discussion of the same subject in this number. We aim to bring into clear relief the difference between the two methods, *Learning by doing* and by *sermonizing*, and to speak plainly, it is the employment of sermons, fault finding and criticism by the parents of this land that is clearly responsible for the wide spread failure to effect a general *character* culture in the minds and hearts of children.

High spirituality and genuine sympathy for the rights and needs of humanity are absent factors in the characters of rich and well-to-do people of all ages, although these doctrines have been talked for two thousand years.

Close investigation discloses the entire inefficiency and incapacity of parents to give their children rational balanced intellectual and physical educations.



The very quality of parentalism robs the child of its power of developing initiative, independence, and that mental attitude of inquiry which is at the base of all power and advancement, because by naturally supplying to the child what, if left alone, it would be obliged to hustle for, prevents the character growth from taking its initiative from within.

The parent is immediately prompted to attempt to supply from without by preaching, that which the child has failed to gain for want of better environment.

We understand that at Point Loma, presided over by Katharine Tingley, this incapacity of parents is well understood, and hence the young are placed in the hands of professional educators, who make it their business, through the inductive method, to bring out the higher qualities of soul, mind and body by furnishing the right motives, incentives and environment to stimulate industry, worthiness, and the proper attitude of inquiry to the highest point.

In truth, it can hardly be expected that parents in this age can also give their lives to become professional educators, hence children left in their hands must need be educated badly.

Many parents will say this is cruel, that they could not bear to be separated from their children, which is pure selfishness; for they show that they are willing to sacrifice the characters and careers of their offspring in order that they may enjoy for themselves the pleasure of their contact and company.

Among the sacrifices that future parents must be prepared to make must surely be that of separation from their children during the period of early education, and the segregation of those children into groups under the care of competent painstaking educators who will supply them with at least five hours of useful and interesting physical work each day to every one hour employed in the study of books and theories.

The crying need of the epoch is the development of men and women of industry, and mental and physical willingness, and a culture that does not cry aloud for Special Privilege by which they may enjoy what others cannot get.

William E. Curtis, writing from San Diego, of Theosophy, makes the following observation which in effect is an arraignment of the wave of mysticism which seems to have passed over this country during the last few years and expresses itself in Theosophy, Astrology, Christian Science, Palmistry, and other fantastic "isms." Mr. Curtis says:

"I regard Theosophy as a temporary fad invented by a woman whose knowledge of human nature taught her that mysteries attract silly people as light attracts moths. Nobody understands the principles of theosophy, nobody can explain them; they are expressed in tangled, ambiguous terms that have no meaning to a

clear mind, but convey an unutterable amount of wisdom and consolation to weak intellects and sentimental souls that are grouping and yearning for something they cannot find."

So thoroughly convinced are we that the segregation of children away from their parents is the only hope whereby a rational and balanced education may be secured, that we shall from time to time make this subject a special theme for treatment in these columns.

We are in an age when our legislators, our courts, our captains of industry, and others who have to do with humanity's needs, must be permitted to attain strong rational and reasonable points of view unhampered by the traditions of superstition. And more than anything else the childhood of this epoch requires the opportunity of a growth that will leave their intellectual horizon clear to see things as they really are.

In the following, Walt Whitman clearly indicates his marvelous cosmic insight and ability to see things as they are instead of seeing them as he was told by his parents, and if he had never written anything but these lines, his name would go down to the ages as a genius incomparable.

"I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contain'd,

I stand and look at them long and long.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition.

They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins.

They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God.

Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things.

Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago.

Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth."

Had we arrived at a common sense view of things, if we were really able to view the criminal as the natural product of our social system, and treat him accordingly, could we but rear our children away from this mania of owning things, and away from the exercise of selfishness in the craze of profit making, then instead of a "fool" there would be a "Walt Whitman" born into the world every minute.

P. H. S.

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#### THE SPENCER-WHITMAN CENTER

Coupling the names, Walt Whitman and Herbert Spencer; coupling the name of one of the greatest poets of all time with that of one of the greatest philosophers of all time, it may be said that the two names stand for two ways of arriving at an important sociological truth; the truth that mankind is a unity of

individualities, developed through evolutionary processes; a unity which is ever becoming more definite and sure, and in which all that is proper to the individual life and character is unfolding into completeness. The name, Walt Whitman, stands for the glad and inspired utterance of this truth; an utterance pregnant with a spirit of imagination and song, and full of lyrical fervor; the name of Herbert Spencer stands for the philosophical demonstration of it, in a labor of investigation and study which is a monument of literary power, treasured by the world of thought in the "Synthetic Philosophy."

Walt Whitman, delving in the depths of a great heart, and interpreting nature according to what he found there, gave to the world a cosmic conception of humanity. All the splendor of a rich and mighty imagination, helped on by a mind clean, and free from deforming "moral conservatism," was expressed in his "Leaves of Grass"; a book which took up the whole of life—every power, every function, every faculty; a book which took up body as well as soul—and conceiving the beauty and unity of the individual in all his powers, went on to unify all life in an harmonious whole, and picture the human race as a race of brothers who after mighty travail and an eternity of waiting and wandering in the wilderness, were coming to the promised land of a true society.

He began by observing and letting his imagination play over the individual; that is, himself. At first hand he pondered a man, that man Walt Whitman. Penetrating the crusts of convention and habit, and the thick-swathing garments of religion, and ethical opinion, as well as prevalent sociological conceptions, he saw himself as he was, a whole man. With the discernment of genius he saw in that man only that which was essentially a unity and a harmony. He interrogated the body, and found in that body no high and no low; no discriminations of clean and unclean; no measure of passions as on the one hand lofty and on the other inferior; no devil and no angel. He discovered a splendid physical instrument, full of adaptations to its environment; a unity of diverse parts, a whole of beauty, strength, and ardent life. And what he saw he sang. He celebrated the body. Then turning to that more mysterious part of man, which, for the lack of a better term, we may call "the soul," our poet went through the same process of investigation; and found there no justification of deforming moral and religious metes and measures; found there only the brother of the body, a power, an agent of light; found mind and feeling, consciousness and emotion; found, not a thing to be saved from hell by titan labors of gods and men, but a thing at one with the body; a thing moving with the body and having its being with it. Body and soul were unified in the fire of the genius

of Walt Whitman, and he saw and sang the whole man; clean, sweet; and wandering in the fields of wisdom to glean their grain.

One unifying conception followed another in this great heart. As men were substantially alike, and as they sought one another as companions, and in loving comradeship trod the same paths, difficult or easy, the paths of life and experience, he saw men surely as brothers, and sang his song of society; the hymn of love bathing all the world of men in its divine baptismal waters. He glorified mankind, the social bond, the interdependence of human beings, the mutual aid seen everywhere; and referring all the friction of society to man's youth and inexperience, he triumphed over the story of human misery and suffering in a burst of harmony which told of the things which are good and the things which will yet be better; of the striving of the race toward the light through the darkness; and of the sure progress being made and the glorious ends of attainment. He saw these things as no poet has ever seen them before, and sang them as no poet had ever sung them, too.

And at last his search for a unity all embracing led the poet to see the whole of nature as a great, though never to be comprehended unity, in which all life, human and animal, moves as one; a synthesis; a cosmic whole moving on its way in an orbit too vast and remote for human understanding to follow; the ultimate mystery of our existence.

Herbert Spencer began where Walt Whitman came to the end of his work, and from the "cosmic process" elaborated the processes of society, and its unity, and the processes of the individual and their unity. Philosopher that he was, the great thinker, while patiently investigating and classifying facts, was moved again and again to high fervor as imagination sped ahead of mind and conceived of the unities which this existence demonstrates. Proof of this is to be found in plenty in "First Principles," the book in which Spencer laid down his plans of procedure in thought and demonstration. But patiently he did his task, and thrived the painful ways of thought till he came finally to man, the individual.

Spencer demonstrated that nature is a unity. He found the underlying and final aspect of phenomena; and reduced all things to manifestation of one force, which he called the "Unknowable." In the world of phenomena in general he demonstrated an evolutionary process, which went on because of the unity in diversity which characterized those phenomena; and which he declared moved toward development and fulfillment. Nature, with him, comprised all that which lies outside man, with all which lies within him; comprised the physical universe and its properties, society and its processes, and lastly the individual; body, mind, and feeling. The cosmic process, he declared, was the moving of

all things in orbits of development from the simple to the complex, and furnished the universal "reason for things." Spencer found unity as the soul of things, and so stated it.

Coming to society, our philosopher demonstrated the unity of social beings; showing that a common character and a similar order of needs must unify those having that character and those needs, and that individuality depends finally for its development upon the social relationships which prevail. A corollary of society is fraternity; brotherhood; comradeship. In his view the social relations of men must evolve until the maximum of individual well being results. He goes so far as to declare society an "organism," though a "discrete" one; and makes men interdependent as completely, if not more so, than even Whitman. With Spencer society is the inevitable uniting of beings in search of themselves.

The individual is the final study of Spencer; and that individual, made up of body, mind, and emotions, is conceived by him in the light of science as identical with the man whom Whitman glorifies and accepts. His powers are all good; there is no low and no high in his faculties or functions; neither body nor soul is sinful in nature, all wrong-doing is but mistaken search for benefit. Religious and conventional moral systems are but imperfect expressions of man; gods are but the fruits of man's imagination; and man, instead of being a chaos of good and evil, is an experimenter in the ways of life; an experimenter who has but an imperfect formula of experiment; but who is developing understanding as he goes. The individual is a unity in the conception of Herbert Spencer; a unity in which all that he is harmonizes with itself and the universe. Man is cleared of blame by Spencer; and with the rest of "the starry throng" is sent on the cosmic way to his destiny with a blessing and a song of praise.

Thus the imagination of the poet and the mind of the philosopher bring us to the same inspiring conclusions, and show us in the unity of the individual, society and nature, a cosmos of divine significance. But, "God is the shadow cast by the soul of man," the poet has it; and just here there properly comes in a requirement of god-like natures. Man must be free, to work out his destiny in the unities. Both Walt Whitman and Herbert Spencer stand for human freedom in the fullest sense; understanding that all bonds and bars and special privilege must go down before the human experimentalist who is finding his way only through his mistakes. Whitman's inspiring confidence in humanity is echoed by Spencer, who would increase freedom and diminish authority by every means possible, and who, with Whitman, accepts all revolutions and all struggles of humanity as part of the great cosmic process. A unity, such as a human being,

can be trusted to find its way. It must be. The poet and the philosopher, in the vast sweep of their powers, and in conceiving the essential oneness of man, and of men, postulated the greatest possible degree of liberty as the means to a well ordered human life, as well as to a properly arranged social body. The coupling of their names then, has an added significance, in that it brings the thoughtful observer fully in touch with the great modern trend of things, as shown in the sciences, and shows that the following of that trend is accelerated by man removing his hand from the wrist of his fellow, which it grasped in restraint, and bidding him "good speed."

The Philosopher, with the poet, taking the one and only possible cosmic view of things, this age is the richer for the lives of both of them. And besides their great and avowed message to man, they convey another to him of almost equal importance if unavowed. That message is this; that neither the mind nor the feelings should dominate life, but that they, too, should unite: unite in a harmony for the inspiration and guidance of man. Man is made up of body, mind, and feelings; in the well-ordered life the feelings balance the mind and keep life sweet and inspiring, while it is reasonable and strong. Whitman stands for feelings, emotions; Spencer stands for mind. The cosmic man is neither a Spencer nor a Whitman; and though in a sense he may be less than either of these, yet essentially he may be greater than either. The mind alone, taken as a guide in life, will not lead us far before we find ourselves grown cold and indifferent; the feelings, similarly obeyed, will not direct us long till we are tangled in conflicting motives and contradictory aspirations and opinions. Wisdom lies in a uniting of the mind and the heart in a unity. Again let it be said; we need a unity of all our powers; a unity which knows no low and no high, no better and no worse; which focuses our beings for their tasks and for their joys in a steady stream of harmonious forces playing upon the just objects of life.

What are those "just objects of life" according to the inspired utterance of Walt Whitman and the soberer thought and reason of Herbert Spencer? They are to live free, full, and rounded individual lives; lives in which the body and all its needs are given fitting place in the economy of things, and in which all its functions can be discharged without reproach, and all its powers fulfilled. They are to live free in mind, as in body, and develop wisdom from experience and love. They are to recognize the sacredness and the beauty of human life and experience as interpreted by the mind, and to exercise that mind without fear and without shame on all that pertains to life; to live free from superstition, and in touch with arts and sciences and all that can inspire and rejoice us. They are, too, to come in contact with our fellow be-

ings under circumstances favorable to the fullest social life: to meet each other on a basis of equality and under conditions calculated to develop fraternity and comradeship. They are to drink the wine of friendliness day by day in the society of fellow workers and laborers, and in the fruitful fields of unexploited industrial endeavor. They are to realize our interdependence and need of each other, and to find the sweets of companionship in sharing each other's joys and each other's sorrows. They are to realize our mutual relations to the whole of nature and to unitedly feel them. The just objects of life are to live and be, and to feel while we live that the good of life is at its maximum and the evil at its minimum; to understand our relation to the universe as far as it can be understood; to live simply, and yet fully, in mutual work and worthy achievement; and finally to be ready to die as we are ready to live, when the time comes, and all the time while we live to be growing in wisdom and in the love of our fellow beings, and nature, which softens and transforms to nameless beauty this human life.

W. F. B.

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### DESIRE AS A FACTOR

(SUBCONSCIOUS.\*)

Desire waits on knowledge and knowledge intensifies desire.

Frequently we find, upon sight of a good thing to eat, that we are hungry. The inclination and desire for food existed in the body, and knowledge that the food was prepared and in readiness, intensified the desire for it. Passing by the tables in a dining-room where all sorts of food are appetizingly displayed, one may suddenly realize a hunger for a certain dish, simply from having seen it in process of satisfying some other person's hunger.

The writer recalls many experiences in connection with a desire to make use of some old, unused, discarded furniture that reposed in the attic of her father's house. In furnishing and decorating her own quarters, she went often to the garret, much oftener than to the furniture store. An old piano stool and a perpendicular box were transformed into a very respectable revolving case for work materials, a tennis box that was at least a dozen years old, did itself proud as a cabinet and magazine receptacle. Old style picture frames were somehow brought up to date, and chairs pronounced useless, were by some trick or other reincarnated.

But not one of these cast-offs in the garret commanded any respect from the household until one member, seeing in her imagination their possibilities, proceeded to make use of them. Scorn was expressed on every face, as piece after piece, creaky and grimy with age, was brought to light.

But hark, you! the instant that the possibilities in those crude objects, as seen by another, began to dawn upon the minds disposed to ridicule, that instant every member of the household desired to possess them. Not a person in the house but desired a revolving case, a magazine cabinet and some chairs and picture frames, exactly like those made out of the despised junk of the garret.

What woman, gowned according to the fashionable dictates of a Worth or a Redfern, will not exchange places with the woman whose individuality is resplendent in a simple little creation of her own that cost but a dollar or two? The occupant of a palace, bought with gold from the Stock Exchange, may well envy a John Burroughs in a mud hut on the hillside.

Why this persistent disrespect of the form and means employed and yet envy and longing for the results achieved? Why do readers of Whitman's poems sneer at the Good Grey Poet's daring use of words that are the language of the huckster and the street urchin, at the same time that they are groaning with a load of agony that is the result of their social exclusiveness, and crying out that they are poor in spirit, and searching vainly for love and companionship? Why this antagonism of humanity to the slow but sure progress toward a Real Democracy?

The world laughs at its Spencers and Whitmans, only because the idea with which they are inspired, has not yet made itself plain to their dull minds *in form*. Aye, more! the idea must appeal in color, taste, flavor, etc., to the elementary physical senses of the mass of human beings 'ere it ceases to question or sneer. The poet and philosopher can not hope for a safe retreat, where no stones will be hurled at him, until his inspiration has been seized upon by his apprentices, and the forms evolved made as perfect as the most exacting mind can picture. Not until his idea *in form* has appealed to and gratified humanity's selfish instincts and desires, may his name be carved on a stone too large to serve as a missile.

Until the New Spirit now laboriously seeking to express itself in new institutions and forms (upon the basis of a common need and desire as opposed to mere personal gratification and self interest) has added the last little gable to its structure and man can no longer deny or resist its attractions, will it be freely acknowledged and recognized that there is any real need or desire for such structure.

But as this Spirit, inaugurated by the author of "Synthetic Philosophy," and by the greatest of American poets, finds its expression in social adaptation to humanity's essential need and desire for social relationship; as new institutions and forms adequately, convincingly and irresistibly express this need and desire, it will be seen that the desire was subconscious, however strongly opposed to its manifestation may have been man's conscious desire.

G. M.

\*Further discussion of Subconscious Desire in November To-Morrow.



# The Nature of Opinion

BY JOHN HOWARD MOORE.

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No being can believe a thing or can keep from believing a thing by simply deciding to do so. Psychic phenomena, like all other phenomena, take place according to fixed laws.

The manner in which any mind reacts on a given proposition depends on the nature of the mind and the character of the given proposition. Opinion is the assent of the mind to that side of a proposition which seems to the mind to present a preponderance of evidence. But which side of a proposition seems to any mind to present a preponderance of evidence depends upon the make-up of the mind—its antecedents, axioms, desires and the general ways of acting which it has during its existence fallen into.

So true is this that a person of long experience in advocating a proposition comes to know beforehand with considerable certainty not only whether his proposition will be accepted or rejected by a given type of mind, but also with what degree of enthusiasm and for what special reasons it will be accepted if it is accepted and about what brand of objections will be made to it if it is rejected.

Opinion is an attitude of mind, nothing more. It is a relation, a ratio. Whether an opinion is friendly or unfriendly does not depend on the intrinsic truth or falsity of the proposition concerning which the opinion is held, but wholly on the congeniality or the lack of it between the mind and the proposition.

An opinion is, therefore, not simply a reflection on the proposition, but also and always a comment of considerable significance on the mind holding the opinion. A mind proclaims its character by its selections—its alliances and enmities—just as a human being shows his character by the company he keeps.

It would be just as well if the human species would bear this fact in mind. For, if people generally came to realize that opinions are not altogether deliverances in which judgments of greater or less finality are pronounced on propositions, but are rather in the nature of discharges which indicate with faithful accuracy the inner character of their minds, they might be moved to be a little more discriminating, at least, and possibly even a little more economical in their eruptions.

What the mind of any individual or race contains or is made up of depends on two things: The neutral structure or architecture with which the individual or race comes into existence, and

the experiences through which the individual or race passes after coming into existence—in short, upon *Heredity* and *Environment*.

But no two individuals or races ever commence existence with the same antecedents or spend their lives in surroundings precisely alike. Hence no two individuals or races are intellectually identical.

Out of this fact—the almost infinite variety in human mind—arises the almost infinite variety in the opinions held by men regarding truth and duty. *Different* individuals and races in *space* have different opinions on the *same* proposition, simply because the proposition sustains to the mental make-up of each a different relation; and the *same* individual or race at *different* periods of *time* may have different opinions on the same proposition, owing to the changes in mental composition taking place from one period of time to another.

Travel over the earth. Take any set of assertions bearing on science, art, politics, religion or philosophy. And as you pass from people to people and from land to land, every conceivable variety of opinion will be found to exist regarding the propositions. And about the same variety of attitude will be met with in passing from one individual to another in the same locality. Different minds are tempered differently and are not affected in the same way by the same thing.

So varied is the human mind, owing to the almost infinite variety in human heredity and environment, that it is almost impossible to frame a proposition so bland or righteous that it will not somewhere on the face of the earth be rejected by men, or to formulate one so absurd or monstrous that it will not somewhere find fitness and exemplification.

Since individuals and races have, or are likely to have, at one period of existence, a very different mental make-up from what they have at another, it follows, as a second corollary of the initial truth of this sketch, that the same individuals or races have, or may have at different periods of their existence, very different opinions regarding the same proposition. Individuals and races change with time. They evolve—the most of them, at least. Every human being who is mentally natural is moving; and everyone who is going forward is likely to be arriving with greater or less regularity at that stage of development in which he looks with incredulity or loathing upon his former opinions and is disposed to accept those which from a less advanced point of view seemed preposterous.

It is the same way with races as with individuals. Races evolve. They cast their skins like snakes. They arrive at new ways of looking at things. They receive revelations. Old forms of thought fall away and are succeeded by new ones, like the

leaves of recurring summers. Shrines at which one generation adores become to succeeding ages desolate and despised. The earth is filled with rotting idols, molding and untenanted temples, moribund philosophies, discredited heroes, crumbling creeds and dead gods.

Every great truth today cherished by mankind was in its infancy rejected and spat upon, and the most monstrous fictions have at one time or another been mistaken for truths. The world is a blind man, and to a blind man a truth looks like a vegetable.

That the world we live on is not flat but spheroidal, that it moves, that the sun (not the earth) is the chief of our band of spheres, that matter and tendency are immortal, that the earth and the life on it have evolved and are very old, that the human blood circulates, that man is an animal, that kings are not little gods, that education is a good thing for the "common herd," that other men have rights and feelings and chances of heaven, all of these propositions and dozens of others which are today generally accepted as matters of course have been at one time or another so bitterly assailed by the human mind that men in many cases took their lives in their hands who affirmed them.

New ideas make their way into the world by generations of elbowing. They make themselves known to the eminence first, and from these upper places they spread laboriously to the lowlands.

It is not a fact to be proud of, certainly, that we live in and are confined to a world where every new truth that comes into it has got to sneak in on its hands and knees, and where there is so little encouragement to genius and originality that

"A man is thought a knave or fool  
Or bigot plotting crime  
Who for the advancement of his race  
Is wiser than his time."

### TO-MORROW'S PRIZE CONTEST

(In reference to the prize contest announced on the cover and on page 58, the three prizes, \$25, \$15, and \$5 respectively, will be paid for the three best answers to the question.

**"WHY IS 'TO-MORROW' THE MOST VITAL PUBLICATION TODAY?"**

To ascertain why "To-Morrow" is the most vital publication it will be necessary to search its pages. The answer will not be found written ready to be copied off by the contestant, for the winners will be those who, from a study of the September, October and November numbers, glean and give in their own language the strongest and best answers to the question.

"To-Morrow" is unique. It is not a "chap book." It is not ORDINARY. It is different from any other publication, and those who best understand and state this difference will win the prizes.

# Statutory Control of Insurance

BY J. HENRY WESTOVER.

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Part VII concluded in this number.

1. The great life and fire companies—all the trust combinations—know the power and potency of graft; and they know, indeed, everyone who has investigated the subject knows, that the evil influences of graft finds its way into departmental control of insurance with little or no difficulty, and that graft, criminal graft, is the medium by which these departments have been made the mere tool of those concerns. The experience of the companies with departmental supervision for the last forty years has encouraged them to rest their faith in their ability to influence a Federal institution with equal facility and with less cost and trouble than is now being experienced in handling fifty state departments.

2. It is impossible to conceive of a huge government department being so effectively organized as to secure adequate supervision of insurance companies, and to eliminate the element of graft which must be if it is to be effective. So extensive would be the labors of this department that numbers of assistants would be required to do the work; and, however honest or capable the chief officer of the department might be, he could not know of or superintend the work of his assistants. To say the least dangers of corruption in such a department, where young and inexperienced men are to come in contact with men of experience, skilled in the arts and wiles of "influencing" departments and backed by companies representing billions of dollars in assets, are so great as to render such an experiment exceedingly hazardous.

3. Federal legislation and federal execution of the laws have always favored the money power and corporate greed. Corporations, however, which possess small capital, especially insurance and kindred companies, would suffer most, and these are what the people are most interested in sustaining. Federal supervision would place the ban of disapproval upon the great bulk of fraternal benefit associations. In fact, any institution of this character in which the benefits of the associated business is participated in by such members only as meet their obligations to their co-members, would, if it should advertise the actual benefits it

was able to pay, surely receive the disapproval of the government and would be denied the privileges of the mails. Strange as it may seem it is nevertheless true that the United States government fosters and encourages only that class of insurers who engage in a system of extortion, and when this element is not within the scheme of insurance—when the insurer attempts to give the insured a just proportion of the profits of the business to which he is entitled—our Uncle Sam is sure to denounce the insurer as a fraud. This sounds strangely enough, but the writer is in a position to furnish indisputable evidence of the truth of the statement. If the very large profit, commonly called the “lapse profit,” derived from the failure by policy or contract holders to pay premiums or assessments or dues in life insurance, mutual benefit and kindred companies (and as to which there is no reason in morals or in law, except in cases of statutory restrictions, that those members who are not delinquent should benefit, and the amount of which can be estimated with reasonable certainty) is, by any scheme of insurance or investment, agreed to be paid to the policy or contract holder and is so advertised by the company, then the very fact that such profits are large to the beneficiaries is sufficient, in the estimation of the government, to brand the venture as fraudulent. But if the promoters of such a scheme agree to pay to the policy or contract holder a small proportion of the profits only and appropriate to themselves the greater part of them, then it would have the unqualified support of the government officials. This very thing has happened in a number of instances, and not infrequently has the government made itself, indirectly, a party to an enormously extortionate scheme of insurance or investment. Some of these instances have revealed the most startling cupidity, stupidity or fraud on the part of government officials. In one instance a company was organized in Michigan, its object being to furnish to men of small capital an opportunity to make savings investments. Its plan of business was published in full. Its literature was submitted to the postoffice authorities at Washington for their approval in order that its freedom in the use of the mails might be pre-judged. The attorney general, in behalf of the postoffice department, wrote a letter to the promoters of the venture in which they and their plan were heartily approved, and this letter was copied in print and circulated for advertising purposes. Soon afterwards the plan was carefully studied by honest and competent actuaries who came to the conclusion that the advantages of the scheme were not fairly distributed and that by reason of the large lapse profit the investors could be paid a larger dividend and still leave a very good thing for the promoters and stockholders. They proceeded to organize a company

to engage in the business upon precisely ~~the~~ same plan as that of the Michigan company, excepting only that the dividends promised were larger in the latter concern. The form of contract, together with the other literature of the latter concern, copied almost verbatim from that of the Michigan company, were forwarded to the same attorney for the government as had sent his approving letter to the Michigan company, and his opinion was requested. A reply quickly came from this gentleman in which he seemed unable to find words sufficiently energetic to express his disapproval of the plan proposed. The profits proposed to be paid to the investors were such, in the opinion of the attorney, as to sufficiently condemn it as the vilest kind of gambling scheme, and the organizers were awarded for their desire to do the fair thing by being branded as unworthy the use of the mails. And now, good reader, you can see wherein lies one important element—where one important factor intervenes—to aid, stimulate and encourage the great life companies in promoting their schemes of dishonesty and fraud—wherein the power of this great government is subverted with greed of gold and lust of power. These great companies are perpetrating more frauds every month—are violating the spirit of the law by which corruption of the mails is forbidden, than can be counted against all the remainder of the population of the country combined in the course of the year. Do you wish to leave the matter of supervision in such hands? Or will you see that penal laws are enacted by which the abuse of the trusts imposed in the officers of insurance corporations may be punished!

Department supervision of insurance is a deplorable failure. Drunken with its orgies in corruption it has fallen enmeshed in the rank and poisonous growth of the weeds of criminal graft, and every motive of good with which it may have been endowed has withered and perished in their baleful presence.

Government supervision of insurance is a delusion and a snare. There is nothing in it that promises more than has been promised many times before by state supervision. There is no more promise of purity in government supervision than there has been found in state supervision.

Departmental supervision of insurance should be banished from the earth, and with it the multitude of grafters attached to the institution.

Corporate affairs, as under the corporations act of England, should be subject to full, free and untrammelled investigation by any interested person. Every policy holder may and should constitute his own supervisor, and should be backed by penal laws that would enable him to punish those who abuse their trust as insurers or practice frauds upon the insured.

Distribution of surplus profits to policy holders in life insurance companies, whether on the mutual or stock plan, should be made mandatory as often as once a year.

Proxies by policy holders in mutual companies to vote in company meetings should be made revocable at will.

Only purely mutual life insurance companies should be permitted to organize. Then all profits would be payable to those who pay in the money from which profit is derived. Why is it that the state now compels the policy holder of a purely mutual company now organizing to pay a part of the profits of the business to a stockholder? Why can not men engage in mutually insuring each other without the incubus of a "guarantee capital stock" to draw from them a part of the moneys they pay as premiums? Why should the policy holder be compelled to put up his money to enrich a guarantee stockholder? Is it the plan of the departments of insurance and of the grafters to compel the reenactment of the Equitable fiasco in every new life company that is organized? One can find no other excuse for the guarantee capital requirement in the organization of a new life company.

The amount of capitalization of stock fire insurance companies should be reduced to \$25,000. That amount is ample to secure good faith on the part of the company; and honest and intelligent management is all that is required to make its insurance "safe."

To those who have studied the condition of the law with regard to the control of the business of insurance, the opinion appears to be growing that special legislation of the kind is valueless; and that such general laws covering corporations of all sorts, including insurance companies, should be adopted as will insure greater integrity and honesty upon the part of their managers, and easier access to corporate books and records—in short, more publicity concerning their affairs, which would enable interested persons to more easily protect their interests.

#### ADENDA.

As the last of the series of papers on "Statutory Control of Insurance" goes to press, comes abundant confirmation of the truth of the writer's statements, as well as the correctness of his conclusions therein.

Representatives of the departments of insurance of seven states—Tennessee, Kentucky, Illinois, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan and Iowa—met on the 2nd of August at the Great Northern Hotel in Chicago, as it is stated "to frame up a raid on the big life companies of the East."

The "Big Three" of New York—the Mutual, the Equitable and the New York Life—it seems are deeply immersed in a

"scandal," and so, too, in this same "scandal," mention is made of the Metropolitan, the Prudential and the Pennsylvania Mutual companies.

As to Mr. Host, of Wisconsin, faithful ever to his purpose of fighting the corrupt managers of insurance companies, one naturally expects his hearty co-operation in this movement; but it must be somewhat discouraging to this earnest and honest official to find such lukewarm support from the other department officials. In the great western states, only the seven named were represented by the attendance of their chief officials, and of these four only joined the raiding party. Mr. Brinkerhoff, with his little valet, Vredenberg, graced the occasion with his presence, but, as a newspaper had it, he was "hampered in his decision" because Governor Deneen might some day appoint another superintendent in place of the present incumbent. Ah, fortunate Brinkerhoff! To be thus "hampered" is so much better than to have no excuse at all for evading his plain duty. Spineless and wobbly legged as it is, it affords an easy escape from being placed in the embarrassing situation of joining Host and others in an investigation which is sure to condemn the insurance company managers whose tried and true friend Mr. Brinkerhoff has always persisted in remaining. In other words, the Illinois department prefers this imbecile excuse rather than unite in a proceeding which is bound, in effect, to condemn the department.

The most interesting feature of this action by department officials is that it is inspired by a "scandal" about life companies; that a "scandal" seems to be pre-requisite to the department's activity in attempting to eradicate the evils of corruption within those companies. That these companies were overstocked with food for scandal the department officials have known for years, and had they acted in accordance with their sworn duty and sacred obligations, the publicity of the "scandal" never would have been. Considerably over a year ago, at a time when Mr. Brinkerhoff was not "hampered in his decision," he was well aware of the fact that the Wisconsin commission instituted an open fight upon the frauds of the life company officers. He had an opportunity then to unite in the warfare instituted by Host. But he was silent, and by that very silence he approved of the robbery of poor men's money, as carried on by the "Big Three" and many other companies.

The people are now asking these questions: "Would there have been a life insurance 'scandal' if the department heads had done their duty?"

"Is a department of insurance of any value if it fails to prevent the possibility of all such scandals?"



# Confessions of a Divorcee

TO HER FIRST BORN.

BY WENONAH.

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## PART III.

Charles and I had been betrothed less than a month when my folk returned to Minnesota. The night before we left Boston Charles was vexed because I perisisted in asking the third wish with which he had put on my ring, but he shifted the conversation by telling me how much he would miss me. I jokingly stated that, as I had never read a love letter, I was glad I was going away. I knew he was angry, but I honestly meant what I said, so did not retract. He went to the piano and vented his spleen upon that.

It may seem to you that this and some other things I shall say have no direct bearing upon my story, but I shall not mention one fact which has not a strong relation to the case under discussion, unless it throws a sidelight on character and makes things plainer that way. In trouble such as ours later proved to be, it is a matter of emotions that counts and these must therefore be understood. In this case Charles turned to the instrument as a solace to injured pride; and I enjoyed his playing, for I was "music mad" in those days, though I seldom touched the piano myself because I never did believe a woman could get full tone-value out of one and I always disliked doing a thing which I could not do exceptionally well.

Looking back to those days, I know that there were hundreds of trifles which should have warned me that Charles and I were not suited to live together—trifles which were inconsequential in themselves, but the sum total of which fretted me, though whenever he played or sang for me, I ignored the vexatious things. By these trifles I mean such things as keeping his seat in the car while his weary father stood, making crass puns about things which should be treated with reverence, or haggling with dealers over a few pennies when the purchase was unimportant. I thought I should become accustomed to these and similar things—which no man of my own family ever did—or that he would outgrow the habits, but neither ever came to pass. Then, as many times later, I often blushed for some little thing which he did—and it is not good for a woman to feel shame for the man she marries.

As I said before, if it was not his musical ability and my pity for him, I do not know in what my interest for Charles consisted at this time, for we were as unlike as any two people could be

in our manners, mode of thought and ideas of morality. To this day I do not know what attracted him to me, unless it be that I was a "boys' girl"—a comradely type unlike the young ladies he met elsewhere.

Nothing of importance transpired that autumn, but the ensuing winter was a hard one which rapidly developed me from childhood to womanhood. I had a spirit of admiration for my father which would seem odd to you and which came largely from his standing to me in the place of a mother as well. When only ten, I saw him have what the physician told me was an apoplectic spell, and this same doctor warned me that papa ought not to be unduly worried about anything, as over-excitement might kill him. This is the whole secret of my position in his household. Under normal conditions, if I had been treated unjustly, I would probably have told him, but no matter what occurred, I was afraid to carry it to papa for fear it might be the dreaded cause of nervousness which would bring him death. This in a manner reversed the positions of parent and child, and all my life I have tried to shield him, instead of asking him to bear a portion of my burden as a child naturally would. It will be necessary for you to bear this fact in mind many times.

New Year's Day papa asked me to stay with him while the family went to a matinee. He talked very seriously to me (though he was proud, in his way, and not one apt to confide in others), telling me that he had been most unfortunate in business and that his wife was not doing without luxuries with good grace, and adding: "Winnie, if I knew a train leaving here tonight on which every passenger would be killed, I would take that train so mamma could have my insurance and be satisfied. This thing is driving me crazy, but I dare not kill myself."

This was the first time that my father ever treated me as a woman, though he had often said that in some ways I was "born a grandmother and would die a baby." The interview was one of my life-posts. There are no words in which I dare say how I felt when I realized that the one whom my father had put in my dead mother's place was hounding him to his death, because she could not dress and entertain as she wished—though we always lived better than anyone you have known in your short life. Before this I had rebelled against her injustice to me and what I deemed her hypocrisy; from this time on I bore papa's sorrow with my own.

A few days later he was taken dangerously ill, but there is little that I need tell you of the fearful weeks which followed. Two things need to be known to you:

One evening the physicians had announced that there was no hope, yet papa's wife and sons went to bed, leaving the nurse

and myself to watch—as he was delirious and could not miss them. In the night the nurse was taken ill and for the remaining hours I was alone with my father. About two o'clock he awoke, apparently sane, and asked if I was afraid to stay with him while he died, urging me to call no one. I had never seen death, but I was fearless. In the hours which followed papa had that strange strength which sometimes comes to those near the portals and talked a great deal, among other things begging my pardon for leaving me financially dependent upon mamma and explaining that he “never understood.” Then he requested that I stay with her for a time after his death, so there would be “no gossip,” and though she had practically told me that day that she expected me to make a home elsewhere as soon as the funeral was over, I let him believe that all was to be as he wished.

In spite of doctors' verdicts he recovered. One morning I was attending to his needs when he told me to call mamma. I found her upstairs, eating an orange, and she very regretfully accompanied me to his room (which she had not entered half a dozen times in more than as many weeks), and said: “What do you want?” Papa replied that “Winnie” had bathed him as much as possible so he had sent for her, to which she bluntly responded: “I guess it will not hurt your daughter any more to bathe your body today than it has when you did not know it.” I shall never forget how ghastly his face grew as he asked: “Do you mean that my daughter has done this? Today I'll wash myself”; and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he turned away. That was the one thing needed to fix my determination to leave home as soon as he could spare me. But papa did not suspect that it was in performing these duties—which should have been his wife's portion, since when delirious he would not allow the nurse to attend to them—that I discovered the physical differences of sex, to which I had never given a thought. And such discoveries are a shock, when they come in the wrong way.

When papa was convalescent, I wrote him that I could no longer remain in his home. I always wrote important things, for if my heart was too full and he petted me, I was sure to break down and I disliked to lose self-control. I do not know just what he suspected as to my motive, though one of the physicians had said he intended to let papa know that my position in the household was horrible, but I was not questioned when he assured me that I could spend the winter of 1884-5 at a distance.

This is how it came that I was with my stepmother's sister that year in Boston, much to Charles' satisfaction.

The early part of the visit was uneventful. I think Charles felt that I was lamentably ignorant about vital matters, for several times he introduced the topic of marital relation, always

saying things which might as well have been Greek for all that I understood of them. I usually nodded or said no, whichever I thought he seemed to expect, and changed the conversation as quickly as I could. One evening he brought up Fowler's "Science of Life" and asked me to "read it from cover to cover." I believe that his motive was all right in this, but the illustrations offended my ideas of propriety and I never read a page, though I dared not admit this to him. Soon thereafter your grandmother spoke of his loaning me this book as if I had been contaminated by it and that closed the last chance that I might have learned those things which I should have known before I married. It is a pitiful thing for a girl to be motherless, or to have guardians who lack the moral courage to teach her the great truths of generation!

Charles' mother always treated me as if I were a child who had wronged her and whom she was entertaining on sufferance. She had the New England provincialism which thinks no good thing can come out of the west, so she chided me for everything I did which was unlike Massachusetts' standards; for using "right" in place of "very," for rolling the letter "r," which was not pronounced in Boston in those days, for using the Minnesota idioms of affirmation and negation, which she regarded as disrespectful, and for a hundred and one other things. And your Aunt Nellie was an echo of her mother's sentiments *re* the west.

All this was inexpressibly galling and you can not understand it without a better idea of my nature. I was too proud to show pride, if you know what that means, and had always been accustomed to leadership as a right. I was American enough to be ashamed of being proud of my lineage, but at the same time gloried in the fact that my ancestors were members of the nobility of Province over five hundred years ago, that they had made members of the French nobility in the next century and later were knighted in England—all of which you will find in Brittanica and Burke when you care to find out how your mother's race has benefitted the world. All my life those about me (except my stepmother) had treated me as if I were of finer clay than they and I was so accustomed to this homage that I accepted it as I did the color of my eyes, and thought no more of it until placed where that deference was lacking. I will leave you to imagine how an atmosphere of fault-finding hurt me.

Late in March of '85 I called to invite Charles' sister to stay with me while Aunt Emma and her family were away for Fast Day vacation. It happened that as soon as I entered the house I was taken to task for some trifling thing which would have been unquestionable when judged by the standards of westernized English gentlefolk, but was heinous in your grandmother's eyes, and I was so hurt that I decided to stay alone, unchaperoned, during auntie's absence, rather than ask a favor of those who seemed to delight in insulting me. That decision affected my whole life—and yours.

# Subjugation of Elbert Hubbard

BY CHARLES A. SANDBURG.

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The subjugation of Elbert Hubbard has been in process now for some years. Socialists have resented his socialism and individualists have ridiculed his individualism. For his methods in advocacy of the co-operative commonwealth, he is denounced as a spurious revolutionist; for his association with the common people and his defiance of conventionalities, he is condemned as dangerous to society. Big business men have adopted his "Message to Garcia" as the strongest vindication ever written for the employing class. Humanitarians have pronounced his "Consecrated Lives" one of the masterpieces of literature pointing toward that cherished possibility, "The universal brotherhood of man."

The *Philistine* has a circulation of more than 125,000 and it is probable that Elbert Hubbard addresses more than 600,000 persons each month. This audience is composed of neither children nor fools. The *Philistine* is replete with suggestions, topics and allusions that have their roots in wide experience and wide reading; it is read and its exterior meanings can only be grasped by persons who have had wide experience. Elbert Hubbard has gained a hearing from those more enlightened classes who recognize that civilization is yet at its dayrise and there must be a considerable infusion of new truth before we arrive at better days. It is this new truth so often thrown out by the *Philistine* boloist that scruffs the hard skin of the superior class. None who know Elbert Hubbard will deny but that he has such executive abilities and material perceptions that had he chosen or did he choose to-day, he could be enrolled in the millionaire list. But the barbarous, hard sinewed soap maker had aspirations.

Under the dome back of his forehead, he chased out the bats, the night moths, chickens, pigeons and ambitions for millions. He let in eagles. He took to Emerson, Whitman, Morris, Tolstoi, art, philosophy and work. He wrote "Little Journeys," accounts of the adventures of his soul in places where a soul may grow. The country took to the "Little Journeys." Back of them were sharp eyes, imagination, capacity for foolery, and best of all, a big heart that had suffered and come to a comprehension of the vexed, the baffled and stricken as well as the careless and gay hearted. The critics said the "Little Journeys" were very good stuff—were literature. Reviewers gave the writer a caress

on the spine with the frequency with which they bestow that cordiality on a promising new comer. They saw a possible winner of book world futurities.

This was before that lean dun broncho called the *Philistine* entered the choicer upland pastures of the literary preserves and began to browse on sacred ground and radiate deviltry.

The *Philistine* was issued; in it remarks and observations were tendered in a bold, picturesque vehemence that made the public pause and say "What are we going to do about this?" Now and again there were rancous jabs so scornful and imperious that the already highly stimulated public got a new shiver. There was power, emotion, thought and a lift in some direction on every page. Each number was a document portraying a social, industrial, literary, religious rebel—one not at peace with existing conditions—an astonishingly practical plenipotentiary from Utopia—a gentleman, a liar, a bandit, a Viking, a tireless warring opportunist. To be sure there was optimism and good will in the little brown pamphlet; and there was a bright imperturbable courage that insisted on going to hell if that must be, jauntingly, laughingly, like a man. But serene and well controlled under all the vaudeville monologues and rhetorical acrobatics, was an implacable sentiment that called for the abrogation of treaties between Sham and Reality, between worn out Truth and new Truth.

The result was that "Little Journeys," the *Philistine* and "Fra Elbertus" were marked for subjugation. With scarcely one exception the "leading" magazines, which are supposed to reflect everything of significance and moment in literature, inaugurated a policy of silence. The amusing feature of the policy was the unusual dilemma in which it placed the critics. To attack Hubbard was to advertise him. To say nothing was to approve of him. The result of trying to unmask a villain without showing his face made the critics feel like Du Maupassant's peasant and his adventure with a piece of string. They are not guilty, but they have a capacity for guilt. The *Philistine* pushed on and made a public for itself. It has a large circulation now, and for some years past has had a larger circulation each month than any "best selling book" in America has totalled in any one year in the last decade. Then why this quiet? Why do the literary periodicals play false to their readers? Even if the Hubbard propaganda is beyond a doubt immoral and damnable, have not the readers of the big magazines the right to interpretations and analyses of the meaning of its wide circulation and influence. By what right do the *Bookman*, *Munsey's*, *The Critic* and similar publications print occasional insidious denunciations of Hubbard, yet never venture on even a slight inquiry as to why his lucubra-

tions circulate so thoroughly among people on the very forefront of the world's battle of thought?

It may be because Elbert Hubbard is undermining the reputations of established churches; because he insists on work for the idle rich and work for the idle poor; because he does not stand pat on the present system and is trying to replace competition with co-operation; because he would rather have a great intellect in a bungalow than a million dollars in a soap factory; because he has identified himself with street gamins, monists, heretics, cowboys, mothers, lovers, babes and sages and fused the styles of all into his own style. This is contrary to accepted codes of pen craft. Hence the literary cadets who try to pick him off with a noiseless rifle.

Why revert to history and follow the style of Voltaire or of Hugo? Why revivify the suppression of Emile Zola? Why not watch the subjugation of Elbert Hubbard?

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### THE CONFLICT

BY MARY O'REILLY.

The conflict! I watch it from afar;  
Or, struggling in the midst of it, I go  
Forward through the ranks of men who make  
The mighty conflict.

Oh, the battle cry!

The whispered hate, the smoother-toned deceit,  
The cry of fear, the moaning of despair  
I hear, I hear; and down into my soul  
Go those discordant sounds, and, raging there  
Within me, is the conflict, the despair.  
For in my soul are all the souls of men,  
And in my soul I long for harmony,  
And in my soul I bow me down and pray  
That love may live among the sons of men.

Escape the struggle? Never; though I bow  
All spent to earth which drinks the drops  
Of life-blood oozing in the bitter strife  
Within my soul.

And yet I know that I  
Would drain my chalice to the bitter dregs,  
Would spend my life-blood drop by drop, and joy  
To spend it, if it would, to human kind,  
Bring hand-touch, heart-touch, soul-touch, harmony,  
The brotherhood, the love of man for man.  
In which the perfect man shall grow on earth  
And rise therefrom when, schooled by mortal life,  
He goes forth free, to meet the Infinite  
And offer and receive a perfect love.

The contents of these chapters on "High Finance in Mexico" will be printed in book form in both English and Spanish and sent by mail on receipt of 25c.

# High Finance in Mexico

BY PARKER H. SERCOMBE.

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## PART V.

Nothing better illustrates the tendency of so-called advance races to revert back to their savage instincts immediately restraint is removed than the avidity with which Americans in Mexico seize opportunities to take advantage of antiquated class laws and methods, still operative there, but long obsolete in every Anglo-Saxon country.

The fact that in Mexico a man is guilty until proven innocent, and that libel is punished whether the alleged defamation is true or false, leaves the door wide open for the malicious, mischievous and narrow minded to persecute their real or imagined enemies in many annoying and vicious ways, and it is sad to relate that Americans in Mexico, while ridiculing and denouncing the moss back laws that permit it, vent their spite upon each other in a pusilanimous fashion that would make them the object of scorn and ostracism in their own country.

The very Americans who scoff at the laws which permit it are the ones who entirely outdo the natives themselves in the matter of ordering arrests on the most trivial and ridiculous charges, and to such an extent has this been followed that there are few active Americans in Mexico whose photographs and anthropometric measurements do not form a part of the records of the rogues' gallery.

That which becomes a feud in Kentucky, a tea-table denunciation in Connecticut, and a hold-up in Arizona, manifests itself in Mexico in searching out two witnesses who will offer corroborative testimony that "he called me a son of a gun," or "W. Geronimo Moler," for instance, "has said that I have bats in my belfry, thus holding me up to ridicule," in effect offending his dignity and perhaps lessening his opportunity for graft, which, of course, is a **SERIOUS** injury.

The court experiences of F. P. Hoeck, Richard R. Chism, A. J. Porter, John L. Stark, Charley Keefe, W. J. Veale, W. D. Crittenden, Arthur Schmidt, Philip Roeder, James McLeod and any number of others are significant instances of the pusilanimous tendencies of Americans who take advantage of these silly regulations.

Among the attorneys of Mexico who make a specialty of fomenting this class of insignificant cases are L. F. J. Austin,



Raphael Pardo and Judge Ignacio Sepulveda. An interesting book could be written simply detailing the outrages, misappropriations, and rank robberies which Raphael Pardo alone has perpetrated upon his unsuspecting clients.

One day while I was acting as power of attorney for an American corporation he proposed making a fee of \$600 for a trivial legal service that should not have been more than \$25; and he actually made out the bill and receipted it with the expectation of DIVIDING, \$300 to be for himself and the other \$300 for me.

On another occasion, in order to force me to accede to his wishes to wreck a corporation largely owned by an English woman in order that he might benefit to the extent of \$3,000, this legal light of Mexico took me into his private office and after telling me that he was a member of congress and had great influence in the courts and in business and financial circles, said that he would follow me relentlessly as a stearn and implacable enemy if I opposed his demands, and that he would crush me as a worm with the power of his influence.

Suffice to say that I did not accede to his wishes, and through a period of some four years he DID pursue me with as many kinds of dirty work as his low-browed, vicious imagination was able to contrive.

Pardo does not belong to that group of high class ring masters of degeneracy known as the "Forty-One," he is not quite aristocratic enough to be the companion of Nascio de la Torre, Emilio Velasco, Chato Moran, etc., but for consistent sincere dirty work he is the prize article. Like Attorney Icaza, who for six years has been the custodian of the effects of H. T. Paull, Pardo takes advantage, not for his client, but for himself, of all the law's delay, and of all the little brief authority that may come to him in order to wear out, tire out and consume the time of distracted litigants and thereby force them, especially if poor, to settle on HIS terms.

As an example of these tactics, for which Mexican courts are famous, Attorney Icaza, six years ago, attached some \$3,000 worth of goods belonging entirely to parties out of the suit, and under the guise of holding them for a judicial adjustment, he still retains them in his possession, always assuring the injured party that he knows he has no right to the goods, but that the exactions of the law make it necessary to retain possession until final settlement, which is usually the very extreme limit of time which the dilatory courts of Mexico will permit, and all because the storage charges go to a brother-in-law, a relative, or client who will divide up the amount with the thrifty attorney who has the power to hang onto the goods, delaying delivery to the owner. Justice? Ye gods!

One of the stock tricks for which Judge Ignacio Sepulvida is famous is the employment of Spanish phrases in contracts with Americans whereby either the original meaning or the opposite may be translated out of the text.

The number of confiding Americans who have been eventually fleeced in this way on Mexican contracts are legion.

I recall at one time at a directors' meeting of the American Bank, when Sapulvida was called in as the deft manipulator to aid Geo. W. Cook, W. W. Graham, J. H. King, R. B. Gorsuch, Adolfo Hegewisch and W. A. Frost in their conspiracy to swindle me out of my property. The foxy judge was the one to formulate all the phrases in relation to the hypothecation of my seventy shares of American Bank stock, which, under duress they induced me to deposit to guarantee the account of the American Biscuit Company. At that time the market value of my seventy shares was \$120,000. I was in the hands of my "friends" and associates. For six years I had labored without a day's vacation to build up the American Bank. I was very ill, could not speak aloud, and by my doctor's orders was preparing for a six months' vacation, when Geo. W. Cook remarked, "Why, just turn the shares over for a nominal sum. It is only a matter of form anyway, suppose we call it \$60,000."

Cook's suggestion was duly rendered into Spanish by Sapulvida, the document was duly signed, the conspiracy to swindle me out of my property was consummated. Five years have elapsed, and Geo. W. Cook, president of the American Bank, is still in possession of my shares and other property. IT WAS A GOOD HAUL.

Sapulvida was the "phrasing" attorney, but Joaquin Cassasus became the attorney for POWER and INFLUENCE. There was not a man in this conspiracy who was not indebted to me for large profits made as a result of MY ability and initiative.

Geo. Cook at that time held \$20,000 worth of shares, on which the increase in value amounted to \$15,000, and he was receiving 14 per cent per annum dividend, although he had not put up a dollar, excepting the interest on the loan, and that he paid out of his dividends. Gorsuch held twenty shares, Hegewisch never did put up a dollar, and W. W. Graham, who has since become a pauper on account of his adherence in this instance to Geo. W. Cook, then held sixty shares, which cost him \$105,000, and he was the next largest stockholder to myself.

Under the sly contract which these conspirators had secured from me, I had unwittingly, on account of my extreme ill health, placed myself entirely within their power. I afterwards learned that by the time I had barely crossed the Rio Grande, Cook and Graham, who before this had been pronounced enemies and rivals

for the position of vice president, had made a combine against me and were not only circulating damaging reports to interfere with my again reassuming the presidency of the bank, but by the contract which I had trustingly signed, they were in possession of my property, which they proceeded to apportion out between themselves.

At the time of my leaving the assets of the American Bank were \$1,800,000, and the United States Banking Company, which I had helped George Ham and T. R. Crump to start by loaning \$10,000 to one and \$5,000 to the other, had reached \$260,000.

If Cook, Graham and King had possessed but the smallest knowledge of finances they would have known that their attempt to damage my character for their own profit would largely react upon the American Bank and result in draining the resources of that institution.

That is exactly what happened and the American, or "un-American," Bank to this day has never recovered its prestige, for the shock which Geo. Cook's selfishness and desire for personal profit gave the institution at that time so shattered its resources and popularity that it can never again hold its own among the growing institutions of the City of Mexico.

I had toiled faithfully for six years to build up a clientele for the American Bank, and owing to the slanderous and malicious avarice of Cook, Graham, King and Gorsuch nearly \$800,000 of deposits that I had toiled so hard to segregate into the American Bank, went over bodily to the United States Banking Company within three months' time. The records of both institutions will show that within ninety days of the date of my leaving for the United States the American Bank lost nearly \$800,000 of deposits, and the United States Banking Company increased about the same amount in that short time, placing the two institutions practically on even terms, and this is how, through my sickness, the United States Banking Company profited through my initiative and obtained the start which it has not ceased to maintain ever since.

Those who have read "The Crisis," by Churchill, will recall the description of the crafty, sly, penurious Yankee who, taking advantage of the whole-souled, high-minded father of Virginia Carvel, gradually ensnared the old man, and by advancing money in times of need, bit by bit, secured possession of all his property. Churchill has here described better than I can all the characteristics and predominating faculties of George Ham, crafty, unscrupulous, plausible, "common as a pig's foot," utterly without regard for the truth. Although owing all his success to my first aid, advice and initiative, without imagination of his own, imitating me even to the extent of his printed matter, advertise-

ments, correspondence and complete original arrangements, he has never had the gratitude nor common decency to make acknowledgment of the source from which he filched his prosperity. When appealing for my financial aid and backing, like Uriah Heep, he was ever "umble" and cringing, and while invariably referring to his "little bank" as a very small affair, he devoted all his spare time and energies to fomenting discontent among my customers, by every kind of underhanded device known to the arts of deviltry.

In imitation of some of the fallen financiers in this country Banker Ham has proceeded to loan himself a very large sum of money, whereby he is enabled to speculate in mining stock, real estate and sundry alluring avenues of profit-making, but your time ~~has~~ come, George, your hand is called.

In ~~contem~~plating the characters of the three arch conspirators who purely through a confidence game secured possession of my property, W. W. Graham is now recognized in Mexico, both in his domestic and financial relations as a brutal, cowardly wretch, without principle or decency. J. H. King is known as a degenerate who was caught waylaying little girls on their way from school and only escaped punishment by buying off their fathers, while George W. Cook, besides daily practicing his profession of systematic avarice and greed, has recently absented himself for three months in the United States in order that a scandal of very unsavory proportions enacted beneath his own roof might blow over during his absence.

These are the people who make boast that they are "invincible" on account of the co-operation, aid and influence of Finance Minister Limantour and Ambassador Cassasus.

These are the people who in combination with said Limantour and Cassasus have acquired possession of the American Bank by means which I shall hereafter expose in all their details.

THESE ARE THE PEOPLE WHO MUST DISGORGE, as they shall not be permitted to profit by the most barefaced robbery and conspiracy that has ever taken place in the financial annals of Americans in Mexico.

(To be continued in October number.)

Now is the time to think about what magazines to take for the coming year. We call the attention of our readers to "To-Morrow's" Clubbing List. Look it over, make your selection and send it in.

# Was Whitman a "Free Lover"?

BY MABEL MACCOY IRWIN.

"Whitman the Poet-Liberator of Women," a new book by Mrs. Irwin, reviewed in the proper department in this number, sufficiently establishes the right of the author to be classed as a foremost interpreter of this Greatest American Poet. As she points out, Whitman, the cosmic man, understood looseness in all its phases of excess, he knew the meaning and the law of license, but never upheld nor practiced it, as did Poe, Burns, Moore, Byron, Shelley, Swinburne and other less balanced and less universal singers.

If it is true, as Mrs. Irwin says, that the conventional world has captured the beautiful phrase, "free love," and insists on translating it into meaning excess, lust, license, promiscuity, then surely there is lost to language and to morality one of its brightest and sweetest expressions.—Editor.

When Walt Whitman—forty years ago—was turned out of the Department of the Interior at Washington, the main reason for his dismissal was "He is a free-lover and the author of an immoral book." This accusation has stood against him from that time till now.

Five years after the first edition of "Leaves of Grass," a leading Boston Paper denounced its liberty as "the wildest license," and "its love the essence of the lowest lust." Even such a man as W. D. Howells, a friend of Whitman's for many years, upon returning from a visit to the poet, said that he would no more try to reconcile the spiritual purity and dignity which he felt in his presence with what "denies it in his pages." And I think it is no exaggeration to say that the majority of those who read Whitman for the first time, lay down the book with the feeling that the purport of many of his poems is to encourage looseness in conduct and morals. One of the most curious facts to be noticed in the treatment of his critics—friend and foe alike—is the inability to properly justify his words in relation to things of sex. In fact, by common consent—the consent of silence—he has been handed over to the "free-love" camp of thought, as the poet of sex-license, under the name of sex-freedom, and their right to him remains to this day unchallenged.

Notwithstanding the great service which he voluntarily gave to his country in the civil war; notwithstanding the unrivaled beauty of his poems commemorating the nation's struggle for federal coherency; notwithstanding the growing recognition of the great moral and spiritual value of the bulk of his written words, the accusation of "free-lover" has stood as a menace to any claim of greatness, either as man or poet.

To a careful student of human nature this can readily be accounted for; the world of men and women—all unthinking and unanalyzing though it be—has nevertheless, with unerring instinct, divined the fact that that man who is unsound in theory on so vital a question as the inherent relation of man and woman,

can not be trusted to lead the people in any way of life—can be neither the prophet nor the poet of his land.

That Whitman is gradually being recognized as a man of genius; that there is a growing taste for him, showing itself in many ways; that his influence is largely dominating the poetic literature of younger continental Europe; that many are reading him who have hitherto ignored or despised his words, is true; but his increasing popularity is greatly retarded by his poems concerning sex, which poems have been a rock of stumbling from the beginning.

Some writer has aptly said that "the glamour of genius can not blind the eyes of God." Equally true is it that it can not blind the eyes of the common people to moral deficiency upon so vital a matter as this. If it can be rightfully said that Whitman's sex poems advocate license—or "free-love" in the common acceptance of that term—since he himself declared that these poems give the breath of life to his whole scheme, then this same breath must permeate the entire body of his teachings and will finally establish, or destroy, his right to fame and honor as a poet.

It is true that in many notable poems of past ages, sex has been lightly dealt with, irregular amours allowed, and even what appears to us as sensuality and obscenity been covered with a glamor of aethetiscism and romance, yet great offense is not felt when we read them. We think of these delinquencies either as a weakness of the poet, or else an allowance on his part to the looseness of the age in which he lived.

But in Whitman we have a poet who stands self-defined as the representative—not only of his own race and time, not only of America as mistress of all the world, but indigenous man of all times and of all races—indigenous humanity.

This stupendous claim which has marked him in the minds of many as the "supreme egotist," places him alone among the poets of the world, and demands of him that his teachings shall be sound at the core; demands that the fruit thereof shall reveal the soundness—not the rottenness—of the primal man. He who stands, self-defined, as one who would "drop the germ of a new religion" in the earth must make good his claim by giving to the world something that satisfies this deepest and most essential human relationship. Has Whitman done this? For upon a favorable decision here rests his final claim to greatness.

Whitman is not easy of interpretation when read in shreds and patches. "Leaves of Grass" in its entirety is like some massive, heroic, organic structure, each particular poem furnishing a needed part to complete its grandeur and beauty. Thus read, he is easily understood. And again, it is only by taking him at his word, when he says that he claims nothing of good or evil for

himself that he does not claim for all others "on equal terms," that we can understand him aright; bearing in mind that whatever may be the verdict of others concerning him, he regarded himself as a representative man:

"One's self I sing—a simple, separate person  
Yet utter the word democratic—the word en-masse."

In his great poem, "Song of Myself," he seems to escape the bounds of the purely personal, and enter as some primal element into the lives of all men. At one time he is the child at the breast of the mother; at another time, the mother with the child at her breast. At one time he is in the "screech of the wife, as her man's body is brought dripping and drowned"; at another the beggar at the gate, sitting shame-faced and asking for alms. At one time in the "hounded slave that flags in the race," and at another time the free companion who bivouacs at the watch-fire of the invaders; who enters the chamber of the bride and turns the bridegroom out, and stays with the bride himself—the very essence of all invasion. Indeed, there seems to be no emotion of good or ill which he, as elemental man, does not feel and at times become one with.

"All this I swallow—it tastes good—I like it well; it becomes mine:

I am the man—I suffered—I was there."

Whitman finds the possibility of all good and all evil in himself, putting him in sympathetic touch with all men, and by the avenue of his love he enters into all conditions of life, to consume the dross and lead men to truer and saner living.

While there is no degree of lawlessness with which he does not sympathize, it is at the same time true that in all literature we find no clearer defined boundaries of freedom than he gives us, for he tells us of that law more absolute than any, "The potent Law of Laws—the Law of Liberty—the fusion of the partial individual law, with those universal, eternal, unconscious ones which run through all time."

The modern free-lover who claims Whitman as his poet, has mistaken Whitman's sympathy with, and understanding of, lawless men for his advocacy of lawlessness; has mistaken Whitman's deprecation of blind subserviency to man-made law, for his deprecation of all law; whereas there is no writer who shows such keen appreciation of the absolute inviolability of inherent law as does Whitman; giving, as he says, "moral purpose to the entire objective world, and the last dignity to human life."

He sings of "Life immense in passion, pulse and power;  
Cheerful, for freest action formed *under the laws divine*."

In the use of words we are bound to their accepted sense. The term "free-love," though a misnomer—love in itself being free,

admitting of no modification—has nevertheless come to be used to cover contemporaneous sex-matings, and as thus used, there is nothing to be found in all of Whitman's writings to warrant the term "free-lover" being applied either to the man or his teaching. On the contrary he swore "the oath of the inseparableness of two together—of the woman who loves me and whom I love more than my life—that oath swearing." And his belief in the ideal of the inherent oneness of one man with one woman is evidenced in many of his lines.

"Fast-anchored, eternal, O love, O woman I love;

O bride, O wife, more resistless than I can tell the thought of you."

But it is only when we consider the fact that he always associated the use of sex function with parenthood; that he always insisted that the truest culture should include "The great chastity of fatherhood, to equal the great chastity of motherhood"; that he eagerly questioned, "Will the time hasten when fatherhood and motherhood shall become a science—and the noblest science," that we may conclude without the shadow of a doubt that his entire preachings stand opposed to all looseness in sex morals.

When Whitman's "Children of Adam" poems were written, a half century ago, it is doubtful if the practice of promiscuity—now known as sex-varietism—had usurped the name "free-love," although at a later time being brought to Whitman's attention it was denounced by him as most vicious in theory and practice.\*\*

Whitman saw in the family life of the "well-married couple" the hope of the world. Promiscuous sex-mingling, under the guise of free-love, is destructive of all family life, bringing chaos instead of order into the social structure. It leaves no room for the coming and rearing of children save as half orphaned babes. It proves the antithesis of both freedom and love. It leads its advocates into bondage to the flesh, and destroys that fine sense of unity which alone makes room for the coming of the "divine passion" into the hearts of men.

Whether Whitman ever experienced this "divine passion" we may never know; but that with prophetic eye he saw the ideal union, the union of one man with one woman—that ideal around which the heart of the world forever swings—we may not doubt, for he sings these words to his waiting soul:

"Yet O my Soul Supreme! \* \* \* Knowest thou prophetic joys of better, loftier love's ideal—the divine wife, the sweet, eternal, perfect comrade?"

To find such an one; to love such an one; and to be free to express and live that love; "to escape utterly from other's anchors and holds," this is the only kind of "free-love" to be anywhere found in the writings of Walt Whitman.

\*\*In a letter recently received by the writer from a friend of Whitman's for forty years, she learns that he always referred to "free love" as that "damnable theory."

M. M. G.



# Abolish Reservations and Government Aid to Indians

BY CARLOS MONTEZUMA, M. D.

Since publishing Dr. Montezuma's first installment in the September number of "To-Morrow," we have received communications from officials connected with the Indian Bureau who are opposed to Dr. Montezuma's revolutionary ideas on Indian Aid and Reservations.

One official writes: "General Pratt claimed that all the Indian needed was a white man's chance and he would be as a white man." Now, General Pratt does believe in giving the Indian a white man's chance, but he never said that he would be as a white man. No educator even expects a dull white child to be the same as a brilliant white child, simply because he is given the chance. But Indians and all other people will invariably secure the greatest intellectual, moral and social advancement by being given an opportunity for intellectual development in the best environment obtainable, and this without regard to original capacity, race or color.

The many highly cultured Indians in this country are examples of what is attainable by giving them "a white man's chance," and not force them to live and think and act within the sphere of Indian life only.

We are calling the express attention of the Indian Bureau at Washington, and Indian agents everywhere, to the contents of this series of articles by Dr. Montezuma, and it is up to them to read and understand that the way is being pointed out by one who knows.—Editor.

## PART II.

"Kill the Indian—save the man" was the personal, determinate and positive belief of General R. H. Pratt, the founder of the Carlisle Indian Industrial School.

How was this to be done?

"To civilize the Indian, get him into civilization—to keep him civilized, let him stay," was the keynote of his inspired soul.

The country had not recovered from the defeat on the Little Big Horn, Montana, June, 1876, when General Custer and 369 of his brave soldiers were totally annihilated by a band of Sioux Indians. At about the same time, Chief Joseph, that most renowned and humane warrior, with his little band of 400 red men, were being pursued by Uncle Sam's regulars while struggling through the mountain fastnesses of Idaho to reach safety beyond the Canadian border; that most dreaded Geronimo, with his band of wild Apaches, had stamped from the reservation corral at San Carlos, Arizona, was recaptured and exiled to Florida, the old fort at San Augustine having been vacated but a few years before by a band of Indian prisoners from the southwestern part of Indian Territory and Texas, they having had served their time for committing raids on the foreign settlements of that section.

In the decade alluded to, there were few, if any, Indian schools in existence, and no non-reservation boarding schools. Many people entertained the belief uttered by Congressman Smith, of Arizona, "That there was more hope of civilizing the rattlesnake, his food, than of civilizing the Apache Indian."

The entire country near the borders of reservations was in a frenzy of fear, and there was anything but kindly feeling toward the red man among people even remote from the borders.

West of the Mississippi a living Indian was regarded as deadly as a live electric wire, or, to express it in the language of the

bona fide westerner, he was "a damned unsafe devil; get the drop on him, or he will drop you."

Times have changed since then, and the Indian has changed with them. That phantom picture described by unworthy space writers and unfeeling agitators has faded away.

What caused this cruel picture to fade?

To go back to the early sixties, the civil war providentially created a vacant tinner's bench down in Indiana. I say providentially, because all great men are guided by the touch of an Unseen Hand and prepared for future usefulness.

Out of the fray to free the black man, came a lieutenant; later the same lieutenant was commissioned by his country to take charge of a poor, forlorn band of Indian prisoners.

That an Indian was something more than an Indian; that he was a man, your brother, my brother; that his natural character was above reproach; that our red brother needed no letter of recommendation—his actions, his words, his very being were the only credentials needed; if the general public could be made to see this truth, these and like sentiments filled the heart of this young army officer, and he was fired with indignation at the abuse of the real character of the red man, and these thoughts stirred his very soul. He was well aware of the ideas which prevailed broadcast, that to go against public sentiment was insanity; to go against the supposed law of nature is perilous, and of the old saying that a soldier who fights against odds has forgotten his tactics, while the vital question: What to do with this true born American, was a serious problem in the mind of the public, but to this young officer there was but one side.

The Indian Department at Washington stood for war. The good people of the east thought: How cruel to change the life conditions of nature's people all at once; while the west was so full of prejudice that it seemed there was no place for poor Lo!—save the proverbial Happy Hunting Ground.

About this time there was an Apache Indian lad attending school in this state. He had been captured when quite a youth by the Pima Indians, was sold to the pale faces for a pittance and brought to Illinois. While at school he read an extravagant description of Captain Pratt's so-called hopeless undertaking to civilize the Indian children by transporting them from their wigwams to that industrial center of the east, even to good old Pennsylvania.

Great fears were expressed at the undertaking!

The idea was hooted at.

The press throughout the country put out their danger signals. It would be cruel treatment to bring this child of nature away from his native land and air. It would be his death! The plan was everything else than rational. Yet this great warrior-philanthropist accomplished the deed in the face of seemingly insurmountable difficulties.

All along the road en route men, women and children wondered and shuddered because of savages in their midst.

There may have been here and there a sympathizing heart, but if true, all such sentiment was buried beneath the overwhelming shadow of suspicion.

But what happened in spite of these tremendous difficulties, heart crushing trials and bitter disappointments and hindrances?

There stands today in the beautiful Cumberland Valley of Pennsylvania an everlasting monument of pluck, indomitable courage, incomparable and unsurpassable tact and personality, forever resounding to the fame of its noble founder, Brigadier General R. H. Pratt, of the United States Army, whose magnetic voice was the first to be heard by the entire nation on behalf of the Indian, in that he has a right to be made a free man and given the same chances to develop individually as is given to the other peoples of our country. For a quarter of a century the United States Indian Industrial School at Carlisle, under the leadership of its founder, planted self-respecting manhood and womanhood into the fibre and being of the Indian youth under its care, filling them with a righteous desire to become helpful and honored citizens of the republic, instead of a disgraceful load of inert humanity, pampered by missionaries and held down by government shackles and restrictions to the narrow confines of a reservation, to be pauperized, rationed and watched.

General Pratt received much aid from various sources.

Amid the fears and adverse criticism of the people, amid the darkness and gloom that hovered over his undertaking like a pall, a bright star shown. There was a token telling that William Penn's implicit faith in the red man had not entirely died out. Splendidly and patiently did the ever true and faithful friends of the Indians—the generous and peace-loving Quakers—come to the front and were the first to give General Pratt moral and financial aid, opening their homes that individual instruction and experience might be gained through family life and work. Thus was the "Outing System" originated, without which the auxiliary work would have been a farce. It was in the family life, away from the Indians, that General Pratt saw the way out for the hampered Indian child. Not that all Indian boys must learn to be farmers and that all Indian girls must learn to be housekeepers and servants, as so many empty-headed people thought was the plan, but Indian youth must get into them the spirit and love of thrift and must have the opportunity to see and take part in the home making, to become acquainted with the thousand and one trifling but daily happenings of every well regulated home, and to learn the art of family living.

The Indian question was not a problem with General Pratt. It was merely a case of good environment from birth to death.

In pure and noble convictions doubt is unknown. General Pratt, as an untiring soldier and patriot, never doubted his country's cause. Neither did he ever entertain a solitary doubt regarding the Indian and his possibilities. But he did doubt very much the practicability of the government's system of Indian management. By colonizing and secluding Indians with Indians, you will have Indians forever, and they will be more useless than ever were their forefathers; but free the Indians; let them take care of themselves; let them "root, hog or die," "sink or swim," just as other people have to do.

Like all rational educators, General Pratt has unbounded faith in the public schools. All Indian schools should be abolished; although Carlisle is strictly an Indian school, its founder used it

only as a stepping stone for Indian youth to the public schools and colleges. I have often heard him say to the students, "If I were sure you would all enter the public schools, I would burn these buildings tonight."

Why these strong words?

Because Indian schools create prejudice and tend to emphasize an imaginary barrier between the races, and do not equip or start the Indian on an equal footing with his public school rival in the competitions of life. Who can deny that the native-born children have a prior right to enter the "little red school house," which is the foundation of the American nation? Shame, that this has been, and is still overlooked. Deny the dusky maid and her brother this opportunity and you destroy their destiny.

Although we have given the Indian money, land and schools to confine him to circumscribed limits, he will remain an Indian forever, because his customs and traditions are his religion. Work is hell, and man's discipline unknown to this child of nature. The sooner the papoose takes up the "white man's burden" the better. The gradual process in vogue is folly and is unconstitutional. It keeps the Indian at the rear and not with the advance guard of civilization, where he rightfully belongs.

General R. H. Pratt has stood unswerving and alone for the cause of the Indians, through all the administrations under which he has served. His fighting was not disloyalty to his superiors—nay, far from it! But he fought to be helpful and more useful to his country. He considered the race question a battlefield, and he who works in that field must fight to the very end. Surely he fought against all odds and won a great victory.

The country may not fully appreciate his work until he is dead, but Indians believe in giving homage to the living and not to the dead. The Indians all over the country are silent and non-committal, but there is not a wigwam where General Pratt's name is not revered and appreciated. Indian-like, they will tell their children ever to keep in their sacred memory the one friend who brought them out of darkness into the light of true Christian civilization.

In the past, an Indian chief may have counted for power and influence. His word was law to his people, but today, the self-same chief looks to his educated children to speak and do for his people.

General Pratt's unwarranted dismissal by the administration was a signal to close up ranks and steadily march in the direction he has guided us.

The Indians who have for thirty or more years enlightened through his untiring energy, must stand out and fight for the principles which he advanced and which caused his ignominious dismissal from a most worthy and most helpful public service.

The independence and self-reliance, the self-respect and natural pride of the present generation of Indians are opposed to the system which makes them wards of the government. What we want and ask the government is to "close up books."

Practical experience has taught us that we must fight for our own salvation and stand out as men among men, and awaken to the possibilities ahead of us—like the rest of human kind.

CARLOS MONTEZUMA.

# To A Youthful Philosopher

BY GRACE MOORE.

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This is a reminder of the time when I too was groping my way through a wilderness of contending emotions, and it was such a little while ago that the memory of my doubts and fears, and of long days and nights, alternating between hope and despair, is with me now, as fresh as the autumn wind.

You are now, as I was but a few short years ago, in the *heart* of the wilderness. All seems chaos. You look up, and only a glimpse of the heavens is to be seen for the mass of overhanging verdure. You think very naturally that somewhere there must be flowers as well as leaves and branches, but they seem so cunningly obscured that you have not as yet the courage to wrest them from their hiding places. There are thorns on the branches as well as leaves and flowers, and there are creeping insects as well as flying birds, the hiss of the serpent in deadly contrast to the songs of the robin; all this and much more.

But it is only a little walk to the edge of the wood, and there you may rest and be satisfied. Over the seat awaiting you is an awning to protect you from the too fierce sun, underneath is a flooring, sound and secure, the work of those who have passed through the wilderness in advance of you.

These Advance Agents of humanity have anticipated your every want, as we are being taught to anticipate the wants of those who shall come after us. They have suffered as we shall not be compelled to suffer. With bleeding feet and hearts trembling as all hearts tremble in their time, they have cleared a portion of the ground for us. They have plucked for our delight and inspiration many a flower that would have faded in our hands 'ere we could have scented its fragrance. The luscious fruits that are set before us in such tempting array, are the evolutionary products of those fruits that were ashes in the mouths of our Elder Brothers. 'Ere were built the bridges that we in safety walk today, these pioneers of humanity, the despised of the earth, forged for us streams of blood.

Need we then lose heart and say that our lives are fruitless, or that we can not work? Shall we in our groping through the wilderness count that day lost which revealed not to us the clearing in the wood? Or having found the clearing, is it worthy of us that we have no grateful sense of indebtedness to those to whom it presented problems as difficult of solution as any we shall meet in the woods farther on? Why faint or weary of the tasks before us when to do well is only to do the best that we can?

Are you still confused, still unsatisfied? Then let your mind wander in fancy to the days of Queen Isabella. She prophesied, she reasoned, she implored, all in vain. Finally her jewels of priceless value were sacrificed that you and I might walk hand in hand upon the freest soil in all the world. Why did the queen sacrifice her jewels, why did Columbus set sail? You and I know now why they did so, *but they were not permitted to know.*

This mysterious cosmic energy, this something that you say "keeps pushing and hurrying you on," is the same something that impelled the Spanish queen to part with her jewels. It drove Columbus and his crew to sea.

The fact that you are "not content to sit feebly and helplessly by, waiting for something to come to you," is evidence that your Isabella is about to sacrifice her jewels. "What is to be the outcome of it all, shall I give up the struggle and drift?" It is not for you to know the outcome, dear child, any more than it was for Spain's Isabella to board a modern man of war. She only is a queen, who without question, for simple love of truth, can part with her jewels.

The ship that is launched at our command may never return to the port from which we sent it, but other ships there are, and they will arrive.

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## An Example Worthy of Imitation

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There is certainly a crying need for the entrance of woman, not only into the public affairs, but into all the avenues of business and education. In other words, the time has arrived when the division of labor and of activities should be as little along the line of sex as possible. Men entering the traditional spheres of women, have made great successes by adding innovations and improvements, all of which goes to show that both sexes left to themselves have gradually settled into ruts of iniquity and wrong doing.

The Business End of this magazine for August set forth in tabulated form the foolishness and short comings of men that might be almost completely corrected by the infusion of the spirit and aid that woman can effectively supply.—Editor.

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In view of the terrible corruption that is being unearthed in every direction among men who are entrusted with the handling of other people's money, the report of the lady managers of the St. Louis Exposition comes as a pure and refreshing breeze from an atmosphere polluted almost to suffocation by the dishonesties of men in high official positions.

The lady managers of the St. Louis Exposition were given \$100,000 of the government money to expend, and they have done the unheard of thing among men of returning \$26,667.56. There were no restrictions placed upon them. They could do with the money just as they chose, and in returning more than one-quarter of the amount with books all straight, bills all paid and proper vouchers for all bills, they have set an example in the expenditure of government money which should cause people to think and silence those who are loudly denouncing the right of women to participate in governmental affairs on the ground that they are lacking in business ability.

If the returns of money not needed shows a lack of business ability, let us have less business ability in the management of our government and more of the un-business methods of women. We need more heart sympathies and less head scheming in the business affairs of this country.

ELNORA MONROE BABCOCK.

# Desmorgenslandt

BY BARRIE MARTONNE AND M. F. CANFIELD



## IF.

If only the words we utter, were kind, nor ugly, nor mean.  
If ever the thoughts we cherish, were pure, the sweetest, the clean  
If ever our hearts were eager, some act of mercy to do,  
The sunshine of love would brighten, all black of sky into blue.

M. F. CANFIELD.

Paris, Tex.

## CARE.

One long, long night, on soft and restful bed  
With fond desire of gentle peace I lay.  
A sleep-inducing stillness 'round me shed  
Its balm, to still the nervous throb of day;  
But weary frame and anxious, pulsing thought  
Withstood the poppy-breath of dreamland skies,  
For Argus Care, with vexing presence wrought  
Unrest and pain, with hundred burning eyes.

M. F. CANFIELD.

Paris, Tex., June 15, 1905.

## THE PRICE.

Port Arthur's unrelenting siege is done!  
Great Nogi, "at the apex of the world,"  
Heeds not the million praises round him hurled,  
Nor now exults because of victory won.  
Within his unwarmed hut he sits alone  
Gazing on portraits of his sons—both dead  
And sad his heart, though crowned with fame his head.  
For ah, no martial power can e'er atone  
For the death of these and hundred thousand more  
Who for the glory of their Sunrise Land,  
Have sacrificed themselves at his command.  
Thus bitterly he speaks, once fighting's o'er:  
"No time is this to dare congratulate  
Nor yet rejoice. The price is all too great."

BARRIE MARTONNE.

Suggested by "Nogi" in *Colliers*, Sept. 2.

## TO MY SOUL.

Living eternally, ah Magic Thing.  
Drift on the current that is clean and strong;  
Chopping and changing at its own demand,  
And use your arms to play with pleasure as it comes along,  
Afront of the stern of the boat you're on,  
Wooing its mate ensconced in your kind  
To enthuse to effulgence its glittering wing,  
For this is your part in the strain you're in  
Forever the surd to your changing refrain,  
Oh Magic Thing, living eternally now as then.

W. M. HERRING.

## THE AFTERGLOW.

Respectfully dedicated to the late John Hay.  
 The sun has sunk behind the mountain height,  
 Yet still his glory climbs in proud ascent  
 Above the peaks—a gold and crimson blent—  
 The long despair of art and fond delight  
 Of kindred souls who read a promise bright,  
 'Tho toiling Day with fevered breath lies spent,  
 And misty clouds of white and azure tent  
 Within the vales—the harbingers of night.  
 E'en so, delights my soul the afterglow  
 Of human sons whose setting gilds the earth;  
 Whose splendor gave the "Everlasting No"  
 To Wrong's eternal night, and hailed the birth  
 Of brotherhood of nations, brought to know  
 The strong, unfading light of moral worth.

M. F. CANFIELD.

Paris, Tex., Aug. 8, 1905.

## THE "BOUNDLESS WORSE."

When your soul is vexed with trifles  
 That you think you scarce can bear,  
 Look across and see your neighbor  
 Who is struggling over there.  
 See the pain, in dim eyes, weary,  
 See her figure bent with care;  
 Ask yourself if your short sorrow  
 Can with lasting grief compare.  
 When you fret because misfortune  
 Knocked and entered at your door,  
 'Tho she lingered but a moment,  
 Still her visit you deplore.

Look across and see your neighbor  
 Entertaining now the guest  
 Who has come without a bidding,  
 And is lodger, self-confessed.  
 Fret you not for every evil,  
 Calling troubles all a curse,  
 While you still are half in blessing,  
 And escape the "boundless worse."

M. F. CANFIELD.

Paris, Tex., Aug. 4, 1905.

Miss Grace Moore:

Dear Sister: You are destined to "Arrive" and on time, too. Thank you for the copy of "To-Morrow." I can find no words emphatic enough to express all I feel about the great work you and "Himself" have undertaken. "To-Morrow" is certainly the most vital book of today. It is over-full of splendid truth, the sort that stimulates and radiates. I have a wide correspondence and will talk of "To-Morrow" not only today, but every other day that I see a chance to call attention to your remarkable magazine.

MAE LAWSON HERSELF.



# The Spencer-Whitman Round Table

CONDUCTED BY GRACE MOORE

## ADAPTATION

The fitting of life to its sphere is our first duty. No change of environment is requisite, but adaptation to present conditions, becomes the momentous question. Herein lies the secret of satisfaction, peace and joy, the happiness that all the world is seeking.

What are you doing with your talent, the cosmic force which is yours only because through your being it may be manifested for the benefit of all?

In your personality the cosmic force may find a different expression than in the person of your fellow comrade. Obey only its message to you.

After all, unless you cultivate, expand, energise and consecrate all that is best within you, unless you are searching for truth and you feel able to combat all sham and hypocrisy, you are not living—the better part of you is still unborn.

When you begin to love the best interests of your associates and your fellowmen, whoever they may be, whatever their occupation, color or creed, then you are living. You have felt the great cosmic force of the universe and have obeyed its law.

KATHARINE CONKLIN.

## THE SUNDAY MORNING SERVICES

On Sunday morning, September 3d, while our neighbors were hurrying into their correct and uncomfortable attire, preparing to seek sanctimony in their respective places of worship, the "To-Morrow" family assembled in "Happiopolis," and perched on chairs, couches and rugs, had the Pastor Himself at their mercy.

A rendition of "Twelfth Mass" on the Aeolian, by Mr. Hart was followed by a goodly sermon, the Pastor experiencing his usual difficulty in bringing his remarks to a close.

"Beloved, this is a very auspicious occasion." (Laughter and applause.) "There is a process going on among us that is most wonderful. We are working out a principle—that chaotic stage that precedes all order is what we are passing through." (And it was so.) "We propose that no despotism shall be established here to interfere with the working of Nature's process. If we fail we deserve what we get—if we succeed, we get what we deserve."

Our house is a world in which the various units do their work voluntarily, without servants or bosses. To those who hark back to monarchy and are trained to the viewpoint of economic despotism, we are in disorder. But hark you, we are working out the unity of democracy—the only real, enduring unity. The law of liberty and free achievement is the real road to progress, and the units of a free organism must have the right to be foolish or wicked—they must have the right to live or to perish—they must have the right to dominate and control one person only, and that one themselves."

Hereafter our neighbors and friends will be invited to our Sunday morning services, and if our congregation overflows this sanctuary, we will seek another.

M. J.

On Monday evening, September 4th, was laid out the Spencer-Whitman bill of fare for the season. The plans and hopes of the

year, the possibility of moving into larger quarters, the development of our bi-weekly lecture course on strong and interesting lines, and the naming of our center by coupling the names of those two strong men, Herbert Spencer and Walt Whitman, were all discussed.

Mr. Barnard's praise for the happy thought of bringing the names of the great philosopher and the great poet into a single name and single meaning, was most happily expressed, and will long be remembered as a gem in our galaxy of interesting discourses. F. P. F.

On the regular lecture course, "The World is Growing Better," by Prof. John Howard Moore, of the Crane Manual Training School, Thursday evening, September 7th, was a most finished and scholarly effort.

We are glad to know that Professor Moore will attend our Sunset Dinner of September 18th, and will be one of the speakers on that occasion. The world is growing better, it is growing towards a purer democracy, and every one of us Spencer-Whitmanites feel it from hoofs to belfry. G. M.

On Wednesday evening, September 6th, our parlors were filled with an informal company gathered to listen to a dramatic poem entitled "Jealousy," written by our comrade, William F. Barnard. The poem was recited by Miss Rochelle Goodman, an accomplished elocutionist, who entered into the spirit of the reverie monologue of the insanely jealous heroine with an art and a spirit that captivated the listeners.

Mr. Barnard's poem is a masterpiece, and deserves to be bound up into a beautiful little book all by itself.

These impromptu evenings are by no means the least gratifying events of our unorganized household. G. M.

### A BACK PARLOR ECHO

Some dangling of handkerchiefs and a sneeze or two gave evidence of the hay fever season.

"Down at the general passenger agent's office," he said, "they tried to show me some products just received from western farms, among them a bundle of giant timothy hay. It was that high (and he tip-toed and marked space with his hand toward the ceiling). You should have seen me shy away from that hay. Mercy! what if I had caught the hay fever from that!"

"Y-e-s," said she, "you can't be too careful. I really think it will not be safe for you to speak to a grass widow before the first of November."

He gave her his most freezing look.

"Oh," she snuffled, "I am looking for a frost myself."

W. 27.

City of Mexico, Aug. 12, 1905.

Dear Mr. Sercombe: I have read "High Finance in Mexico" in the July number of "To-Morrow" and you hit the nail on the head every lick. You are certainly posted on the situation here. Go after them, it is what they need in this country, because no one here dare print the facts. Yours truly,

W. H.

Now is the time to think about what magazines to take for the coming year. We call the attention of our readers to "To-Morrow's" Clubbing list. Look it over, make your selection and send it in.

# The Informal Brotherhood



## CHIRPS

Our pigeon holes are chirping sweet notes from comrades and workers for truth all over the country. Here are a few telling "stunts" from the pen of Laurie J. Quinby, Omaha, Neb.

"The doctrine of vicarious atonement is contrary to every known fact of nature. No one shall take upon himself the sins of another. In the conventions of nature no proxies are allowed.

He who surrenders his character building in this life to material considerations, surrenders his only excuse for living, for the pleasure of a passing show.

After all is said, no one has yet shown that there is any other object in life than the development of individual character.

Everything that tends to the fullest normal development of every function of my being is moral—the only evil, that which is against it.

Ideas are life, and life is but the expression of an idea. No one has any ethical right to that which he is unwilling to surrender.

My own power and strength is indicated by the degree to which I am indifferent to your aid or sympathy."

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Dear Mr. Sercombe: To-Morrow for September gives me much satisfaction. You are surely a growing editor, and drop some gems of thought and truth that are helping to build an atmosphere of enlightenment and higher moral perception. Yours sincerely,

LUCINDA B. CHANDLER

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The Washington Post, Aug, 26, 1905:

"To-Morrow" for September is very spicy. It contains a number of contributions of unusual interest, among which are "An Appeal for Abolishing Indian Reservations and All Forms of Indian Aid," by Dr. Carlos Montezuma, an Apache, who sees in Uncle Sam's paternalism a direct destruction of his race. Editorially, there is a letter to "Theodore Roosevelt, Preacher," pointing out the inefficacy of sermonizing for the purposes of education; a letter from the condemned murderer and bigamist, Johann Hoch, protesting against being hanged for the want of \$500 to take an appeal; and a discussion of the "Postoffice Press Censorship," proving that if none but honest men may use the mails the department might be discontinued.

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From the Public, Sept. 2, 1905:

"To-Morrow" (Chicago) for September would be well worth reading if for nothing else than the impressive contribution of Johann Hoch, now under sentence of death, who cries out with great force and justice against a criminal procedure which makes it possible for a poor man to be hanged under precisely the same circumstances in which a richer man might be exonerated and certainly could secure a prolongation of his life. Hoch's suggestions for reforming this iniquity indicate that he is by no means the brute he has been pictured. Other articles in this issue deal with postal censorship. Regarding the exclusion of fraudulent letters the editor makes the acute observation, somewhat exaggerated perhaps, that if none but honest men are to be allowed the use of the mails the postal department may as well be abolished.

Editor "To-Morrow": I received your September number and your editorial against capital punishment is great. You are making a good fight for better thinking and I would that you and Fra Albertus would enter the lists together and batter down the damning brutalities of our time. Yours for the changing order,

R. W. BOROUGH.

Dear Mr. Sercombe: I received the copies of To-Morrow and have never enjoyed a magazine more. It is decidedly invigorating and deserves the highest success. Yours very truly,

LILLIAN KENDRICK BYRNS,  
Literary Editor "Bob Taylor's Magazine."

From the Burlington Hawkeye:

"To-Morrow" for September is very vital. It contains a number of contributions of unusual interest, among which are "An Appeal for Abolishing Reservations and Indian Aid of All Kinds," by Dr. Carlos Montezuma, an Apache, who sees in Uncle Sam's paternalism a direct influence to cause the degeneracy and destruction of his race. "To-Morrow," 2238 Calumet Ave., Chicago.

From the Daily Ardmoreite, Ardmore, I. T.:

"To-Morrow" for September is very spicy. It contains a number of contributions of unusual interest, among which are "An Appeal for Abolishing Reservatoins and All Forms of Indian Aid," by Dr. Carlos Montezuma, an Apache, who sees in the paternalism of Uncle Sam a direct influence to cause the degeneracy and destruction of his race.

Editor "To-Morrow": I hasten to express my gratification that Sercombe himself was able to withstand the broncho kick and that you are spirited enough to make the occasion of that piece of humor in the "Business End" not surpassed by Mark Twain or Fra Albertus at their best.

"To-Morrow" is growing better each issue, but say, who was guilty of that "Swigs" article? Was it the "Fra" or was it "Himself"?

Hoping you may always survive all kicks and bruises of whatever nature, Yours truly,

THE BOSS EVERGREEN.

#### AT THE END OF THE DAY.

There is no escape by the river,  
There is no flight left by the fen;  
We are compassed about by the shiver  
Of the night of their marching men.  
Give a cheer!  
For our hearts shall not give way.  
Here's to a dark to-morrow,  
And here's to a brave to-day!  
The tale of their hosts is countless,  
And the tale of ours a score;  
But the palm is naught to the dauntless,  
And the cause is more and more.  
Give a cheer!  
We may die, but not give way.  
Here's to a silent morrow,  
And here's to a stout to-day!  
God has said: "Ye shall fail and perish;  
But the thrill ye have felt to-night  
I shall keep in my heart and cherish  
When the worlds have passed in night."  
Give a cheer!  
For the soul shall not give way.  
Here's to the greater to-morrow  
That is born of a great to-day!

—From More Songs from Vagabondia, by Richard Hovey and Bliss Carman.

# Books, Reviews and Magazines

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"Whitman the Poet-Liberator of Woman," by Mabel McCoy Irwin, is one of the important books of the year, and illustrates how greatness is sometimes contained in small packages.

There are few who understand Whitman so deeply as to realize that he is America's one great exponent of general democracy; that his spirit conceived not only of political and economic democracy, but that he understood the principle as applied to all the ramifications of economic life, of home, and of heart. Such a boundless free spirit as Whitman's could not write of woman from any other standard than of her right to enjoy life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness in her own way, without domination of government, church, school or the opposite sex.

Mrs. Irwin's genius consists in seeing and pointing out, better than any one else has done, the especial application of Whitman's cosmic philosophy to the life and demands of womanhood. She says: "Ages hence—when woman's sex-bondage is as a dream forgotten, when she stands regnant by divine right—the self-elected mother of a new race—she shall remember with deepest gratitude the name of him who called to her while she was yet asleep, who sang for her while she was yet in chains, and whose songs did more to set her free than all the songs that were ever sung—the name of Walt Whitman."

Again she writes: "Woman's political and economic freedom are important; her religious freedom is necessary; but her sex-freedom—freedom to control her own life-giving function—is imperative, not only for her own further development, but for the development of the race."

Mrs. Irwin has given the world but a small edition of this splendid work, and for common sense up-to-dateness it is a magnificent effort; but the small demand for it indicates to what extent truly great works find appreciation in this age of semi-barbarism, for up to the present time only a few hundred copies have been sold. Comparing this record with Mrs. Eddy's unphilosophical tommyrot, "Science and Health," which has sold into the millions, we have a fair estimate of the preparedness of humanity to appreciate the real and the beautiful.

"Whitman the Poet-Liberator of Woman," price one dollar, address 14 West 104th St., New York City, or this magazine.

P. H. S.

## BARNARD'S POEMS

We are looking forward with pleasure to the advent, in November, of a volume of poems by William Frances Barnard, one of the editors of "To-Morrow." A dramatic poem by Mr. Barnard entitled "Jealousy" was recited in our parlors one evening recently by Miss Goodman. The poem (a monologue) which required the space of half an hour for its recital, proved to be one of the author's best, which is indeed saying a great deal. Mr. Barnard has been for many years a frequent contributor to the columns of such magazines as *The Independent*, *Overland Monthly*, *Everybody's Magazine*, *Munsey's*, *The Chap Book*, *Literary Digest*, *New England Magazine*, etc.

*Good Housekeeping* for September attacks in earnest the problem of domestic service, and opens three new and highly useful departments. Among its good things are "Little Gardens Indoors," by Clarence Weed, author of "The Flower Beautiful;" "Handicraft," with new ideas and designs for home decoration, and "The Piano," containing an illustrated interview with Harold Bauer. The department of fiction contains some spirited stories.

The Good Cheer Magazine, a periodical that stands above the average 25-cent publication, has a plan of making stockholders of its subscribers and readers that will no doubt prove a success.

The September number of The Reader Magazine is interesting, attractive and well illustrated, as usual. It contains an article by Robert Hunter under the title "The Heritage of the Hungry," discussing the problem of underfed school children, which will aid in the reforms in the work of organized charity in the United States, which were greatly stimulated by Mr. Hunter's recent book, "Poverty."

The "Triggsistine" has arrived, and "unless otherwise stated the articles in it are written by Dr. Triggs.

On page 1 the doctor announces that he can quote Shakespeare when he wants to. (Evidently there are times when he hasn't a copy with him.)

Further on he admits that it is painful to him to be known as a "yellow professor," and declares himself to be an innocent, inoffensive person, with two aims and one idea."

The "Bookman" defines "A Triggs" as "one who aspires beyond the limits of his nature—a fugitive from the commonplace without the means of effecting his escape."

However, the "Triggsistine" is all right. On first sight it reminds us of one of Hubbard's Little Journeys. It bristles with ambition as all first numbers do, for having no past the future is all before it and that is much.

Though conceived after much tribulation, parent and child are doing well and have our congratulations and best wishes.

The September Craftsman, besides containing a fine illustrated sketch of Andrew D. White, Civic Art in Portland and other superb writings, too numerous to mention, has a resume of the wonderful artistic scissor work of Miss Marie Tuthill. A sketch of Miss Tuthill and some reproductions of her designs cut out of paper prove the wonderful possibilities for self-expression in this way. It is wisely urged that mothers let their children cut paper to their hearts' content and direct their efforts.

Nothing more can be said of the Literary Digest than that it maintains its notably high standard and is, as always, complete and reliable.

The September Physical Culture is a most interesting number, containing such articles as "Hawaii, the Paradise of the Pacific," which treats instructively and entertainingly of the physical characteristics of those wonderful people; "The Art of Diving," "Confessions of a Quack," etc. Bernard Macfadden's illustrated "Exercises on a Door," and his editorials, are charmingly suggestive of our possibilities for health, strength and beauty.

The summer number of Poet Lore contains the translation of a drama by Maurice Maeterlinck, and its usually fine collection of the best poems, with notes and comments for the student.

Suggestion presents every evidence of being prosperous and widely read. The editor, Herbert A. Parkyn, M. D., announces his new book for sale, entitled "Auto-Suggestion, What It Is, and How to Use It for Health, Happiness and Success." Suggestion owes much to its associate and manager, Elmer Elsworth Carey.

The Pathfinder finds for its readers the most essential in science, politics, social science, school and church, art, music and drama, travel, etc., all of which departments are separately and concisely treated, and filled with information that everybody wants and should have.

The Metropolitan Magazine for September contains an "eye-opener" for many readers in the form of a story of the Ku Klux Klan, by Thomas Dixon, Jr. It is finely illustrated, is instructive in the highest sense and alone worth the price of the magazine.

Tom Watson is as irrepressible and captivating in his September magazine as always. "Municipal Ownership in New York," by Hon. Samuel Seabury, a Justice in the City Court of New York; "The Financial Case for Home Rule," by John Redmond, member of parliament, whose portrait forms the frontispiece, are among the good things.

The Reader Magazine for September contains "Ten Tales of Life and Love," by these ten American women: Margaret Busbee Ship, Virginia Woodward Cloud, J. V. Z. Belden, May McHenry, Katharine M. Roof, Cornelia Kane Rathbone, Louise Forsslaind, Florence Olmstead, Nora Archibald Smith, Alma Martin Estabrook. There are many other good things that we have not space to mention.

It being Labor Day as the Reviewer of Periodicals takes pencil in hand, it is with more than a desire to be complimentary that the American Federationist for September is given first consideration. It is full of ads and good reading matter upon the all-important subject of labor and laborers. Editorials by Samuel Gompers and the pages following, give much interesting information as to labor organizations and what they are doing and likely to do. Published at 423 G St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

The Open Road is a delightfully artistic and entertaining little periodical.

The Market Place announces that it is a magazine of business, not a trade journal, and it will doubtless supply a need of progressive business men.

Thought, an advocate of Psycho-Therapy, is an unusually good New Thought periodical.

The Phalanx is also attractive, and our desk has other contributions from the world of writers and publishers that we lack space in this number to comment upon.

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Now is the time to think about what magazines to take for the coming year. We call the attention of our readers to "To-Morrow's" Clubbing-list. Look it over, make your selection and send it in.

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Our readers who send in names of friends and acquaintances to whom we may send sample copies of "To-Morrow," with some probability of additions to our subscription list, should feel assured in advance of our entire appreciation. We take their efforts in this direction as proof that they are imbued with the spirit of Brotherhood and we hope that they may continue to cultivate that spirit by reading and calling attention to the "To-Morrow" Magazine.

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## BUSINESS

BY FRANK HONEYWELL.

And what is business, that rigid term  
 Of wondrous phases of activities,  
 Which occupy the mind with mandate firm,  
 Bent upon surplus or necessities?  
 Upon my mind there weighs an awesome dread,—  
 Experience has taught it,—and I see  
 A firm in her inception humbly led  
 By humble minds on paths of honesty.  
 The business grows, a few employees hold  
 Faithful for years, while others come and go.  
 "Ye faithful, live!" she cries till strong, when lo!  
 Faithless she proves to promises of old.  
 "Beyond reproach," her watchword—must we herein find  
 Expression of the sordid grasping of mankind?

# "To-Morrow" Clubbing List

|   |        |                  |
|---|--------|------------------|
| National Magazine, or any in Class A..... | \$1.00 | } All for \$2.00 |
| Appeal to Reason.....                     | 1.00   |                  |
| To-MORROW Magazine.....                   | 1.00   |                  |

\$3.00

|  |      |              |
|--|------|--------------|
| The Public, or any in Class B.....     | 2.00 | } " " \$3.00 |
| The Open Court, or any in Class A..... | 1.00 |              |
| To-MORROW Magazine.....                | 1.00 |              |

\$4.00

|  |        |              |
|--|--------|--------------|
| The Truth Seeker, or any in Class C..... | \$3.00 | } " " \$3.50 |
| Success Magazine, or any in Class A..... | 1.00   |              |
| To-MORROW Magazine.....                  | 1.00   |              |

\$5.00

|   |        |              |
|---|--------|--------------|
| System, or any in Class B.....          | \$2.00 | } " " \$4.25 |
| Literary Digest, or any in Class C..... | 3.00   |              |
| To-MORROW Magazine.....                 | 1.00   |              |

\$6.00

|  |        |              |
|--|--------|--------------|
| The House Beautiful.....                       | \$2.00 | } " " \$2.75 |
| Woman's Home Companion, or any in Class A..... | 1.00   |              |
| To-MORROW Magazine.....                        | 1.00   |              |

\$4.00

|  |        |              |
|--|--------|--------------|
| The Craftsman.....                         | \$3.00 | } " " \$3.75 |
| Vegetarian Magazine, or any in Class A.... | 1.00   |              |
| To-MORROW Magazine.....                    | 1.00   |              |

\$5.00

|                           |        |              |
|---------------------------|--------|--------------|
| Everybody's Magazine..... | \$1.00 | } " " \$3.52 |
| The Dial.....             | 2.00   |              |
| To-MORROW Magazine.....   | 1.00   |              |

\$4.00

|  |        |              |
|--|--------|--------------|
| The Outlook.....                       | \$1.50 | } " " \$2.40 |
| The Philistine, or any in Class A..... | 1.00   |              |
| To-MORROW Magazine.....                | 1.00   |              |

\$3.50

|                             |        |              |
|-----------------------------|--------|--------------|
| Success.....                | \$1.00 | } " " \$2.25 |
| Woman's Home Companion..... | 1.00   |              |
| To-MORROW Magazine.....     | 1.00   |              |

\$3.00

## Class A

The Open Court  
The Conservator  
National Magazine  
Success Magazine  
Brann's Iconoclast  
Woman's Home Companion  
The Philistine  
The Artsman  
Physical Culture  
Ad Sense  
Vegetarian Magazine  
Peoples Companion  
Wiltshire's Magazine  
The Business Philosopher

## Class B

Motor  
The Independent  
Critic  
Forum  
System  
The Public  
Sat. Evening Post  
The Dial

## Class C

Smart Set  
The Truth Seeker  
The Arena  
Current Literature  
Literary Digest  
World's Work  
Country Life  
The Outlook

## SPECIAL

Send Five Dollars for Clubs of Six  
Subscribers to "TO-MORROW."



# Prize Contest Coupon.

Why is "To-Morrow" the most vital publication to-day?  
For the three best answers we will pay:

|              |   |         |
|--------------|---|---------|
| First Prize  | - | \$25.00 |
| Second Prize | - | 15.00   |
| Third Prize  | - | 5.00    |

And an annual subscription to "To-Morrow" for each answer of especial merit.

*The Contest will Close October 31, at  
12 o'clock, Midnight,*

And the winners announced in the issue following.

**DIRECTIONS:** Address your answer, The Vital Publication,  
2238 Calumet Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

NOTE—The August, September and October numbers will contain the answer. It is up to you to find it and recognize it.

**To-Morrow Publishing Co.**

2238 Calumet Ave. - - CHICAGO, ILL.

## Human Culture



EMILY H. VAUGHT,  
Editor & Publisher.

**Does It!**

**Unfolds Sexual Secrets  
Develops Self-Confidence**

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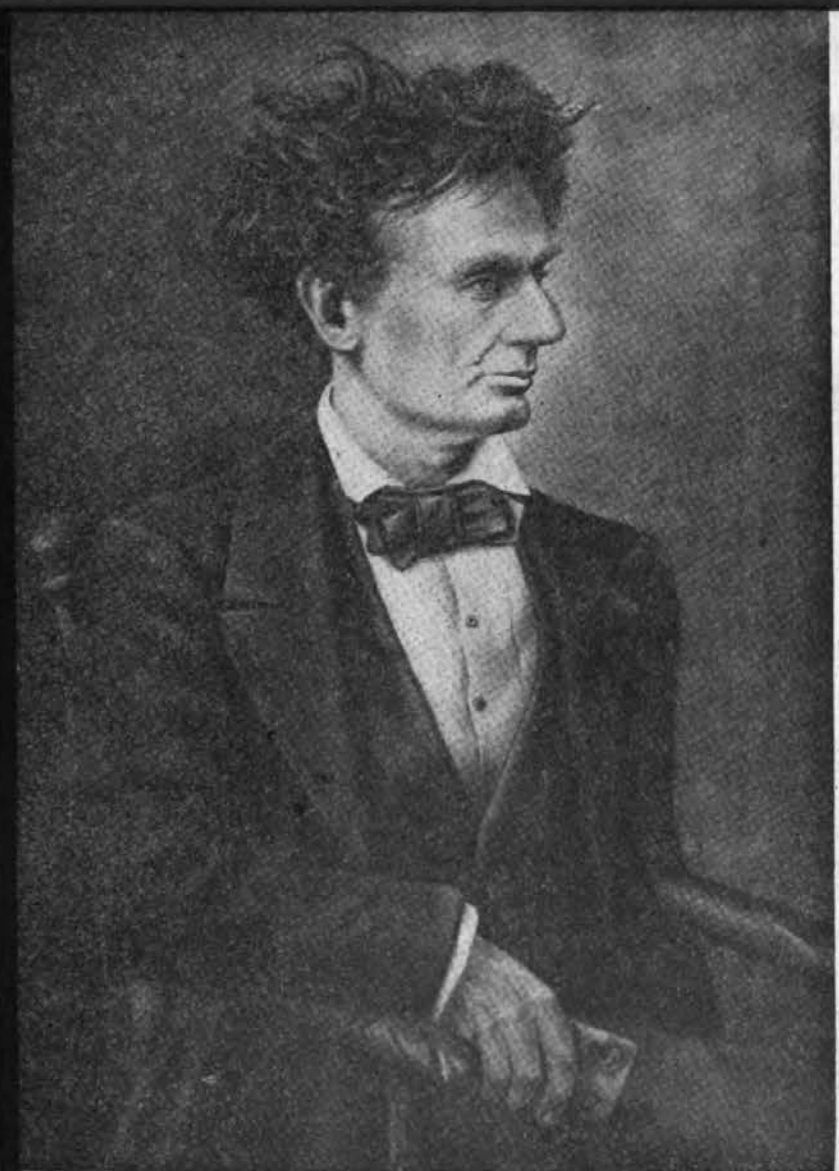
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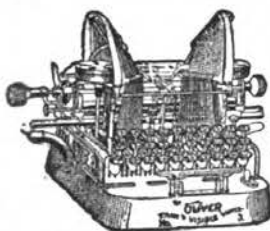
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While sitting on the Bloomington Court House steps, running his fingers through his hair, cogitating, dreaming, waiting for court to open, a friend accosted Lincoln and dared him to have his picture taken in that guise. The photograph shows for itself.

Brokaw was a great admirer of Lincoln, and though this is the first time the picture and episode have been mentioned in print, all the circumstances have remained a vivid picture on the mind of the book agent and inspires the following:

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It is well that you believe in freedom as there can be no progress or happiness without it.

Accustom yourself to apply the test of freedom to every problem of life and mind.

What is the cure for the evils of freedom? More freedom.

Do not hesitate, do not doubt, for whenever applied freedom has been the solver of problems.

Doubt, and you display your intellectual unfitness.

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Egoism is the parent of forms, ceremonies and every variety of lust and despotism.

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# To - M o r r o w

For People who Think

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, MANAGING EDITOR

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE



# The Multi-Income Graft.

**Corporations**—(co-operations)—are essential to the economic progress of the race. **Corporation Abuse** consists in enabling one man to absorb the incomes and opportunities of hundreds of men.

Force the greedy back, make them return to **ONE MAN POWER**. We are "harking back" to feudal conditions. Political despotism has assumed the form of economic despotism.

Already ten per cent of our population own ninety per cent of all the property of the United States. Our jails are filled with people who have infringed the **PROPERTY RIGHTS** of this ten per cent.

Absorption of **OPPORTUNITY** and **INCOME** by these multi-income sharks is driving a large percentage of our population to asylums, jails and despair.

The corporation idea is good, but the way left open for **MULTI-INCOME ABUSE** makes it the Mightiest Graft of the Age.



**PARKER H. SERCOMBE, Editor.**

In view of the reports from Washington that the President proposes to initiate Federal Control of Corporations, and in view of the purpose of "To-Morrow" to always stimulate dealing with causes instead of effects, the following telegram was sent on October, 12th:

**PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT,**

Washington, D. C.,

The only enduring method Federal control of corporation evil. Make it a **CRIME** to receive salary or dividends from other than the one corporation each person exclusively serves.

See editorial November "To-Morrow" Magazine, **PARKER H. SERCOMBE, Editor.**

# To-Morrow

For People who Think

PUBLISHED BY TO-MORROW PUBLISHING COMPANY

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, MANAGING EDITOR

WILLIAM F. BARNARD

GRACE MOORE

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

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Volume 1.

NOVEMBER, 1905.

Number 11.

" WHY IS 'TO-MORROW' THE MOST VITAL PUBLICATION TO-DAY? "

To ascertain why "To-Morrow" is the most vital publication it will be necessary to search its pages. The answer will not be found written ready to be copied off by the contestant, for the winners will be those who, from a study of the August, September and October numbers, glean and give in their own language the strongest and best answers to the question.

"To-Morrow" is unique. It is not a "chap book." It is not ORDINARY. It is different from any other publication, and those who best understand and state this difference will win the prizes.

In order to create interest in the thought and intent of this Magazine, its publishers initiated a plan to give prizes to those who would study its pages, seek out the peculiar difference between it and other magazines, the ones who should best discover and most clearly state the vital differences, to receive the prizes.

The first answers coming in failed so completely in understanding our idea that we published the above paragraph in brackets in both our September and October numbers, in order to give contestants for prizes a "hunch" as to what was wanted.

The character of the answers continuing to come in were so wide of the mark that in our October number we found it necessary to make the announcement that the time of closing the contest would be extended to October 31st, instead of closing September 30th, as was originally planned.

The answers thus far received from contestants seem to indicate that we seek laudation, that we want to be praised and "jollied," whereas we are sure that a careful reading of our pages must indicate something deeper than a mere desire to find food for our vanity.

We want more answers to the "vital" question, and as every contestant will have ample time to read these lines before the final close of the contest on October 31st, we beg that as many as possible will send in a stronger and better answer, asking that the first be destroyed or returned.

The philosophy of "To-Morrow" Magazine has a breadth and depth that is unique, and we want this difference to be known and understood by our readers and by the public at large. We do not seek praise, we simply want to be UNDERSTOOD, and

the prizes are offered to those who can best answer the vital question.

During the past month more than a hundred newspapers in different parts of the United States have made comments on this Magazine, and judging from the character of their paragraphs, some of these newspaper writers seem to get our thought better than our contestants for prizes, for instance, the following from the Bayonne, New Jersey, Times:

To-Morrow is the unique title of a magazine published at 2238 Calumet avenue, Chicago, at \$1 a year. It looks like a monthly that should command large circulation. The articles are a little out of the usual rut and cannot fail to interest.

The following comment from the "Daily Press" of Riverside, California, is a clear statement of one phase of a deep principle of education which is a part of our creed.

"To-Morrow" for September contains a number of contributions of unusual interest, among which are "An Appeal for Abolishing Reservations and all forms of Indian Aid," by Dr. Carlos Montezuma, an Apache who sees in Uncle Sam's paternalism a direct influence to cause the degeneracy and destruction of his race.

The following paragraph shows that the review editor of the Evening Press of Grand Rapids, Michigan, has caught our meaning far better than the majority of our contestants for prizes, for he has the vision to see not only that the segregation and inductive instruction of children and the removal of paternalism from Indians, are both important subjects for comment, but he sees *the relationship of the two problems*. He observes that they are each parts of the same problem, and thus gives a hint of the unity of thought and purpose of "To-Morrow," which, in reality, is what we want our contestants to understand and state in their own terms. From the Evening Press, Grand Rapids:

While Charlotte Perkins Gilman is advocating employment for mothers, thus necessitating absence from their children. To-Morrow, the new Chicago magazine, editorially makes a strong stand for the segregation of children away from their parents in the care of trained educators, claiming that only in this way can they obtain vital habits of initiative, industry and proper mental attitude. The same line of reasoning obtains in Dr. Montezuma's appeal to abolish reservations and government aid to Indians. He claims that paternalism is their ruin, and that character and stamina can only be developed among Indians by giving them a white man's chance.

While we admit that many standard publications are printing editorials and contributions on problems, such as "Scientific Child Culture," "The Race Problem in the South," "The Social Evil," "Insurance Corruption," "Political Graft," "The Indian Question," and hundreds of other subjects connected with the political, economic and domestic life of our epoch, we do not concede that there is any publication that continually and persistently draws attention to the relationship of all these fields of inquiry, ever disclosing and employing the UNIFICATION OF

THOUGHT and the UNIFICATION OF KNOWLEDGE in explanation of phenomena. We do not know of any other publication that deals always in CAUSES instead of EFFECTS, that discusses human problems with the same IMPERSONALITY that you would discuss an ant-hill or a bee-hive. Do you see the point? One contestant for the prize writes:

" 'To-Morrow' is the most vital publication to-day because there is no 'Yesterday'; it has gone into the past with all its mistakes, for which there is no possible remedy. We cannot call it back for it is buried beyond resurrection," etc.

A mere play upon the name, and really no hint of why it is a *vital publication*.

Another contestant, full of enthusiasm, and feeling that we must be *praised* and *flattered* to the limit, says:

" 'To-Morrow' is the beacon that lights the future. It is a truth-seeker, a philosopher, a free-thinker. It is a literary digest of the world's best thought. It is a standard-bearer of Right. A vital magazine for the people and by the people. A stickler for that largest liberty for which our forefathers fought. It is a fearless arranger of the wrongdoer. It preaches the democracy of industry and blazes the trail for moral, physical and psychological development. Character culture is its creed, it is father to the faithful in teaching the beauty of the commonplace and the rational of high ideals."

Even if all of this were true, for in reality we have earned but a small portion of this praise, it would not be sufficient to entitle this Magazine to be called "the most vital publication." Were "To-Morrow" Magazine to advocate nothing deeper than the legal punishment of the officials of insurance companies, the usual number of years imprisonment for public and private grafters and boodlers, the regular schedule of the law's vengeance against murderers and thugs, the usual ratio of annual improvements in the equipment of our public schools, the encouragement of subscriptions to annual Christmas dinners for the poor, etc., we certainly would not deserve the name of the most vital publication, for all of these deal with effects only, and not with causes.

Editorially, in our September number, we pressed the point of SPECIAL PRIVILEGE as being the basis of the political, economic and domestic unrest of this epoch, and we outlined a scientific basis by which, through the medium of a proper kind of education, the cure for one of our evils will become a cure for all, thus not only striking a blow at the cause, but showing the relationship existing between the prevalence of divorce, graft, and the strife between capital and labor, and it is in the ability to see the law of relationship between these phenomena, and to

scientifically point out the cause and the cure, that "To-Morrow" becomes the most vital of publications.

Among other interesting observations of prominent dailies, the Nebraska State Journal has the following:

In a magazine called To-Morrow, the first copy of which we received today, Parker H. Sercombe and his able associates are endeavoring to direct public attention to a more scientific method of rectifying the wrongs from which society suffers than the present one of "sermonizing" in the hope of inducing people to adopt rules of conduct in direct conflict with their natural inclinations.

This man claims to be able to scientifically demonstrate that progress is racial and not individual, "subconscious to the mass, and not conscious to its units." It is somewhat difficult to understand at one reading just how an environment is to be created for the development of the character of society as a whole, for the spiritualizing of the entire smear, unless through the "sermonizing," which the magazine condemns, a sentiment is created favorable to the methods suggested.

It will have to be admitted that the means thus far employed to establish a kingdom of righteousness upon the earth and eliminate all the conditions that make for degradation and unhappiness, have been discouragingly slow in producing desired results. The father has lectured his wayward son only to have his admonition thrown away while the boy went on sowing wild oats, unmindful of the bitter harvest that follows the sowing. The preacher has given to his congregation Sunday after Sunday the soul-nourishing product of the pre-digested word without producing any material change in the daily conduct of its individual membership. To-Morrow points out a course that by application to the collective forces of society will establish the permanent good by removing every inducement to do evil. And this is the thing all good people hope too see accomplished.

The Daily Republican of Springfield, Massachusetts, says:

"The To-Morrow magazine is published 8223 Calumet Ave., Chicago, a called 'a magazine for people who think.' In the October number the editors urge the segregation of children away from their parents and under the care of trained educators. Dr. Montezuma argues in favor of doing away with reservations and government aid for the Indians. Mabel McCoy Irwin asks and answers in the negative the question "Was Walt Whitman a free lover?" 'The confessions of a divorcee' is continued, and J. H. Westover closes his series of articles on 'Statutory control of insurance.'"

The Reading, Pennsylvania, Telegram contains the following:

Chicago's new magazine for thinkers, To-Morrow, presents a well-filled October number. It contains a number of trenchant papers on topics of the times and a beautiful poem on "Indian Summer."

At least one vibration of importance reached the editor of the Star, Rockland, Maine:

"To-Morrow" contains a number of contributions of unusual interest. The current installment of "High Finance in Mexico," wherein the writer shows with what effrontery the rights of the masses and poorer classes are openly defied in that country, has created unusual interest.

The following from the Universal Republican, of Portland, Oregon, indicates that the editor considers "To-Morrow" worth while:

The new monthly magazine "To-Morrow" is being well spoken of everywhere, and it deserves it. Do not wait to investigate its merits until tomorrow, but send ten cents for a sample copy now to publishers, "To-Morrow," 2238 Calumet Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Yearly subscription one dollar.

The Louisville Times gives us mention thus:

"To-Morrow" is very spicy for September. It contains a number of contributions of unusual interest, among which are "An Appeal for Abolishing Indian Reservations and All Forms of Indian Aid," by Dr. Carlos Montezuma, an Aplache, who sees in Uncle Sam's paternalism a direct influence to cause the degeneracy and destruction of the race.

One of the most intelligent answers received for the prize contest declares that "To-Morrow is the most vital publication because of its 'PURPOSE,'" but as every contestant, including the one mentioned, will have a chance to read these lines and send in another answer, we beg to say that while to a degree this is so, it is more largely in our METHOD and mental attitude. The above writer says:

"The purpose of 'To-Morrow' is to arouse in the individual the cosmic spirit and thus lift us out of the impotency of our individual selfishness. So soon as I, the individual, realize that I am also a symbol of the whole I am filled with harmony. It is only in relation to the whole that I live and move and have my being.

"'To-Morrow' has the organic conception of the universe, it realizes that each individual has a peculiar function to perform and that it is in the performing of this function that the individual has value and meaning. Happiness and success can never be found on the individual basis nor through special privilege. They are found only by identifying the individual life with the life of the whole, etc."

We quote the above as it is in the right line of thought, and is pretty certain to win one of the prizes, and taken in connection with other pointers given above, furnishes all contestants with a more definite idea of what is wanted.

Such answers as the following are exceedingly amusing in the light of what we really want to bring out:

"Because today's tomorrow is tomorrow's today."

Here is another:

"To-Morrow's Magazine is a ferret for humbugs, it is an adept search light for frauds."

The first is merely a play upon words, the second a sample of a class of platitudes, the invention of which imparts such joy and repose to a certain variety of half-baked American Radicals.

#### THE MULTI-INCOME GRAFT.

In contemplating the total lack of ordinary honesty of the financiers, insurance officials, etc., of New York, it is pertinent that we understand that all the financial kings, trust magnates and captains of industry work on the same plane, and that no man can become a millionaire in these times and do it honestly, that is, *earn what he gets*. He can only acquire immense wealth through organizing tricks and schemes whereby he can secure possession of what *others have really earned*.

From recent occurrences and exposures of Standard Oil and Insurance methods, and the methods of common grafters and embezzlers in St. Louis, Milwaukee, Philadelphia and other points, it is easy to observe that the public are gradually demanding a higher standard of honor than in former days; and in the matter of handling finances for others these recent investigations prove that methods are now considered crimes which ten years ago passed as honorable.

The growing public conscience is shortly to take another step and realize that the course of industrial and economic evolution in this country will soon declare that the chief abuse, **THE MIGHTIEST GRAFT** and the most dishonorable custom of financiers is the drawing of salaries and dividends from several corporations or institutions.

We propose to show in the columns of this Magazine that in no way can the tendencies of graft and frenzied money-getting be so easily curbed and regulated as to make it a **CRIME** to draw salaries or dividends from any other company than the one a man actually and personally serves.

We are able to show that the tendency and drift of economic evolution tends in the direction of making it incumbent upon men to serve **ONE CONCERN** to the exclusion of others, and be considered no better than the common thief or boodler, if found in the position of Geo. E. Perkins, with one hand in the vault of the New York Life Insurance Company, and the other in control of J. P. Morgan's money bags, drawing salaries and dividends from each.

Could any greater outrage upon common decency be conceived of than this, and remember, so low has the conscience of American financiering sunk that the entire conspiracy by common consent of National Bankers, Controllers of Currency and Trust Magnates knew and approved of it, and aided and abetted the scheme as a part of their own system.

In order, therefore, to insure permanent relief from the tricks and intrigues whereby the exploiting and stock gambling class brings oppression and disability to the toiling masses, and fabulous unearned power to themselves, "To-Morrow" Magazine proposes to organize a crusade to make it a **CRIME** for any man to accept salaries or dividends from other than *the one company he exclusively serves*. This is the poison by which the political despotism of olden times has passed into the economic despotism of the present, and it is the means by which men of fabulous wealth rake in their vast incomes, for dividends are only salaries under another name; and while this statement will at first seem ultra-radical, those who study the coal industry and oil production and

railroad management in the state of Pennsylvania and elsewhere, and realize that these companies all have the same owners drawing salaries and dividends from each, will also understand that government regulation of the RELATIONS OF THESE COMPANIES toward each other will ever be as impotent as the signing of a pledge on the part of the confirmed drunkard, so long as the same men are permitted to draw incomes from the several companies.

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### THE HAGUE TRIBUNAL.

In the hope of developing vital interest in the direction of a real solution of the question of UNIVERSAL PEACE the following letter, which is self explanatory, has been forwarded to the President:

President Theodore Roosevelt, Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir: We consider the Peace Conference at the Hague, called by the Czar of Russia, a matter of such vital international interest that we propose making it a subject of extended comment and discussion in coming numbers of "To-Morrow" Magazine.

We shall strongly urge the need of definite and strong action on the parts of the delegates to said convention if they wish to prove that the nations of the world are really sincere in their desire for universal peace.

We propose to show that under present conditions there is but one act that will give the stamp of sincerity to this conference, and that is for the Hague Peace Tribunal to be made a permanent fixture and that all armies and navies of the world be placed immediately and exclusively under the command of the Tribunal itself.

Disarmament at the present status is impossible, the destruction of the armies and navies of the world is out of the question, but the realities of enduring international peace can be attained by delegating exclusive power to make and carry on war, to the Hague Tribunal, the expense of any war to be borne pro rata, by the various nations in the combine.

Of course, with this centralized power, and the majorities of the armies and navies of the world in command of the Tribunal, and that Tribunal given powers of arbitration, warfare will be reduced to an impossibility, and will naturally result in the gradual disarmament of the world.

Yours very respectfully,

PARKER H. SERCOMBE.

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### THE EVOLUTION OF BUSINESS.

There is a delightful simplicity in the attitude of the average business man toward life and its possibilities. Your millionaire,



with your man who has thousands, no less than he with hundreds, who hopes to eventually have thousands or millions, speaks of life from the point of view of an accountant, or money changer, and estimates values strictly in terms of cash. He would coin the sunrise, change all the handshakes in the world into vouchers, and dispose of stocks and bonds based upon natural joy, if it were possible. Money makes the world for him; there is nothing else worth having. Business compares the whole of life's interests; and if a thing will not "bake bread"—to use the words of Emerson—away with it!

What a curious type he is; this business man! Early and late he is "making money" or planning to make it; looking at everything with a hungry look; wondering what there is "in it;" asking of everyone, as to his work, "does it pay?," and ever using his strange standards of measurement; looking askance at arts, sciences, humanities, and all the rest; skeptical as to their dividend winning possibilities.

"Get the money!" this man says; "Get the money! Never mind literature; never mind art; never mind the humanities; never mind anything that is, unless it will win the money!"

Poor business man; how will you unlearn your gospel of the bucket and trough? A hog jostle at the barnyard fence is as inspiring as a scene in your "market." A fight between curs over a mouldering bone would make companion piece for the picture of yourself and other business men, "hammering prices," or trying to "boost" them. The pauper may pity you, as may the vagrant; and the wildest gospeler of them all, the prophet of that unborn babe the future, may weep, commiserating your fate. You are the last of the fools, of a kind; one of nature's bitterest practical jokes. And you take yourself so seriously.

Those who profess to know nature say that she "never makes mistakes;" but this claim of lazy and comfortable optimism will not square with numerous complaints over the "ills which flesh is heir to," which optimists, with all the rest, are always mourning over; and if nature does not seem to make mistakes, she makes men who make mistakes; and this amounts to the same thing. One of nature's mistakes was that of making the business man; for the business man makes the mistake of thinking and living as though all of nature's blessings could be weighed in a balance against gold, and thus have their values fairly estimated.

Let us look at this fool of time, the business man, and see how a "mistake" of nature has evolved.

When the element of profit-seeking entered into barter and trade—to go no farther back into the jungles of human history—the cave men showed yellow teeth in greedy smiles as they count-

ed their "profits" day by day. To get something for nothing was a very early ambition of the human race, and the "uncertainties of life" were, in primitive experience and primitive judgment sufficiently evident to justify an element of juggling in prices. Once started on the road of profit seeking, the rest was easy; ties of life" were, in primitive experience and primitive judgment vengeance.

It was a long step from early man to the man who worked for a master; but finally "the classes" were formed, and "Hodge" was born; a spectacle for gods and men. Profit seeking had made him, with his master; and Hodge kept busy trying to get a little of that which he produced, while the master busied himself trying to keep Hodge's ambition down. Hodge finally developed into the present wage-slave; and by the time that he had found "his place," business had been reduced to system.

The search for profits having resulted in the formation of "classes" in the modern sense of the term, and man having come to be estimated as high or low, or somewhere between high and low, according as he got more or less profit, "Competition" was sought out and consecrated by the economists—curious application of the word—under the name of Manchesterism, and all the monstrosities of business were given character anew.

Experience soon showed, however, that Manchesterism, free trade and competition, were not first-rate means to profit getting, and the formation of trusts was the natural result. Trusts eliminate most of the smaller profit seekers, and make more profit for the big ones. Thus, today, we have a world made up of profit getters and profit makers, and the profit getters are so stuffed with profits that they have forgotten everything but profits, while the profit makers, grown thin on short rations of hope, as well as food, are beginning to look around them for means to escape from bondage.

The story is an old one. The man who is money-mad does not know the world, his fellow beings, nor himself; but he thinks that all will continue as it is, and that money is the best of all good things. In his greed for profits he is pushing his fellow beings to the limit of endurance. When that limit has been touched, business will cease and be no more.

Nature rectifies her own mistakes. That is our consolation and hope. Her latest monstrosity, the business man, cannot understand life on terms of fellowship, or the impulses which make for communism. That is why he is one of nature's mistakes. Thousands of years of experience have at last brought us to a place Life has taught us to make a paradox that it is not profitable to

seek profits, and the business man's last hour is shining on the dial. To think that infinite and unlimited nature should have taken us so far to bring us the little distance we have accomplished!

But the wild dreams of poets and utopians are to be realized! The experience of the race has at last nearly taught that race that there is nothing in profits, in business, for it. Humanity, pushed to the last resort, is deciding to drop competition and try co-operation, and to have in the place of wealth, plenty. The arts, the sciences, the humanities are coming back to the common people even now. A day and all may be "better than well."

Poor business man, with your money, and your money-making ways; it is your fate to go on a little longer, seeking "what there is in it;" till the evolution of business is complete, and the bonds of economic slavery grow over-tight. Then the gospel of prophets and poets will supplant your gospel; and while those whom you despise are welcomed in the land, you will be dismissed—oh irony!—as the veriest of dreamers!

W. F. B.

### DESIRE AS A FACTOR.

(SUBCONSCIOUS.)

The tendency of human thought and desire is more strongly toward Democracy than ever before in the history of the race.

From the dawning of self consciousness up to the present time, the evolutionary process of Nature has had for its object the development of the positive element in man. The pendulum has swung its full length in this direction. Egoism, self assertion and self protection are the predominating qualities in human thought.

Collectively and individually these qualities are manifesting in the desire of men, every day intensifying, to *possess*. The tendency of human nature at this stage of its evolution is to *hold on*. The positive, self conscious state is at its height.

Egoism, self assertion, and self protection are all necessary factors in the evolution of human intelligence. No one denies that the personal equation which is now bringing its corresponding burden of suffering to the world as the result of predominating self conscious qualities, has its value for good as well as for so-called evil. In the natural order of growth the positive or masculine quality is necessarily first manifested. But with the positive developed to the point at which it becomes exclusively egotistic there is no room for further progress except the negative or feminine quality becomes active, to the end that poise, completeness and solidarity be realized.

This negative, feminine quality, the quality of receptivity to new factors and forces not yet tried, is every where and in every way asserting its power as against the positive, masculine principle which has so long obtained. The first feeble little hint of this quality as a possible solution to world problems was in the plea of the Czar of all the Russians for International Arbitration. Its greatest collective expression is to be seen in the Socialistic movement that is now the largest political party in the world and the only party which recognizes and acknowledges that society is an organism, the welfare of the individual depending upon individual adaptation to the needs and requirements of society as a whole.

Communitic communities are being organized by the hundreds all over the civilized world, showing that the idea of a common need and desire among men, and of a social relationship upon that basis, is by no means one that a few dreamers and visionaries have evolved for their temporary amusement. It is not to the point whether communitic communities are successful or not. That they are springing up like mushrooms when the sun doesn't shine on them, is the fact to be noted.

The human race desires unity because it is a unity. Human beings hunger for fellowship and co-operative life because it is the *nature* of human beings to be social and co-operative. A few have awakened to full realization of this great truth, the many will awaken to it also in due time.

But having the *holding on* quality, it is a struggle to the death for man to let go. He holds to his institutions and social forms as to an old pair of shoes, or to his lands and his furniture, forgetting that the form is only of value as it gives free expression to his growing intelligence and enlarging aspirations.

But as the negative or feminine aspect of the Cosmic Energy, flowing through all nature, reveals its possibilities and beauties to human intelligence, we shall surely find ourselves evolving new and attractive forms of social relationship in place of the old ones which no longer satisfy. Already there are here and there, little ripples of harmony growing out of an effort to be social, upon the basis of a common need and desire, proving that the basis is a correct one.

The intelligent mind, reflecting upon the necessity for new modes of expression, and recognizing in the slow but sure changes taking place in the social world, their human possibilities, it experiences new sensations and is inspired with new hopes and new endeavors.

A very creditable percentage of human society has even now garnered some rich fruits as the result of social relations upon

the newly discovered principle of fellowship. Little by little humanity becomes weary of the positive attitude of mind and becoming passive, the subconscious desire for unity and solidarity becomes a conscious desire.

How else can new methods of social interchange be established except through repeated experiments and failures? Many failures to give free activity to an inner longing of the soul, must necessarily precede the form, the final beauty and completeness of which, stirs the sluggish man, sharpens his appetite and educates him to finer faculties and functions previously undreamed of.

With the growth of social relationships upon the basis suggested in these articles, there will come the recognition of their practicability, their feeding and assimilative, spiritual qualities and their artistic and ethical potentialities.

Profit getting, ownership, self interest, are a Nineteenth Century disease, and only those know it to be a disease who have been cured of it. Only the few whose hunger for the higher human relationships has reached the gnawing stage and who have found food for their hunger in the endeavor to actualize those relationships, in daily life, know that the hunger really exists and is in its very nature common to the race. But as a few human beings have found that they were hungry for each other and could work together and for each other, so all human beings must of necessity pass through the same experience. A few having found satisfaction for their spiritual hunger, all will find it.

It may be contended here that no proof has been offered of a subconscious desire of humanity for fellowship and co-operation. Our reply is, that no proof is possible to the mind unawakened to its essential existence. Proof of any great truth is never forthcoming except man's intelligence expands to its self-evident application.

G. M.

### FOLLY.

Love came knocking at a woman's heart one day, but the woman was so busy holding converse with Fame and Fortune that she heard him not and he went away dejected.

Years later the woman sat alone and weeping. Fortune had proven fickle and Fame more cruel than kind. There had been no time to cultivate even Friendship, the sister of Love, and so the woman sat alone and weeping. And through her sobs she moaned:

"Oh Love! What a fool I have been! Thou alone art worth seeking. Thou alone art worthy of sacrifice. Thou alone can'st bring true happiness and fill that vacant spot in woman's heart. And I have cast thee aside and now I sit alone and weeping. Ah! woe is me! Fortune's smile seemed very sweet and Fame beckoned and I, poor fool, could not see that these were but painted sepulchres, but followed eagerly after them, leaving thee Love, sad and pitying. Ah, woe is me! Beauty has gone and Age has set its inefacable stamp upon me. Life is unutterably weary and I sit alone and weeping."

RUTH E. DARLING.

# Abolish Reservations and Government Aid to Indians

BY CARLOS MONTEZUMA, M. D.

## Part III.

The purpose of these articles is not to exploit the deeds of any man and least of all to bring into prominence the work of General Pratt of Carlisle Indian School fame, but rather to further the cause of my people and the School so dear to many of them by ties of direct association.

There is in the history of all great works as well as of nations some point of time that may properly be termed a crisis, varying in degree of course, in proportion to the interest involved. And this we believe to be the situation concerning the Indian people of this country. A turning point has been reached, and the time at hand when a stand that is vital to them must be taken—that is a stand based on the practical and beneficial instead of what can only be termed political and non-progressive.

An irreparable loss, indeed a calamity befell these people when General Pratt was forced to give up, and the pestilential hand of political influences thrust itself into the management of the Carlisle Indian School—that blighting, corroding hand that has so often paralyzed the true spirit of progress in this country. And like a black cloud that forebodes evil, that calamity hangs now over the one-time well conducted and promising institution. It was a turning back movement as I expressed it in the following letter to President Roosevelt, June 29th 1904:

"To His Excellency,

"Theodore Roosevelt,

"President of the United States,

"Washington, D. C.

"Sir:—I speak in behalf of my people, the Indians throughout the country. In silence I have looked upon you as a great father at Washington to my people, but I am much surprised and dumb-founded at the position you have taken in permitting the dismissal of the foremost student of Indians affairs in the service of the Government, General R. H. Pratt, from the position of Superintendent of the Carlisle Indian School. He was considered by the educated Indians of our country as the one man in the Government service possessing exceptional ability to deal with the Indian problems, especially the education and civilization of the young. His dismissal is unjust to the wards

of our nation, who deserve the rare talents, wide knowledge and accurate judgment he displayed in Indian matters. It is a dark blot in your administration, a backward movement for my people.

"There is not a wigwam throughout the country that can 'smoke the pipe of peace' with you for such an act of injustice to our veteran leader General R. H. Pratt. Remember, we educated Indians feel keenly the mistake you have made. It is not too late for you to right this wrong by reinstating General Pratt and then we shall again 'smoke the pipe of peace' with you." To which letter I received no reply.

The removal was not only unwise but unjustifiable, from any standpoint. Furthermore, as time already has shown and will continue to show, the ill-considered act was a blunder of no insignificant magnitude. It was anything but a "square deal." There was about it something suggestive of resentment.

General Pratt's position as founder and superintendent of the Carlisle School was aside from general governmental affairs, being neither commercial, political or international. When he spoke on the Indian question, privately or publicly, he talked not of or for himself. Personally he wanted nothing; but for the Carlisle School and for the Indians generally he demanded what was their due. He was dominated by one and only one thought, the desire to accomplish as much as possible in the work of bringing these people into mutual association with the people of the country generally, and this with as little delay as might be. Honest in his purposes, therefore he naturally spoke freely on this subject so dear to him. He had well digested views as to what the Government should do toward hastening the civilization of the Indians, and he assumed that the Administration at Washington was one with him in the desire to bring about the result. He assumed that the Government also, like himself, had but one purpose in view and was ready to consider suggestions and endure criticism if need be in order that the right course might be ascertained and pursued. General Pratt assumed that his knowledge of the Indian people and his long experience at the School would be considered by the Administration as warranting him in forcibly criticising wherever it seemed to be demanded by the condition of things. He did not regard himself as holding his responsible position as a matter of favoritism or influence political or otherwise. In fact he had reasons from the approval of other Presidents to believe that his connection with the Indian School had continued because of his being, to a certain extent at least, the right man in the right place, and thus it was that when he pointed out the mistakes or failures of the Government

in its dealings with the Indians he said, "hear me for my cause," and bear with me in those matters wherein I do not approve of the Government's action, it not being for myself that I speak. But he was mistaken. His place was wanted by and for some one else. A friend of the President sought and was granted a hearing and immediately General Pratt learned that he and the administration were not in one thought and purpose on the Indian question and that when his expressed views were not approved he became subject to the "powers that be" like as though he were a henchman for some mighty politician. He was taught that there was one mightier than he who could disapprove and who had the power to manifest that disapproval in a manner that should be characteristic of the most intense strenuosity, and that long, faithful and unselfish devotion to his work at Carlisle were but as a straw against the wind when standing alone against the personal wishes of the chief executive and the desires of a member of his cabinet. Thus it was that in the fullness of years, ripe in experience, a veteran of the civil war, famous the world over as a doer of noble works, General Pratt found himself, heartlessly, causelessly and strenuously separated from his great life work, ruthlessly torn at once from associations and duties to which like a devoted parent he had given the spirit and energy of the best years of his life; and all this not for the betterment of the Carlisle School and the Indian people, but that he might feel the weight of a mighty hand as a punishment for failing to keep in mind that there were individuals to serve and be served.

At the same date of the letter to the President we also wrote the Honorable Wm. A. Jones, then Commissioner of Indian affairs, as follows:

"It was with regret that I was informed that General Pratt was relieved from his duty at Carlisle. It is a wrong step, a disgrace to the administration, and a backward movement to the Indians. Your duty is to reinstate him, or prove his utterances false, after his long experience in the Indian service. With all of my heart I concur with him. Let me hear from you." To this letter I received a weak and unsatisfactory reply, with a promise to call at my office when passing through Chicago. But he failed to appear. This change at Carlisle, however, was not enough and therefore, as a New York paper had it, the President on account of the "peculiar fitness" of Mr. Francis E. Luepp for the position, made him Commissioner of Indian affairs. We believe it should be stated "because he wrote my life." An exploiter in presidential biography must some how or other be rewarded for his flattering scribbles, and as the matter of successfully dealing



with the Indians is of secondary importance, Mr. Luepp will do as well as anyone, while at the same time a personal indebtedness for biographical work can be liquidated.

While General Pratt was at Carlisle, Mr. Luepp was a member of the Indian Board of Commissioners. He resigned his position there and wrote unfavorably of the Carlisle Superintendent without having visited the schools. We have not yet discovered evidences of that "peculiar fitness," yet there has been ample time for some practical demonstration in that direction. He has, however, given expression to the view that the best thing for the Indians to do is to remain Indians. A single instance suffices him for a generalization. A bright Indian boy makes a good showing in drill work in the school gymnasium. Mr. Luepp at once concludes that therefore the Indians have well known fighting tendencies and that, taken together with the fact that the Indian boy while in drill uniform seemed to admire the bright colors of his dress, shows that the Carlisle boys should be given a military training.

Again, Mr. Luepp notes that an Indian girl makes a good nurse, therefore Indian girls should be trained for nurses. With Commissioner Luepp one swallow makes summer. The Indians will surely remain Indians if they remain so till they are brought into a civilized state through the methods and work of Mr. Luepp.

The commissioner is utterly unable with the mental outfit which he has to work with, to grasp the fact that the Indian question must be treated from the standpoint of the manhood of the Indian. Professor Bakeless of the State Normal School of Pennsylvania, whose sincerity and clearness of judgment cannot be questioned, said in his letter of resignation as Principal of the Academic Department of the Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa., dated August 16th, 1902: "It is with great reluctance that I give up this interesting work and accept a new, possibly a wider field of labor. After nine years of service in it, I am more and more impressed with the fact that it is not the intention of the policy of the Indian management to put the Red man quickly and permanently upon his feet as an independent and self-supporting man; and thus end the work and the necessity of an Indian Service; but rather to prolong the process indefinitely. This conviction has been greatly strengthened by the evident absence of any definite line of action tending to lead the Indian out into the larger life of the nation at the late convention of Indian workers held at Minneapolis, Minnesota in July. This is a discouraging feature of the work. The children appeal to me strangely. They are kind, responsive, teachable, frank and honest in expressing their deeper convictions, and ready to recognize

what is for their best good. I have the profoundest faith in the capabilities of the race, and under right conditions, believe that the future of the Indian is a hopeful one.

Educationally Indian schools planned along broad and rational lines, conducted in the interest of Indian youth, by well trained and conscientious workers, are bound to be gratifying; but conducted and brought into contact with our people, and utilized in our general industries, the Indian as a question will disappear quickly, and reappear as a useful citizen."

What a transformation. Later day Indian management being put under a newspaper correspondent rewarded with commissionership of Indian affairs is something of a transformation, as he must admit. The civilizing of the Indian is only a method of transforming him. Men of all nationalities are daily being transformed, so that it is not out of the ordinary to speak of transforming the Indian. The Apostle Paul says "Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind."

Three things, therefore, have conjoined to make the present situation of the Indians unpromising. First and foremost the removal itself, in itself, of General Pratt. His life, his work in the past and his aims for the future were so interwoven with Indian interests that it was like the effect would be upon a people whose governments, having been of a liberal and progressive character had been changed suddenly to one of autocratic domination. The Indians took it to heart as a personal loss, and their faith in the government received a shock from which if they ever recover it will be a wonder, for in the work of lifting a people out of savagery, so called, their confidence is indispensable. Lose that and your efforts well come to naught.

It is impossible to make the educated Indians believe that the removal of General Pratt was for their benefit or could be otherwise than against their interests. The "white father" then and there lost the confidence of this people. They knew General Pratt and what he stood for and had done, and it was mere nonsense to tell the Indians that his removal was not against their interests.

Yet, severe as this blow was it brought another, the second act in the programme, almost as bad for the Indians, in the appointment of Captain Mercer as General Pratt's successor. It would be difficult to find two men more unlike in their general make-up. Knowing General Pratt you have only to imagine his opposite in almost everything and you have a captain Mercer. One had consecrated his life to the work of uplifting the Indian people of this country. The other is not devoted to anything in particular that anyone knows of. The one considered self as

only a means to an end, the other considers self as the end. The one had definite plans which were based on experience and which he hoped to see put into action; the other has neither experience nor plans. The one was and for many years has been close to the Indian people and knew their characteristics; the other is without this knowledge and is so constituted that he can never acquire it. The one thought only of what was being done; the other only of who is doing it. And so we might go on to speak of breadth and narrowness, modesty and egotism, generosity and selfishness, simplicity and pomposity, high purposes and selfish motives, till there was no more to be said of General Pratt or Captain Mercer.

The third and final act was the appointment of Mr. Luepp as Commissioner. So it looks quite like "three times and out" for the Indian unless some radical treatment can be administered which will work a change immediately in the management of Indian affairs. And of this we will have something to say to the readers of "To-morrow."

(Continued in December Number.)

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### THE CRITIC

Editor "To-Morrow": Will you please ask "G. M." for the addresses of the Redfern and Worth women that are yearning to exchange places with the woman "whose individuality is resplendent in a simple little creation of her own at a cost of two or three dollars." On account of legal complications that might arise, I can not actually exchange places with these ladies, but we might exchange gowns. I have two or three "resplendent creations" that represent four ninety-five per. and individuality positively radiates from them—these gems of individuality I could be persuaded to part from, reluctantly of course, and in return would expect several dresses from the shops of Redfern and Worth, dresses that would only represent art and labor and money—mere nothings to "resplendent individuality." Will you allow me to say a little word in appreciation of one of your regular contributors, "Wenonah"? She says of herself, "I always disliked doing a thing which I could not do exceptionally well." I beg of you to earnestly assure her that she is doing something more than "exceptionally well," by writing the best freak literature that has ever been put on the market. Her "Confessions of a Divorcee" will bring tears of envy to the eyes of every aspiring—and perspiring—freak writer. You are certainly to be congratulated on your "find."

Respectfully yours,

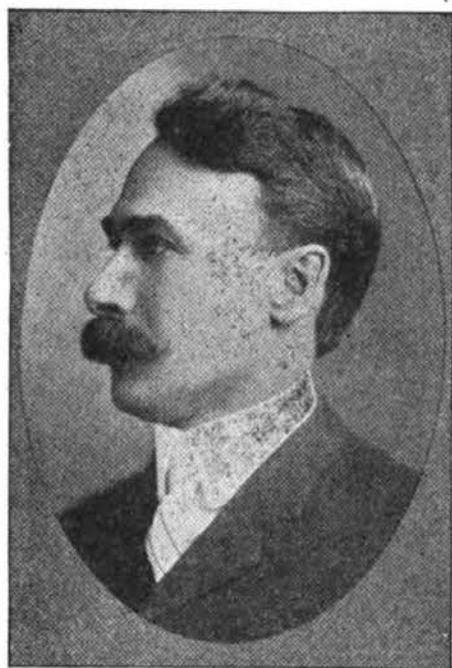
A SEEKER FOR VITAL TRUTH.

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Our readers who send in names of friends and acquaintances to whom we may send sample copies of "To-Morrow," with some probability of additions to our subscription list, should feel assured in advance of our entire appreciation. We take their efforts in this direction as proof that they are imbued with the spirit of Brotherhood and we hope that they may continue to cultivate that spirit by reading and calling attention to the "To-Morrow" Magazine.

# A Plea For Convict Labor

BY JAILOR JOHN L. WHITMAN.



John L. Whitman

This subject is one of vital importance, especially at this time. A new law has but recently gone into effect, that is, it should have gone into effect some six months ago, but is not yet in full operation.

A new administration of the affairs of the State has just commenced its duties, and it will devolve upon them to give this new law a thorough test, hence the importance of a rational discussion of the situation, pregnant as it is with human interest.

Not only should the physical and moral welfare of the inmates of our

penal institutions be considered, and well looked after, but if the work they do in those institutions is a menace to the interest of free tradesmen, then that must be taken into consideration as well.

All are more or less familiar with the system enforced up to the first of July, 1904, namely the Contract Labor System, but perhaps only a few are acquainted with the evil results and abuses which have made the new law necessary.

This subject has been agitated for several years, many well-posted and fair-minded men have given it careful and thorough study, and the results are that this new law regulating the employment of convicts was framed and approved by the General Assembly, signed by the Governor, and then placed upon our statute books. During all the time since its framing until the present, there has been no charge that it was a vicious act in any way, and, under its operation there seems to me to be no cause for enforced, harmful idleness of the inmates of our penal institutions.

Who did the old law benefit, and at what expense was that benefit derived? Was it the means of making our penal institutions self-supporting? Has it been the means of reforming prisoners? Did it teach prisoners a trade which would be of benefit to

them when they once more had to take up the battle of life? Has it given them a good impression of the law? Has it benefited the general community in any way? You can safely answer *no* to all these questions. The question has it benefited the Contractors probably could be answered in the affirmative. I do not now refer to the effect it has had upon free tradesmen nor to the value of goods manufactured in our penal institutions and placed upon the market, in competition with those produced by free labor, but what has been the moral effect?

I believe it has had the effect of causing a large majority of the prisoners to feel that the law has placed them in penal institutions purely out of motives of revenge, with no thought of giving them a chance or aiding them to better their condition, or to elevate themselves into respectability.

Imagine the every-day life of a prisoner working under a contractor, and consider what his thoughts are, and how necessarily degrading they must be. You can never elevate a man by belittling him or causing him to entertain thoughts that will degrade him in his own estimation to such an extent that he feels as though he can never rise above the low standard of manhood that he has fallen to; or will not be given an opportunity so to do if he desires; when he is in that state of mind there is but little chance for his reformation, and upon his release he becomes a menace to society.

The effect of the Contract Labor System upon the prisoner as I see it, is this: A prisoner upon entering penal institutions may feel that he is but justly punished for the crime he has committed by being deprived of his liberty, and that he must satisfy the law, not only by being imprisoned, but must do such work as the state requires of him during that imprisonment, and realize, as all the rest of us do, that work is essential to the healthy development of the mind and body, but when he is placed under a contractor and his daily task proves to be a hard one, in fact impossible to perform at first, and only by the exertions of all his energy and best intentions is he able to satisfy in the least his shop foreman and keep from being punished, then it is that he commences to figure out who is deriving the benefits of his work. He, of course, realizes that HE is not; then he says to himself, does the State profit by it in any way, and he learns without much trouble that his labors are being sold by the State to a contractor at the rate of \$0.50 per day. He not only is immediately lowered in his own estimation as a man with a possible future, but he feels that instead of doing something for the State to whom he is indebted, he is simply straining himself to satisfy a selfish contractor, and that brings to his recollections the fact that when his day's work is over he is hurried to his narrow cell, with no opportunity for recrea-

tion of mind or body. He begins to feel the rigid restraint of silence and inactivity, and can see no effort by the administrators of the law to aid him in preparing for a future useful career; he thinks no interest is taken in him at all, except for the benefit of the Contractors, and finally becomes morose, sullen, perhaps vindictive. In this mood he can take no interest in his work; it becomes unsatisfactory; complaints are made, and he is punished by the officials; then invariably he becomes antagonistic not only toward the Contractor but toward the administrators of the law who have punished him for not satisfying the Contractor, and all possible chance for bringing about good results from his imprisonment are lost. In order to elevate a man into good citizenship, to make him self-supporting and self-respecting, you must first get him to co-operate with your efforts toward that end. I believe that with the new law in full operation it will prove an incentive to the prisoner to co-operate with the officials in such a way as to be most beneficial to him,—and this does not mean that he shall be kept in idleness.

Prisoners, as a rule, prefer to be at work, but as many of them have said to me after their release (and some of them while yet prisoners), "Oh, if I could only get a job working for the State, I could get along so much better, for there is so little encouragement, and so much chance of getting into trouble, while working in the contract shops."

I have heard it advanced as an argument against the new law that inasmuch as it will be the policy of the State to use in such industries as provided for in Section 6 of that law, viz.: No machinery or motive power other than hand and foot power, except what may be requirer to successfully carry the act into effect, that under those circumstances the prisoners will not acquire any benefits, so far as getting an experience or trade that will enable them to secure work on the outside in our modern factories run almost entirely by machinery. It is true that they would not learn to run a machine, but anyone can be taught that in a few hours, and then he would be a common laborer. Under the old law a prisoner would be put to work at a machine which he would soon learn to run, and be kept there for years, or as long as he was a prisoner, and he would know no more of a trade at the end of his term than he did at the beginning, and would probably never see another machine just like the one he worked on in the penitentiary during his whole life, even though he sought and should find that kind of employment.

Companies manufacturing the same kind of products seldom, if ever, use the same kind of machinery, for even a thorough mechanic going from one factory to another of the same character,

simply changing his place of employment, must learn to run the machinery he finds in his new position, but the trade he learned in former years is the substantial base upon which he builds his claims to being a mechanic; that alone takes him out of the class of common laborers and puts him into the class of mechanics, with more wages and better chances of employment.

In order to learn a trade one must have the opportunity of doing all the different kinds of work required to finish the line of articles he is engaged in manufacturing, and there is no better way to do that than by hand, and all the time he is working with his hands he is developing mechanical ideas which will eventually enable him not only to run any machine but to build one if he wants to, then as those mechanical ideas develop in him, he becomes interested in his work, and if he were in prison, and thus interested, it would be an easy matter to enlist his co-operation in the up-building of his character in such a way as to fit him for good citizenship.

That is what the New Law aims at in providing no machinery in our penal institutions, and it is a wise provision. I lay claim to being a mechanic myself, and much of the time during the last 20 years I have had men working under me, since I have had charge of the Cook County Jail. Many different kinds of men have worked under my direction, and I have noticed that those who are mechanics have better ideas and are more systematic about their work than those who were not, and in the same way as they studied their work in the shop so they would study the conditions at the jail, and the humanity with which they were dealing. As they were practical in the shop so were they practical in their work at the jail, and were consequently better guards.

The great majority of the inmates of our penal institutions are young men, and the sort of industrial training and instruction suggested in the New Law will be most beneficial to them, and that most of them are susceptible to such training will soon be demonstrated. These young men (so-called criminals) are but children so far as any mature ideas they may have are concerned of the serious, practical sides of life. Many of them have known only that which was vicious, their circumstances in life having forced them to live under influences that naturally developed them along these lines, but they are by no means past redemption.

The better instincts in them are simply lying dormant and only need to be drawn out and developed by careful training, when it will be shown that they predominate.

This can be proven by establishing manual and industrial training in connection with the management of our penal institutions, and the schools of instruction already established under

the new law in at least one of our institutions has been productive of much good. The per cent. of the illiterate class among the inmates is quite apparent, and many of them, as they gain something of an education, take an altogether different view of life, and oftentimes proves to be just the incentive needed to start them upon the right road. When better prepared to earn an honest living they are at least more apt to do so.

Section 12 of the New Law provides that all crushed rock or other manufactured road material be prepared by prisoners in the different penal institutions of the State. The employment offered under this section will furnish another class of prisoners with work suitable to their capacity, therefore it will not only be beneficial and profitable to the State, but will aid the management of the institution by giving employment to a class that could not adapt themselves to other lines of work.

Other sections of the law provide that all supplies and furnishings for state institutions, as far as practicable, be manufactured by inmates of penal institutions, and all these things will go a long ways toward giving employment to the inmates, inasmuch as they are to be manufactured by hand.

So I repeat that there seems to be no cause for the enforced harmful idleness of prisoners, under the operation of the New Law. We can rest assured that Governor Deneen will see to it that the spirit of the law is carried out with profit to the prisoners and to the satisfaction of the people of the State.

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#### TO-MORROW FIRST ON THE LIST.

To-Morrow: Believing that it would be of some satisfaction to you know that the advertisements in your most vital little magazine bring tangible results to advertisers I take the liberty of addressing a few words. The teachers of the Union School have formed a reading club and are to-day subscribing for the following, which are advertised in To-Morrow, October number: The Era, The Phalanx Booklet, "Auto Suggestion" and To-Morrow, The Nautilus, Lucifer, Light, "Soundview" and "Wildwood Philosophy." We are also subscribing for others not advertised regularly but listed in "To-Morrow" Clubbing List—Physical Culture and the Phillistine and Success Magazine. I see that Dr. Parkyn advertises some other matter in your magazine and had he given the price of The New Psychology without the trouble of sending a postal card we no doubt would have sent for it. In short, your little monthly proved very valuable to us because we were looking for advanced thought literature and it has more suggestive ads in this line than eight combined others. The twenty-one teachers in the Union all like "To-Morrow." We bought September and October numbers at the Desert News Book Store and decided to place it first on our list for this year.

Yours very truly,

W. S. WALLACE.

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Our readers who send in names of friends and acquaintances to whom we may send sample copies of "To-Morrow," with some probability of additions to our subscription list, should feel assured in advance of our entire appreciation. We take their efforts in this direction as proof that they are imbued with the spirit of Brotherhood and we hope that they may continue to cultivate that spirit by reading and calling attention to the "To-Morrow" Magazine.



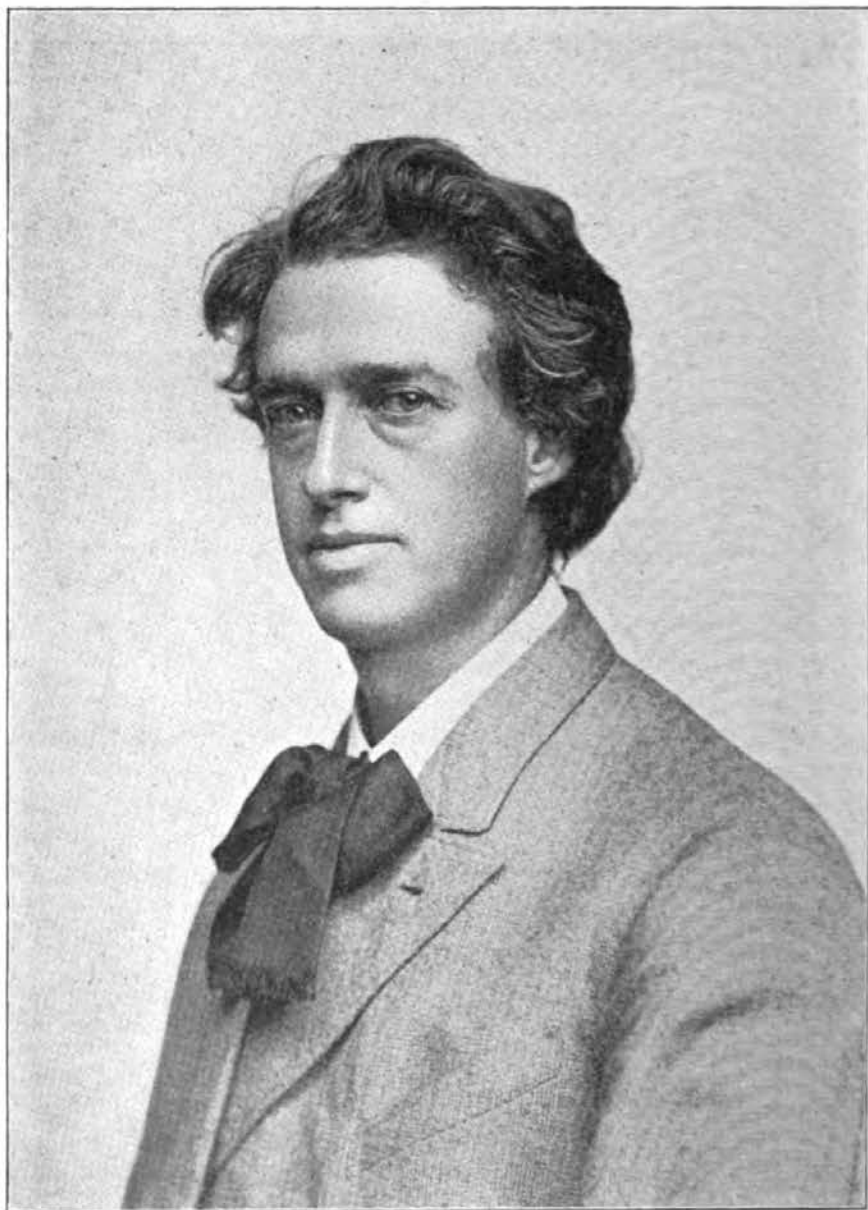


Photo by Gibson, Sykes & Fowler.

**WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD**

# William Francis Barnard

## A Poet of the Changing Order

BY JONATHAN MAYO CRANE.

A true poet, whether intentionally so or not, is always a prophet. His greatest, his truest utterances at times seem false or merely figurative, but that is because the present tense of the poet as well as of the prophet is the future. They live in the world that is to be and they tell us of its glories.

For this reason the best and the truest poems are sometimes the least appreciated in the day in which they are written. And so, it is my candid opinion that when the public has inspected the book of poems of William Francis Barnard, which is soon to be published by the Rooks Press, Chicago, the opinion of the public—which lives in the present tense and therefore is incapable of interpreting poetry—will be expressed by the reviewers in favorable comment on some of the melodious and graceful verses which it contains, verses written, one might say, merely as artistic interludes for more meritorious stuff.

Perhaps some critics of thorough ethical training will generously—but unintentionally, of course—do more than their part in advertising the book by discerning something immoral in the verses.

To the present tense critic the Changing Order is always immoral. And William Francis Barnard is a poet of the Changing Order. Who can fail to discern the optimistic prophecy in the following poem which, although in medieval setting, casts its prophetic significance through the present and on to the future?

### THE ROISTERING KNIGHTS.

*"The ancient knights were not paragons of propriety."*

We've won the castle, Knights At Arms!  
They who were here have fled;  
And fate, that keepeth us from harms,  
Hath made it ours instead.  
But hie not to tell Court and King,  
Who dream our battle's clang;  
Let us rejoice and feast and sing,—  
And King and Court may hang,  
May hang;  
And King and Court may hang!

Now bring wine flagons to the board,  
And serve good meat around.  
Each weary Knight unbelt his sword  
And cast it on the ground.  
You, young Esquire, roar out a song;  
And let the sweet lute twang;  
We'll rest ourselves, or right or wrong,—  
And King and Court may hang,  
May hang;  
And King and Court may hang!

Much have we done for Court and King;  
 What give they in return?  
 Our lives these deem a little thing,  
 While they new pleasures learn.  
 Oft did they dance and sing and quaff  
 When far our battle rang;  
 Let us win pleasure now, and laugh,—  
 And King and Court may hang,  
     May hang;  
 And King and Court may hang!

I think betimes we are but slaves—  
 (And how is it with you?)  
 I feel anon that we are knaves  
 Another's will to do.  
 I doubt we need a King, or Court;—  
 Ah, sharp is memory's fang!  
 Our sorrows die while we're at sport,—  
 And King and Court may hang,  
     May hang;  
 And King and Court may hang!

Who always would his armor wear?  
 Who always hold a lance?  
 This day a truce to fight we swear;  
 Our foes are far as France.  
 Up with the cup, my Comrades all!  
 Each heart forget its pang.  
 We'll pledge to joy what'er befall,—  
 And King and Court may hang,  
     May hang;  
 And King and Court may hang!

Is the poet a Philosopher? Can the Theosophists, or the Christian Scientists rise to a more sublime serenity than is depicted in Barnard's sonnet of "The Modern Stoic"? Barnard's stoic is no quiescent mendicant gazing in rapt meditation on his navel with serene but delicious consciousness of approaching nirvana; neither is he an idle ne'er-do-well, or a sodden imbecile with incapacity for thought. On the contrary his stoic is the strong man, "meteor, star or sun," who has grasped the meaning of life and realizes that exultant hopes and dark despair are merely moods of life. Here is the sonnet; read it once every morning before breakfast and watch the results:

#### THE MODERN STOIC.

Let me while I may live, move straight along;  
 Neither to wild hopes given, nor dismay;  
 Neither to aims that beckon far astray,  
 Nor to dark doubts which round the spirit throng.  
 Yes; let me, meteor, star, or sun, be strong  
 Upon the path of my appointed way;  
 Today, tomorrow, still as yesterday,  
 A stoic life amidst the driven throng.  
 If there be good to which I shall attain,  
 I will be so; and let me feel 'tis well;  
 Nor dally with self-praise; and if time's wane  
 Find me with no fair fruits, no worth to tell,  
 May I pass calmly, nor look back again,  
 On through the gates of death, a star that fell.

I scarcely dare attempt to point out—it would be unpardonably presumptuous for me to do so—the grandeur and the mystic yet epiphanic significance of this poet's great poem on "The Sea's Speech," in which he, with poetic insight, has found the titanic and the everlasting voice of the Changing Order. Here is the poem:

### THE SEA'S SPEECH.

The wash of waves upon lone, lifeless shores,  
It is the voice of one of giant scope,  
Nigh hopeless of all hope;  
The long, reverberate, hollow monotone  
Of impotent grief, slow-following groan on groan,  
From someone old in wars,  
Who still with fate would cope.

Hark to the waters on deserted sands!  
The stifled sob of billows rolling nigh,  
Their haunting, sombre cry,—  
It is the speech of one who still would stay,  
Yet in his helplessness must turn away;  
Who lifts his palsied hands  
To let them fall and lie.

The voice of storms is mighty; and anon  
Ocean has found new vigor. Vast it falls  
Upon Earth's trembling walls;  
And while wind-driven clouds above it lower,  
Its titan waves bespeak a nameless power;  
With mist and spray made wan,  
Wild in its rage, it calls.

But soon that spirit sinks, that else had crushed  
The enthralling, rocky steeps,  
And piled these shores in heaps;  
A little while, and all that might grows still;  
And mark the faltering of those tones, until,  
Its roar of wrath all hushed,  
Subdued, the sad sea weeps.

These are the dying sounds of struggle past,  
Before time was; when worlds were new to life,  
And monstrous change was rife;  
When sea and land in weltering conflict strove;  
When thundering echoes rent the skies above;  
And power on power was cast  
In elemental strife.

These three poems give but an imperfect idea of the sweep of Mr. Barnard's mind and his imagination as indicated in his poems. His book, I fear, possesses too much merit to become popular. But it must be a comfort to the author to know that he has written for the future if not for all time.

Now is the time to think about what magazines to take for the coming year. We call the attention of our readers to "To-Morrow's" Clubbing List. Look it over, make your selection and send it in.

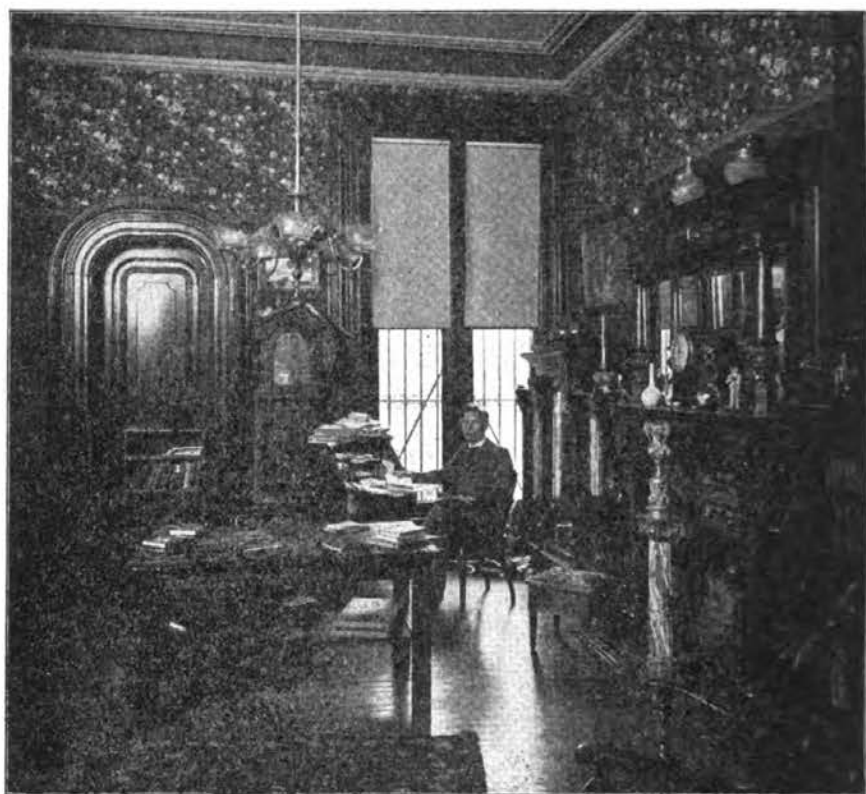


Photo by Gibson, Sykes & Fowler

Library of "The Spencer-Whitman Center", 2238 Calumet Ave.

"It is usually thought that morality requires us only to restrain such vital activities as, in our present state are often pushed to excess or such as conflict with average welfare, special or general; but it also requires us to carry on these vital activities up to their normal limits. \* \* \* The performance of every function is a moral obligation. \* \* As thus understood, all the animal functions, in common with all the higher functions, have their imperativeness."--Herbert Spencer.

"By God! I will accept nothing which all cannot have the counterpart of on the same terms."--Walt Whitman.

"We improve physically by physical exercise, morally by moral exercise, and spiritually by spiritual exercise."--Sercombe.

## The Spencer-Whitman Center

The Spencer-Whitman Center with present headquarters at 2238 Calumet Avenue, is a rational movement now being extended to every portion of the United States.

Membership in the society does not require belief in any creed or system, though the inspiration for its development is obtained from the Synthetic Philosophy of Herbert Spencer and the Cosmic insight of Walt Whitman, the Poet-Seer, whose names and teachings are coupled for the first time in this organization.

The Spencer-Whitman mental attitude towards society in all its phases is of the impersonal, cosmic order, and all human activities are studied from the objective point of view, as scientists study the ant hill, the bee hive, the mind of a child or the nebular hypothesis.

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Traditions, customs, prejudices in abeyance, we stand for the DEMOCRACY OF THOUGHT.

We stand for the law of one thing expressing the law of other things.

We stand for the law of each thing symbolizing the law of all things.

We stand for the relationship of all phenomena.

We stand for happiness as the natural state of man, and for conditions, political, economic and domestic, that will place HAPPINESS ON A WORKING BASIS.

We stand for character culture by means of work for the idle rich as well as for the idle poor.

We stand for democracy in education, four hours of useful work to every hour of book culture.

We stand for boldness, simplicity, charity, toleration, sympathy, when developed by "living the life" and not by preaching.

We stand for industry, steadfastness, initiative, art; the by-products of useful labor willingly performed.

We stand for spirituality as attained by living with others and for others.

We stand for good health, sweet breath, simple living and high thinking.

Doctors, lawyers, preachers, medicines, insurance companies, in abeyance,—these for the unfinished souls who do not know themselves.

We stand for progress by natural selection, and not by oaths, vows, or pledges.

We stand for political, social, economic and intellectual freedom.

We stand for OPPORTUNITY, not pens, for criminals.

We stand for the few evils of liberty as against the multitude of evils of restriction.

We stand for companionship between parents and children.

We stand for comradeship between all men and women.

We stand for ostracism of tattlers, critics and gossips.

We stand for the only love, that which is voluntary and without fetters or bondage.

We stand for men who are too great to accept special privileges not enjoyed by wives and comrades.

We stand for character rights predominating over property rights.

We stand for the cosmic system of thought in harmony with the cosmic development of the universe.

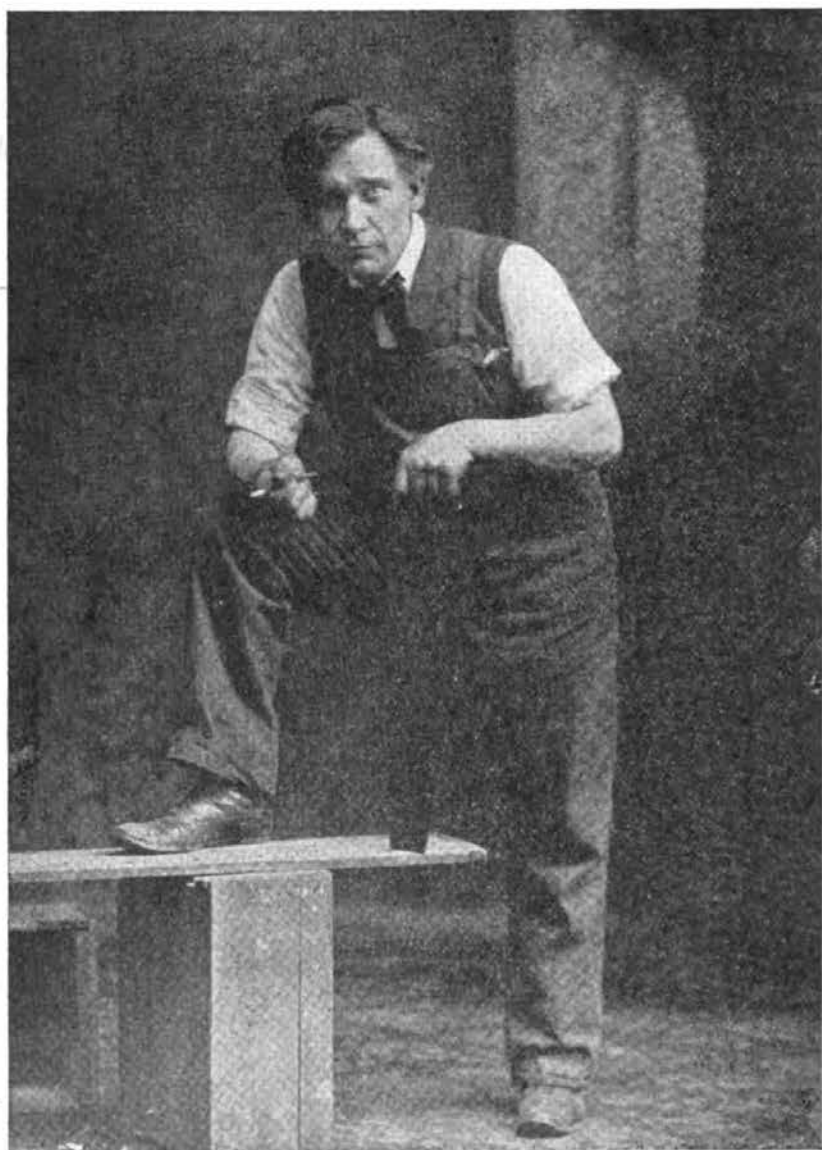


Photo by Gibson, Sykes & Fowler.

**The Founder of the Spencer-Whitman Center (Harking Back)**

A series of free lectures and discussions are conducted at the Spencer-Whitman Center every Monday and Thursday evenings, for which the best local speakers are secured, which lectures have proven popular and instructive.

Industry, art, and initiative being a part of the creed of the institution, a fully equipped cabinet making shop and a book

binding shop have been established in the rear of the main building in which members are given the opportunity to develop their ability in these lines.

Arrangements are in progress for securing a large downtown hall for a course of regular Sunday evening lectures by speakers of National reputation, and it is arranged for Hugh Pentecost of New York, to become the first speaker in this series. It is proposed to make the Spencer-Whitman Center the strongest and most practical rationalistic movement of the age.

The Spencer-Whitman Center is a Club House and Inn where the spirit of fellowship is mortised in the threshold and where free souls and advanced thinkers of the wide world may lodge and dine and commune with their kind.

It will become the Chicago headquarters of members and their friends from everywhere. The society will establish a first-class dining room, billiard room, library, gymnasium and other club house facilities, and its lecture hall will throughout the year present the best speakers in the country who will discuss the vital topics of the hour.

We are for social, intellectual and moral progress, and while not pretending to outline by what route or under what label our advancement will be attained, judging by the past we have no fear of the future, feeling that we may trust evolution to trace out our course better than we know.

Memberships to the Home Center in Chicago, will be received from all over the world, at twelve dollars per year, payable three dollars quarterly in advance, and all advance thinkers who are desirous of becoming a part of this great movement are invited to send in their names and membership fees. Come! "Not 'till the Sun excludes you will I exclude you."—Walt.

Branch centers will be established in various cities where ten or more members assemble and make application for local charters.

"To-Morrow" Magazine will be sent without extra charge to all members of the Spencer-Whitman Center, and will contain all announcements and a record of the progress of the movement.

My dear Mr. Sercombe: I have looked through the September number of "To-Morrow" with some satisfaction. I think you are growing as an editor, and drop some gems of thought and truth that will help to build an atmosphere of enlightenment and quickened moral perception, much needed in this hour. With best wishes for fulfillment of your purposes, I am ever,

Yours sincerely,

LUCINDA B. CHANDLER,



# Confessions of a Divorcee.

TO HER FIRSTBORN.

BY WENONAH.

## PART IV.

In the November installment of her "Confessions of a Divorcee," Wenonah so completely outgrew the attitude of the young girl and employed such plain terms in describing her early marriage relations and motherhood that, while our editorial wheels have plenty of sand, and are guaranteed to pull a load on almost any grade, it was thought best to submit the copy to the Post Office Press Censor Bureau before printing it, this to avoid rejection as second-class mail matter.

Well were it, so to speak, that we thus did, for Paul Hull, the astute discriminator against would-be assassins of purity, pronounced it unfit for the eyes of Anthony Comstock, babies, or adolescent youth, and it being too late to rewrite it, we cut it out, and "To-Morrow" dawns, as it were, "in maiden meditation, fancy free."

The law against permitting "obscene" matter to be carried by U. S. mails was no doubt originally intended to exclude vulgar literature and pictures, French novels and salacious writings of all kinds, but unfortunately, under the present ruling by the postal authorities a broader sweep is given to the law, so that really vital matters pertaining to sex and motherhood, subjects of deep sociologic and general scientific significance are also excluded through the untrained and whimsical interpretation of the officers in charge.

Were these public servants versed in the meaning and realities of general democracy, no such ruling would be possible, else they would know that to stop discussion through the press of vital matters pertaining to sex and motherhood, means stagnation and a stoppage of advancement along those lines of thought which is pitiable in the light of the rapid increase of the divorce evil.

By way of showing that the evils of press censorship are liable to become much greater than the wholesale and unrestricted discussion of sex and marriage ever can be, it is pertinent to relate how the writer recently addressed a personal letter to a party in New York, which same was promptly sent back by the Post Office, bearing the stamp, "Returned on account of fraud."

It seems that the gentleman was an officer of a corporation that had declared dividends on stock which some enemies and detractors of his declared were unearned, although the statement of the corporation showed otherwise. Not only was the corporation promptly made bankrupt without trial by having its mail and remittances withheld, but the personal mail of its officers who, also without trial were declared frauds, was withheld and returned to the writers.

These rulings imply that none but honest men are to be allowed use of the mails, but still preachers who are promising heaven and hell, and who have never been known to *make good*, are permitted to receive their mail without challenge. Lawyers, from whom truth has fled these thousand years, still continue to receive their billet doux and bills and duns.

Not a word has been heard in regard to any intention of the Post Office Department stopping the mail of the Standard Oil Company, the Beef Trust, or of any Railroad Company giving rebates, or of any Insurance Company practicing all kinds of frauds, and so we ask, wherefore this strange discrimination?

As educators, we take issue with the Post Office Censorship, the Government and all the pious frauds who clack of things they know not of, for we know that even small children should be told all about the reproduction of plants, animals and human beings just as rapidly as they show any interest in these topics, and they should be told them by people for whom they have respect, and in language that decency employs, instead of being compelled to gain their knowledge as sneaks from the rough scuff of the streets and from obscene verses and pictures in lavatories and alley ways. Any listener to the talk of urchins in the street going to and from school or in their romps together on Saturday, may secure ample evidence of the vileness and depravity of the language

being constantly employed by children eight or nine years old on these "sacred" topics. Parents, preachers and Anthony Comstocks had better awoken to the fact that it is **THEIR FALSE MODESTY** that is the cause of this depravity and foul language, for were the real truths of sex and everything pertaining to life and living given to the growing mind on the proper plane and in a clean and wholesome spirit through the medium of commonsense parents and a free press, this knowledge would assume its proper place and proportion with all other knowledge, and the atrocious and shocking grossness that characterizes nine-tenths of the language of children at play would be much modified, if not done away with entirely.

In a country, however, where the husbands and sons of American mothers spend five times as much for liquor and tobacco as they do for the entire cost of education, and support thousands of houses of prostitution and gambling, all unnecessary, unnatural and foolish, by what right or reason need we expect them to employ real common sense or common decency in other directions.

There is much hypocrisy and pretense carried on these days under the guise of protecting children, ergo, substituting ignorance for innocence, a strange paradox, when actual contact and acquaintance with these strange and elusive creatures of eight years old often discovers them to be past masters in the knowledge of the salacious material that their "protectors" are struggling to keep away from them. More confessions anon.

EDITOR.

### MY "PAL"

*By LaPequena*

Big and beautiful of body,—strong and sweet  
And kindly; passionate, uncertain oriental;  
Fitful as the firelight—but as warm  
And comfortable; wavering as the wind—but  
As soft and satisfying.

Do they say you are a rogue? 'A bundle  
Of mere selfishness? A careless, unthinking, false  
Licentiate? Let them: Thou art none of these—to me.  
It is only that the passing moment claims thee  
The present all absorbent of thy powers,—  
And so the past grows faintly dim behind thee—  
And pledges made—lose import; they fade—  
And are forgotten;—and why?  
Because the Now looms up—assertive, bold,  
Insistent,—and hides away from thy mental sight  
All that which went before.

But I know the Art side of thy Nature—  
So rich' so true and glowing;  
And I know the Heart side of thy strange  
Complexity. The heart side reaches out  
And gladly gathers all that it may hold  
Of love, of joy, of tenderness.  
I know its prompt response to pain—  
Its ready sympathy, and its gentle ministring.

Let this be all of thee—that I choose to  
Remember. For at these points it was that I  
Did touch thee,—and thereby  
Do I know.  
For all the rest of thee, as others see—  
Or think they see—let that be—as it may be;  
And no matter how it may be—still always will  
I love thee—just the same.

# Alfred Henry Lewis.

A Study of Genius in Shackles.

BY CHARLES A. SANDBURG.

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"Both morals and truth, as questions, will ever depend for their answer on environment and point of view. The morality of one man is the sin of another and the truth in this mouth is the lie in that. Let us now go forward without more flourish."  
—The Boss.

As cheap a virtue as our nation furnishes is the virtue of patriotism. A man is no more to be praised for patriotism than for the possession of two eyes or two ears, so ordinary are those attributes. Whatever the scheme a man has on hand, be it railway rebates, corporate franchise, or land grant, the more insidious and intrigue, the louder the enunciation of the love of country. The deeper, more tortuous and dark the tunnel, the most lustily the cry of patriotism must be sounded in order to penetrate a region of daylight and candor.

A mother cautioned her boy that he guard himself carefully and refrain from all ventive whatever of noses or nasal affairs when Mr. Jones called. The gentleman had been at tea only a few minutes, however, when Tommy, who had been studiously observing the guest's face, suddenly exclaimed, "Mama, why should I keep still about Mr. Jones' nose, when he hasn't got any!" And in a way not entirely unanalogous, it devolves upon me to speak of the patriotism of men who have none.

Fixing our attention upon a man like Charles Warren Fairbanks, the vice-president of this union of states, is there any valid reason why his patriotism is not on a par with Mr. Jones' nose? Born to be an iceman, it was indeed by a singular twist of the chutes of Fate that he landed in politics, where the cordial warm-heart is assumed to predominate. The power of the dollar in American politics is never so clear as when a metallic character like Fairbanks can superciliously saunter into the second highest political stall.

Fairbanks generally brings to my mind Alfred Henry Lewis. Both stand for the same system. Save a few vague differences as to the extent of the restrictions of competition, and with the exception of trivial disagreements as to where the concentration of wealth should be limited, the political faith of the two men is the same. Neither of them see any mockery in conferring on the palsied the right to walk. Neither of them see any economic travesty in bestowing upon the penniless the privilege of eating. Yet it is not solely a similarity, but also a difference in the two men that links them in my mind. They are somewhat

opposite. One speaks his mind, the other reverberates the undisputed. One is American, and thrown forward, stamped and sealed by native, typical American forces; the other might be a fluid of Chinese mandarin, Russian autocrat, and London cockney, for all that he displays any qualities distinctively American.

I will not tender Lewis the compliment of "patriot." It is too often awarded. It is handed about with a frequency which indicates that it is soon to circulate at the same value as the word "lady." Alfred Henry Lewis is an American. And when I say "American," I mean that in so far as there are certain traits that characterize the manhood peculiar to this country, they are contained in Lewis. Few men in America can be said to combine the audacity and freshness of the West with the grace and complaisance of the East. But the Western cowboy and the Eastern clubman, the Texas steer and the Gotham porterhouse, are nowhere assimilated as in this man Lewis. In him we have a balanced fusion of Buffalo Bill and Chauncey Depew.

The prime trait of Lewis is jauntiness. As murder itself has its features of art and its experts and connoisseurs, similarly this man Lewis can pillory a character in print and picture him with a skill we would call diabolical were it not true. The prime trait of Lewis is jauntiness. Whatever the business on hand, he does not lament, deplore, grieve nor hurry; nor does he try to establish his conclusions by tiresome arrays of scholastic fact. His pen never stubs itself on technicalities. Almost every piece he writes begins with an assertion that he must be himself and cannot be expected to perspire or pace up and down arranging his matter in accord with formulas, as witness:

When I push from the bank upon the matter of this letter, I have made up my mind to drift. Surely there be currents in to ink. Many times have I written upstream until my pencil grew as heavy as the oar of any galley-slave. I am aware that in most cases the word drift is only another name for disaster. For myself, I care nothing for advice.

His greatest work is "The Boss," a melange of fiction and biography centering about Richard Croker. In this book, Lewis performs for the Tammany chief what I am trying to do for him. That is, he both justifies and crucifies. As to "The Boss," for one intending to study American civics, I would say there is no book so likely to give an insight into the deadly, greedy practicality of our "practical politics." In coming days, the days of "To-Morrow," when our states and municipalities shall have evolved higher governmental forms, "The Boss" will be an eagerly read book by those who wish to revivify in their imaginations the Age of Graft. It is a record of Modern Feudalism

—political democracy that has passed into a system of vassals, retainers and lords, as complete in its ramifications, and as sure in its texture of loyalties and dependencies as that of the days of Cedric and Wamba. In showing it up, Lewis has rendered service.

Lewis contributes to magazines articles that are awaited with expectancy and read with delight by thousands. Amid our hurried, hectic American days, he pencils fact and opinion with such a large cool ease that he is restful. The amplitude and nonchalance of his sentences is a palliative to maladies peculiar to our skyscraper era. Narrating the tale of the Equitable, he says:

The King (the elder Mr. Hyde) being gone, Mr. Alexander proceeded to rule the Equitable. It was then, for the earliest time, we cracked autocratic throng over that giant surplus, and sent the curling lash of his control along the backs of those \$400,000,000—a lone coachman on the Equitable box!

He is the only writer I know who chills his indignation before putting it into print. While truculent in his way, he is almost as far from Carlyle or Hugo or Upton Sinclair in point of temperature as a refrigerator from a blast furnace. He amuses, shocks, bewilders, and occasionally instructs. Being a mere onlooker, and belonging nowhere but in the rear of the firing-line, he cannot be expected to have those doubts and fears that assail the men in the rifle-pits. Therefore, though he indicates, he never rouses, leads or rallies.

Yet at times, he approaches that wayward geniality and that happiness of care-free expression found with the supreme essayists. Facing his accomplishments, I say that Alfred Henry Lewis is very nearly a great man. And having gone this far, I shall close with statements and inquiries that are probably shadowy, pathetic and sinister, tracing back into human frailty. It may be this fat man is getting what he has long had coming to him.

Alfred Henry Lewis has rarely taken the side of the class from which he sprang. In all his work, are implications of a pride that he has climbed up from the working-class and become an associate of men who have no close bonds with the common people. He has sneered at William Jennings Bryan. He has nothing higher than scorn for Tom Watson and Eugene Debs—they are dismissed from his notice as unutterably erratic. He embodies none of the special trends inaugurated by modern science; his democracy is of books and not of behavior. He turns his utterance in such manner that his stability is no more than that of Senator Gorman, whom he has compared to the wind-swept Texas sandhills that change their form overnight.

His models are Dean Swift, Addison, Johnson and Macaulay, and, like them, he has no marked disapproval of the pomp and circumstance of royalty or war; he is a servitor of the superior class in nowise different from his mentors.

His lampoon of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was brilliant, a surpassing example of a diatribe. But in its essentials, it was no more than a plea for dispossessed plunderers who have been outwitted at their own game. There was not a heart-beat in behalf of workingmen. The love he tore off at so much per line was for the benefit of the upper middle classes who have been unable to foil the ambitions of the great oil-baron.

He who abstains from an opinion is taken at his word. Silence is assent. Nothing has this journalist uttered as to our growing pauperism or the decrease in the birth-rate of the native-born as compared with the foreign-born population in this country. His abstinence would indicate he knows nothing of increasing farm-tenantry bread-lines, bull-pens and sweat-shops, yet these are portentous symptoms in our rational life. Railways rob the cattlemen who were once his comrades, but this picturesque representative of Americanism is silent. By his associations, he would be incapable of comprehending Hunter's "Poverty," Ghent's "Mass and Class," or London's "War of the Classes," yet these books circulate more widely than any book he has written.

He has not lived in vain who has been bright, clever, flashing, keen and strong—even brutal. But a man may be more than these. To bar any part of the world from your heart, and more especially the great portion that builds, digs, cultivates and harvests; to be proud of release from association with workingmen; to find any high degree of satisfaction in having attained entrance to "exclusive" circles, is to cramp the heart-room, stifle sympathy, and shut the life-principle into close quarters.

That one man should die ignorant who had in him possibility for knowledge, this I call tragedy. That one man should die an illustriously clever snot who had in him powers to teach, convince and devise, this, too, I call a tragedy, even though it passes jauntily along in sweeping rounded flames of satisfied adipose tissue.

*The contents of these chapters on "High Finance in Mexico" will be printed in book form in both English and Spanish and sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.*

# High Finance in Mexico

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BY PARKER H. SERCOMBE.

## PART VI.

It is with no little regret that I am unable, at this time, to enter completely into the practice of abuses and flagrant violations of honor that make up the routine of court practice in Mexico.

Was justice ever obtained by plaintiff or defendant in a Mexican court? Perhaps, but it must have been when the judge was not looking. I recall one instance while I was President of the American Bank, a depositor, a butcher by the name of Wright, who never carried a balance of \$100, and made daily requests for over drafts, one day called at the Bank and made a claim that his account with us was wrong, and that he was entitled to \$200 more than his books showed.

His vouchers were duly checked up, but this did not satisfy him, and he brought suit. The case coming up for trial, it was necessary, under Mexican law, to have a special accountant check up the statement, and an employee of the Banco National, was selected for the task for which \$10 would have been an ample fee.

We won our case in court, but fancy our surprise when the thrifty young bank employee handed in a bill for \$850 for his services in checking up the account.

Our cashier remonstrated but he was obdurate and quoted some old Mexican law that permitted him to make such a charge.

We declined to pay the extortion, but the court said different and with costs we later gave our check for something over \$1,000, and considering the course the case took in the hands of a LAWYER OF INFLUENCE we were glad to get out of the matter at that.

The Mexican courts have a peculiar system in case of appeals that even after the suit is won in the highest court the defendant may on an affidavit that more evidence is obtainable, cause the case to be referred back again to the lower court, and thus by switching from one court to the other five or ten years may be consumed on cases which, of course, entirely wears out the poorer litigants and places them entirely at the mercy of the rich.

I have in mind in the case of a ten year lease, given by the Iturbe Estate, the largest holders of property in Mexico, wherein owing to the advance in rents, some subterfuge was sought for breaking the lease and Mr. Astevia, who holds power of attorney for Don Manuel Iturbe, has for three years prosecuted a suit for

breaking up the lease with a tenacity and vindictiveness of a Shylock, notwithstanding that he is a representative of the greatest estate in Mexico.

Think of it! Manuel Iturbe, the William Waldorf Astor of Mexico, waging a petty war on a faithful tenant and seeking, through the means of INFLUENCE, to depose a client who had spent thousands of dollars on HIS property and doubled its renting value.

About six years ago I made a lease with a Spaniard by the name of Hidlaga for a large three story building to be used for a wholesale grocery company, paying \$4,000 for the same.

I did not know at the time that the Government was negotiating with Hidlaga for his property and for the other property in that vicinity, with the idea of erecting a \$3,000,000 public theatre, post office building, etc.

J. L. Starr-Hunt was my attorney in this case. I had inherited him from J. O. Rice, who, as my power of Attorney during a former absence in the "States," had employed him on some trivial matters which he never attended to. On receipt of a generous fee he started in with vigor to secure me my rights, and a reimbursement from the Government for my loss in this instance.

After his first interviews on the matter, he assured me that I would be successful, "although he had come in contact with obstacles," for he found he would be obliged to treat with Finance Minister Lemantour in the case, and that Geo. W. Cook had succeeded in prejudicing Mr. Lemantour very much against me; otherwise my demands would, with doubt, be allowed without trial.

The justice of my claim was so apparent that I did not conceive it possible for even Lemantour to interfere with my rights. However, time dragged on, though in the mean time all other claims were paid, the Imperial Candy and Ice Cream Store receiving, every one said, four times as much as they were entitled to, all because they had the right lawyer with INFLUENCE.

It is pertinent to call attention to an invariable manifestation which prevails in connection with any group of financiers, public or private, wherein a clique is formed and everything moves in a circle, so to speak, all questions in connection with outsiders of any interest to any member of the clique or circle being brought up in such a way as to come in contact with each one for them to "knock or boost," in accordance as personal interest dictates.

In each such circle, whether it is the Equitable Life, the New York Life, The National City Bank, the Standard Oil Company, the Lemantour Clique, or any other circle of high financiers, the interests of each "outsider" must be weighed in accordance



with the "grouch" or graft in it which may be felt by each member of the clique toward the outsider himself, or toward the lawyer representing him.

As soon as it becomes known in Mexico that a certain lawyer has a pull with the Finance Department all the really astute business people immediately proceed to send all of their business with that department to HIM OF THE "PULL," and they win out.

La Imperial won out and all the rest who employed lawyers with pulls, that is, who had arranged to divide with the officials, also won out. Did Starr-Hunt win out? NOT FOR ME. He had enormous talks with Raphael Donde and others of those who stood in, sometimes ravishing my expectant credulity by tales of how he would surely secure me ten or fifteen thousand dollars for my outlay in damages, assuring me always that the necessary thing was to keep the officials good natured and railroad the matter through if possible when Lemantour was out of the city, as he was sworn to oppose me in every turn.

Strange, indeed that the clients of Joaquin Cassasus or Raphael Donde never suffered such delays or stood in such awe and fear of the Finance Minister!

Suffice to say that with a clear case of ten thousand dollars damages, with every point in my favor and a valuable lease nullified, the building torn down and my prospective profits wiped out, after nearly four years of delay the case was decided against me, not in the name of justice, but because I was not in "favor" with Lemantour, or perhaps because I did not make my claim through Donde or Cassasus.

It is mockery to say that my two hundred pounds of healthful American manhood took this defeat gracefully. It was a steal! Did Starr-Hunt sell me out, or did Lemantour take the responsibility of using the Government money to pay less valid claims and influence the decision against me on personal grounds, or because he thought me helpless on account of my absence?

It may be that on account of my natural physical strength and energy, a clean healthy ancestry, and the best of personal habits, that I feel the more the outrage of such a defeat, because of its having been accomplished by an under sized individual, almost a specter, with scarcely enough vitality to digest bird seed; with a physique anaemic and degenerate, bearing the marks of secret vices indulged in not only by him, but in the generations preceding his existence.

Those who are acquainted with Mexican methods and understand the type of language which is invariably employed to cover up schemes, tricks and outrages, can in the following newspaper notice read between the lines, and will see back of the forms of

expression employed in announcing my defeat in the Hidalgo case, the usual marks which accompany Spanish American dirty work.

## SUIT IS DISMISSED

### Interesting Legal Case Brought Finally to a Close.

When the government in 1901 acquired certain houses in order to enlarge the site for the new National theater, it purchased among others the houses Nos. 1 and 1½ Vergara street from Engineer Ignacio de la Hidalgo, which were leased to Parker H. Sercombe. When the property was acquired by the government Mr. Sercombe refused to pay the rent, alleging that his contract was with Mr. Hidalgo, and that his interests had been seriously prejudiced by the demolition of the other houses in that street. The government then instituted suit against Sercombe for the rent, and Sercombe sued the government for \$15,000 damages. Last Friday the court gave judgment in the case, condemning Mr. Sercombe to pay to the government the sum of \$350 per month for rent, from November, 1901 to September 13, 1902, and also to pay all the expenses incurred by the government in the case. Mr. Sercombe's suit for \$15,000 for damages was dismissed.

The shell of the building with the rear walls torn down was left standing for a while surrounded by piles of debris of brick mortar and stones. The streets, both sides, front, and rear were impassable for teams and wreckage. Passers-by wondered why the old shell was left standing with all other buildings demolished around it, little dreaming that it was an excuse for Lemantour to defeat justice and vent his spite.

(Continued in December Number.)

### AT THE COOK COUNTY JAIL

The other day I heard a "big" boy talk to a lot of little boys, and it was the best talk I ever heard. Sercombe and I went over to call on "the other Whitman," at the Cook county jail. After our visit with him, we were invited to go up to the schoolroom. In it were about sixty boys. Most of them were sturdy and strong, but very unfortunate. Undeveloped victims of society and its criminal system. On their teacher's invitation they sang "America." O! what a travesty on words were those two lines: "My country 'tis of thee, Sweet land of LIBERTY." It sounded like I imagine would sound the last lay of a wounded bird. But just then Sercombe began to talk. He told of his own experiences as a boy. Words full of cheer and comfort were poured out to those youngsters, 'til their hearts were warmed. Sercombe drove home truth after truth until every boy *knew* there was a splendid future in store for him. *He* knew his redemption rested with himself. But we who are the economic cause of it all, we, *we* should tremble.

How do I know it was a good talk? Listen and I'll tell you. When we were ready to leave, the boys, as if from but one enormous throat, sent up a cheer that fairly shook the rafters. That's how I know.

J. M. KANTOR.

# Free Speech or Slavery.

BY JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

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It is a mere commonplace that freedom of expression is a fundamental condition of progress. The darkest period of human history is universally recognized to have been that of the middle ages, when thought lay strangled, and "heresy" was punished as the crime of crimes. All history teaches that the enemies of free speech are the enemies of the people. A censorship is always a shelter for infamy. More harm is done by repression than by the circulation of the most atrocious doctrines. Truth will always vanquish in open discussion, and never needs to be bolstered up by force. The persecutor may not unfairly be said to be always in the wrong, and to have no sincere reliance on what he pretends to revere as truth. Suppression of free speech points the way back to barbarism and to the loss of all that our civilization has gained.

The foregoing remarks are so self-evident that it is no less than astounding to find them actively challenged in this of all lands. The establishment of an Inquisition in the freest of countries is a phenomenon so startling and menacing as to deserve immediate and aroused attention. For over thirty years the foul serpent of censorship has been tightening its coils about our liberties, until now its head is boldly raised and its fangs displayed in the sight of all. Henceforth there can be no excuse for ignorance or indifference. With the vilest motives and purposes, it has made use of the best sentiments of our people in order to effect its foul ends. When the Congress of 1873, the "crime" year, in the rush of its closing days, with no debate or consideration, hurried through a harmless appearing bill against "obscene literature," few saw the deadly significance of the measure. Its proponent, the notorious Anthony Comstock, raised an insidious plea for the protection of our children against a flood of unhealthy prints and pamphlets, sold by unscrupulous dealers in order to pander to premature sexual excitement. The harm of these wretched things could not be questioned, and the average parent was only too ready to shirk his own duty of instruction, and to trust to prohibition to do the work that only education can accomplish. But that the Comstock law had any other or ulterior aim, not one dupe of the craftiest blackmailer in history had the faintest suspicion.

Having gained their first point, Comstock and his crew were at first very cautious in beginning their plotted work of persecu-

tion. Trusting in the inability of public ignorance and prejudice to separate the importance of a principle from the unpopularity of an individual in whose person it is denied, they first assailed one or two persons who had given much offence to the conventional world through the pronounced tone of their attack on institutions held sacred by others. This minimized the protest raised against these primary acts of outrage and injustice. As early as 1878, Comstock bragged before his Vice Society, in his official report, of his perversion of the law toward the end of suppressing ideas, as well as obscenity, and the steps already taken in that direction. He even expressed unequivocally the intention of destroying freedom of religious discussion. In this last aim, however, he has failed as yet; but his attempt to prevent education in matters of sex has succeeded beyond his highest expectation, bringing with it incalculable misery and ruin to many thousands of victims of law-encouraged ignorance.

Step by step the conspiracy against intelligence has proceeded, until today we are confronted with a more startling infamy than even Comstock himself ever dared to champion. Paul Hull, superintendent of second class mails in Chicago, and R. P. Goodwin, assistant attorney-general for the Post Office Department, have made a bid for the chief seats in the Hall of Infamy reserved for the destroyers of liberty, the foes of knowledge, persecutors and enemies of the human race. The arrogance of these little men has actually reached the point of declaring all discussion of the sex question obscene and unmailable! Is it necessary to discuss such a monstrous proposition? If there is one thing most needed in this country, it is education on sex; and the men who would prevent it are the worst of criminals. Even Comstock himself has indorsed one set of treatises on sex life; and Roosevelt, of whose administration these officials form part, has discussed the question with great frankness, and in the most public manner.

The first use made of these rulings of the new American censorship is seen in the attacks on Moses Harman of Chicago, and Lucifer, his paper. He is under indictment; and issue after issue of his paper has been arbitrarily held up in the mails. This is only the beginning. If the outrages perpetrated on him fail to arouse the people, the conspirators will become emboldened to go further. Their intentions can no longer be mistaken, since their own speech has betrayed them. We are on the eve of one of the most serious struggles in history between intelligence and ignorance, liberty and slavery, science and brutality, mediævalism and progress. The danger is not that any honest or intelligent man or woman will join hands with the Hulls and Goodwins. The only peril is that of indifference and inaction.

The Free Speech League has been formed as a nucleus around which to rally the opponents of a censorship. It is composed of men and women of every phase of opinion, who believe in preserving the freedom of speech, press, assemblage and mails, guaranteed to us by the constitution of the United States and essential to our existence as a free people. The League is not merely in embryo, but already actively at work. It is arousing public sentiment all over the country. Besides fighting the immediate battles for the victims of persecution, it is organizing a great national movement for the overthrow of the tyrannical and unconstitutional administrative process and the repeal of the pernicious Comstock law. For this work, large funds are necessary; but the preservation of our liberties is worth any price that can be paid. Contributions should be sent to E. B. Foote, Jr., M. D., 120 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. The time to act is at once.

The entire conspiracy against free speech, and a free press in America is laid bare in a pamphlet by the present writer, entitled "Do You Want Free Speech?" Price, 10 cents. Send to James P. Morton, Jr., 244 West 143rd St., New York, N. Y. "The Rights of Periodicals," by the same author, is a detailed exposure of the jugglery by the Post Office Department with the second-class mail matter, for the purpose of undermining free speech. Price, 5 cents, at the same address.

"Our Advancing Postal Censorship," by Louis F. Post, is an extremely searching examination of the administrative process. Price, 3 cents. Address The Public Publishing Company, First National Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.

Two other exceptionally valuable pamphlets are "Who Is the Enemy; Anthony Comstock or You?" by Edwin C. Walker, price 20 cents, and "The Conspiracy Against Free Speech and Free Press," by Geo. Pyburn, M. D., price 6 cents. Both these may be ordered from E. C. Walker, 244 West 143rd St., New York, N.Y.

Let all who wish to understand the existing situation procure and read this small body of free speech literature. It will be found worth its cost many times over, in its salutary warning and its invaluable information. No reader of the startling array of facts presented will be able to doubt the gravity of the present crisis, or to escape from a sense of personal responsibility. The time has come to see whether Americans are worthy of freedom.

Now is the time to think about what magazines to take for the coming year. We call the attention of our readers to "To-Morrow's" Clubbing list. Look it over, make your selection and send it in.

# Desmorgenslandt

Conducted by M. F. Canfield



## THE LAUGHTER OF NATURE.

There is laughter glad and glowing,  
In the sunbeams every hour;  
There is laughter, many-colored,  
In the nodding wood-land flower:  
There is laughter, soft and purling,  
In the music of the stream;  
There is laughter, wild, tumultuous,  
In the pulsing ocean's gleam.  
There is laughter in the twilight,  
In the Evening's dusky folds,  
And the stars of silent midnight,  
Shine the laughter of their souls.

There is laughter in the storm-cloud,  
In its scorn of human fear,  
Full of mad, majestic laughter,  
To the kindred souls that *hear*.  
In the balmy breath of nature,  
In its living, strong appeal,  
Is a laughter sweet and restful,  
To the kindred souls that *feel*.  
There is laughter in the forest,  
In the song of every bird;  
There is laughter in *all* nature,  
Be it *felt* or be it *heard*.

## THE MESSAGE OF THE LILIES.

List! a voice like music stealing,  
Softly borne upon the air—  
Thus in sweetest accents pleading:—  
"Consider ye, the lilies fair."

See! from off each golden anther,  
How the pearly dew drops fall,  
Echo back mid snowy petals:—  
"Consider ye, the lilies, all."

Neither toiling, neither spinning  
Are these lilies of the field,  
Yet a king in all his glory  
Cannot half their wealth reveal.

Clothed are they in love's rare beauty,  
From the spirit of their God  
Downward, breathed at the creation,  
Upward, mounting through the clod.

Not of *greed* or *gain* their message,  
Such were worthy of a *king*,  
But of *love's* divine provision,  
Is the song the lilies sing.

# The Spencer-Whitman Round Table

CONDUCTED BY GRACE MOORE

The Spencer-Whitman Headquarters is every two weeks, *at least*, "a Center where advanced souls may lodge and dine and commune with their kind." Monday evening, Sept. 18 was the occasion of a most delightful social event. The dinner served on the green grass lawn, was the first of a series of "Sunset" repasts which it is purposed to make the especial feature of the Center the coming winter. About one hundred persons were served at our first dinner and quite the same number were in attendance at the second one which took the form of a "Hayseed Festival."

Good thoughts, good fellowship and good jokes were in attendance upon both occasions and much was accomplished toward bringing about greater understanding and more generous, spontaneous self expression on the part of the members and friends of the Center.

There have been numerous, complimentary inquiries as to who might have done the cooking for so many people, and the Round Table this month would be very incomplete without a special reference to the personality of our charming friend, Mrs. Louise V. Weaver, who on both occasions voluntarily enlisted her culinary skill, adding to executive efficiency and strenuous labor, the patience and sweetness that is so large a part of her nature. Since our first sunset dinner we have been so frequently asked for some clue to the personality of our "chef," so here it is. **MRS. LOUISE A. WEAVER**, 3641 Ellis Park, Chicago, maker and remodeler of Fine Hats.

If you have an old battered up top-knot and a crushed piece of velvet, or a soiled ribbon or two, take 'em to Louise. She will make them like new and you'll have a hat that's just right.

Our out of town friends whose "regrets" we take as a matter of course, will doubtless care to read a few comments upon the speeches made at the dinners just spoken of. Our inaugurative dinner was naturally given over to considerable discussion of the plans, purposes and possibilities of the Spencer-Whitman Center. Mr. Sercombe, with whom the idea is original and by whose efforts it is believed that so much may be accomplished, gave an interesting talk, explaining at length, the need of such a Center in Chicago, and commenting upon the increasing discomfort and unhappiness among men, due to such fierce competition in the struggle for existence.

Economic conditions point inevitably to co-operation as the only logical destiny of human society. Education in the principles of Democracy and experiments having for their object the practical application of those principles, are vitally necessary to this age and this humanity. The promoters of the Spencer-Whitman movement expect to realize many changes looking to social and economic improvements for the mass of suffering humanity, as the result in some measure of their individual efforts.

Our Associate Editor, Mr. Barnard, followed with one of his comprehensive talks on the philosophy of Spencer and Whitman, suggesting in his characteristic and poetic way, many fine thoughts for further discussion and reflection. Rev. Fred V. Hawley delighted every one present with his entertaining thoughts, charmingly expressed, on the subject of Woman. Other good talks there were, among them one on the subject of Fellowship by Mr. Western Starr. But we have not space to mention them all, for we would give our Round Table readers a little "Hayseed" gossip.

Farmer O'Brien, as he chooses to be called, was the most striking figure imaginable at the Farmers' Dinner. Nothing could have been better than his characterization and his recital, in typical farmer costume, of Riley's "When the frost is on the Pumpkin." He wore a wrinkled, slouch coat of dark blue and white plaid gingham, an enormous sombrero and red whiskers that were fearfully and wonderfully made and put on. With his hands clasping affectionately the long end of a garden rake obtained in the "Annex" (the barn)! of the S-W Center, and a startling increase in avordupois as the evident result of a pillow steal, Farmer O'Brien easily "took the prize" for fancy dressing.

For artistic effect and picturesqueness, Maxine Welch's costume was a gem. It was a combination of blue and white gingham made into a long sleeved apron with a big pocket and handkerchief, and a large hat with yellow sunflowers and soft, flowing scarf of the same delicious color.

Dr. Lewis who is an authority on brain culture and professor in a West Side College, very fittingly (?) told "How Small Grain Should be Threshed," Mrs. Forwerg, an authority on Palmistry, told cleverly "How to Raise Chickens by Hand," Mr. Barnard discussed "Whether Farmers Should Churn their Milk at Home," Kantor amused us with speculations as to "Whether Hog-Raising or Sheep-Raising was Most Profitable," and Grace Moore and Louise Weaver played they were farmer maids fresh from the backwoods. Katharine Conklin was bewitching in a big straw hat, and spoke her little piece in her usually attractive manner.

On our regular lecture course "Individualism not Inconsistent with Collectivism," by Chas. O. Boring, Thursday, 14th, proved a most interesting and instructive evening. Mr. Boring clearly pointed out that no enduring social organization could be effected except each individual demands complete freedom and control of self, while granting the same to all others, thus paving the way for collective organization of free units.

On Monday, September 11th, William F. Barnard discussed the influence of Herbert Spencer, and while in his hands the Synthetic Philosophy became an epic poem of high spirituality; the speaker accomplished this without in any way sacrificing the intellectual breadth and exactness which characterizes the work of the great philosopher. We shall some day have arrangements provided for reproducing these lectures in our Magazine for the benefit of our readers.

On Thursday, September 21st, Harry Thompson's discourse on "The Suggestive Basis of a New Religious Creed," developed a surprising interest, as none of the audience had conceived of the depth and clearness of the plans outlined by the speaker. The "creed," so called, while implying high spirituality along the lines of brotherhood and fellowship, was, in fact, quite in harmony with the advance thought of the period.

When the Rev. Fred V. Hawley speaks at the Spencer-Whitman Center it is always considered an event of note, and on Monday, September 25th, when he discussed "Prophet and Priest," our friends turned out en masse and greeted him royally. Without bias of tradition or ecclesiasticism, Mr. Hawley traced the evolution of the Prophet and Priest, enabling us to see them in their gradual development of their present status, from the time when by incantations and fetish worship they tried to "make terms" with the unseen power, down to the present age of agnosticism when science has so clearly demonstrated life and nature, as to make incense, holy water, and burnt offerings merely the survivals of a brutish age.

Under the title of "Misinterpretations," Sercombe Himself, on Thursday evening, October 5th, discussed vital topics of the hour. He claimed that the chief misinterpretation of the age was man's attitude toward himself and his fellows. Emerging from centuries of feudalism and despotism, he pointed out to what extent poor humanity still blundered on with the idea that we have the right to criticise, control and dominate others, all tendencies in this direction being a waste of time and energy. He pointed out the effects of this form of mental despotism as seen in politics, in business, in the attitude of parents and children, in our attitude toward criminals, and in the attitudes of husbands, lovers and friends. All progress, he says, is racial, and is in no sense improved by criticism, control or chewing the rag.

The Spencer-Whitman Center was made delightful on Thursday, September 28th, when Rev. Father P. J. O'Callaghan, in his scholarly fashion, discussed Divorce from the view point of the Catholic Church. Great



interest was manifested and the discussion which followed lasted far into the night. In pointing out the deficiency of our courts, Father O'Callaghan referred to two innocent men who the day before had been sentenced to Juliet for crimes which he knew they had not committed. Following this disclosure, the daily papers took up the matter in some detail, and it is probable that as a result of the heated debate at the Spencer-Whitman Center, the case of the two men, wrongly accused may be brought to such prominence as to secure their liberation.

The live woman's club of Chicago, known as the Social Economies, held its opening meeting of the season in Handel Hall Oct. 3d. Dr. Frances Dickenson gave the first of a series of lectures on "The Structures of the Human Body and their Maintenance," and as usual captivated her audience. Following this there was a lively and instructive discussion of "Yellow Journalism." Rev. Dr. Milburn, one of Chicago's most liberal and progressive ministers, led the discussion with, what was intended as an arraignment of yellow journalism, but which seemed to be a defense of it.

Evelyn Campbell, the petite, sparkling "Chicago American" writer, won all hearts and most of the "Heads" of the bright women present, arguing that it is only through sensationalism that public attention to great evils and great needs can be aroused and interest stimulated.

"Sercombe," who has had experience of all kinds as a journalist and editor closed the interesting discussion with characteristic remarks, viewing yellow journalism in the light of necessary phenomena in the blundering path of human progress. "The defense of yellow journalism," he said, is in effect a defense of the principle of GENERAL DEMOCRACY." He pointed out that Journalists like inventors, statesmen, preachers, and educators have advanced only in proportion as they have been free to make mistakes and gain the experience that is only vouchsafed to those who blunder on. The suggestion of Government Control of the press was classed as undemocratic and on a par with the pernicious and unscientific paternalism already in evidence in our Postal Censorship, Government aid to Indians and Comptroller of the Currency, all of which were classed as frauds on the Public's purse and conscience.

Sercombe further said, that "*pure journals* will never be written nor read, until Society becomes pure" and that "THE YELLOW SHEET PREVAILS IN THE EXACT PROPORTION THAT SOCIETY IS YELLOW, NO MORE NO LESS."

Mr. Richardson of Hayesville, Iowa, has been visiting his daughter at the S-W Center for some two weeks. "Viola" returns with him to Iowa for a few days' visit at the parental home, but is again hard at work in the office of the "To-Morrow" magazine.

Miss Moore also has been out to Iowa since we last went to press. She went to visit her father who is in the hospital at Clarinda, and was gone ten days.

G. M.

#### HOW GRACE "AROSE" TO THE OCCASION.

Did you attend our first "Sunset Dinner" on the lawn? If so, you noticed the beautiful decorations, Japanese lanterns, candelabras, &c. The toasts and speeches were all vital and to the point.

But did you notice the lovely new springs that Grace Moore, our Associate Editor, had under her heels? You didn't? Well, they were there for a purpose. You see Grace wanted to "rise" to the occasion, and she did so, mentally and literally. It is always a pleasure to listen to Miss Moore—good sound doctrine, full of life and vigor—her speeches show that she is "arriving," and the little talk on this particular evening was a gem. Its subject was "The Changing Order."

The members of the Spencer-Whitman Center appreciate the junior Associate Editor but they are thinking of getting a small harness with which to hold her down, for fear the springs may take her too far away. They want her close to them all the time.

J. M. K.

# The Informal Brotherhood



## PHILOSOPHY OF OPTIMISM.

A man said to me yesterday, "What is the sense of a philosophy, teaching to look on the bright side of a thing that has no bright side." This state of a thing, is a pure assumption, for no trouble or disaster, but what has at least an instructive lesson in it for some one. It is only the hopeful mind that achieves, and the courageous heart that overcomes obstacles. A pessimist seldom wins; and an optimist seldom loses.

You will observe that it is the man who has faith in himself and is self-reliant, who rises to the top; but the man who is timid and afraid of his own shadow, is afraid of his own judgment, seldom fails to sink to the bottom, and is a dismal failure. The unconquerable spirit in Grant enabled him to say, "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

"Thought is a psychic force that acts as a motor on the Nervous Organism." The degree of nervous activity depends upon the dynamic force of the mind; or to use plainer language, that as we think we become, and as we act one moment, we are disposed to act ensuing moments. Our thoughts seek the line of least resistance. Our thoughts and emotions act upon and through the nerves, and cut a path for similar, recurring thoughts and emotions.

The more we think the same thoughts, and feel the same passions and emotions, the deeper and better defined is the path in the nerves, through which the psychic or mind force flows. Our habits, dispositions, and character are brought about by these channels or paths cut more or less deeply in our nervous organism. So if our uncontrolled environments bring us gloomy, despondent, thoughts, we are liable to grow pessimistic fault finders, growlers, despondents.

From the darkest side of doubt and pessimism, come forth perverts, degenerates, and suicides, leading to great mental suffering and physical wretchedness; and unless this is tempered with great timidity, tends to bring misery to others, by injustice, tyranny, vice and crime. The remedy for such pernicious nerve channels, is cultivation of sweeter and more hopeful thoughts, nobler emotions, and higher ideals.

It is by far safer to determine to cultivate joy and hope in our hearts, discerning beauty, cheer, grace and glory in the world—in the trees, flowers, grasses, birds, animals, people, and in all that is about us—and cut out woe, gloom, viciousness and misery of existence. We can shape our thoughts as we like if we only desire and resolve to, and persistently keep at it day in and day out. We can make friends of all the world, and mould things to our wishes. Why should we think failure, when we can determine our own success. The successful person takes plenty of time for thought. He is patient and poised, and carefully looks the ground over, for weak and strong points, and adjusts himself to needed conditions.

L. W. BILLINGLEY,

Lincoln, Neb.

Omaha, Neb., September 28, 1905.

Dear Miss Moore: I think "To-morrow" is growing nicely in vigorous intellectual worth. I doubt not that it will continue to do so. The friends whose names I suggested to you much appreciated the copies sent them. I shall be glad to place sample copies whenever sent, in hands where they may do most good.

I can realize fully many difficulties that confront the editorial management of such a publication, and conspicuous among these is the task of not allowing narrowness to creep into it, and yet use a judicious care against allowing too much of what may occur to many as "crankisms" to invade its columns. Such a magazine must always receive a great heap

of insane rubbish, each writer of which will think the publication narrow if it does not see his dreams as he does. I have been there, and understand the feelings of those who attempt to weed out the things of value from the mere dross. Still I hold that such a publication must persist in a rigid and courageous enforcement of its right to fully express whatever truth may come into its way. Regardless of any preconceived ideas, regardless of policy; regardless of any possible consideration other than devotion to truth. We must follow her wherever she may lead, though it cause untold sorrow and privation, misery and woe. That you shall always rise to this test, I shall continue to expect.

Very truly,

L. J. QUINBY,

530 So. 30th Street.

We have in store for our readers in the near future an article from the pen of Mr. Quinby that is certain to be read with much interest and pleasure.—EDITOR.

#### ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The season's first meeting of the Chicago Anthropological Society was a most delightful *pot pouri* of wisdom, irrelevance and good cheer. "The Evolution of Ethics," an address by Prof. John Howard Moore, and the semi annual election of officers, were the features of the meeting.

Prof. Moore's talk was a splendid exposition of the aspects of the ethical growth among men, and was followed with a discussion of exasperatingly varying import. The election—but what's the use? Words are not only inadequate at far times, but they very often utterly and ignominiously fail to convey any sort of meaning for the actions of men or the trend of events. May the Anthropological enjoy a long lease of life and few elections.

W. M.

I can't begin to tell you how much I enjoy "To-Morrow". Have been reading it all year and have come to the conclusion it is the best magazine of its kind published.

SUE PIERCE.

#### THE ANSWER.

Teacher Diviine and Omnipotent, hear

This my one prayer in my soul's anxious strife,  
Out of Thy measureless knowledge, and vast,  
Give me to know the great truth of my life.  
Let me not miss the sweet innermost voice;  
Open the eyes of my soul to the light;  
Show me thy dwelling place here in this clay;  
Lead my steps up to the far distant height.

This was my prayer and long, long did I wait,  
Slow to distinguish His answer; instead  
Seeking fulfillment from out the beyond,  
Thinking to great mountain heights to be led.  
But as I *waited* a little child came,  
Asking for bread in a piteous way.  
And as I *watched* came there one who was blind,  
And then a fallen one shunning the day.

My prayer forgetting, I could but *obey*  
Love's quickening impulse to succor and aid.  
Everywhere needy ones beckoned to me,  
On every side Sorrow's hand had been laid.  
Filled was each hour, not a moment for self,  
Save in the silence at close of the day,  
Then came my answer, my prayer had been heard,  
"Love is the law, dear, Wait, Watch, and Obey."

FLORENCE EMILY WHEATLEY,

Ottawa, Kansas.

# Books, Reviews and Magazines

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THE NAUTILUS (October) contains such characteristic articles as the following: "Where Two Are Agreed," by Elizabeth Towne; "No Other Gods," Eleanore Kirk; "Perfection," Ella Wheeler Wilcox; "The Dominant Ego," Floyd B. Wilson; "Individualisms," William E. Towne; "Mind and Heart Control," by "Elizabeth," etc. (Holyoke, Mass.,) price five cents.

SUGGESTION, the New Psychology Magazine, is unquestionably all that could be desired by its readers, who, by its scientific, common-sense teachings are enabled to put forth the best possible efforts toward health, prosperity and happiness, (4020 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago.)

A recent number of The Arya (Arya Press, 296 Tambuchetti Street, Madras) lies on our desk and is an Oriental, Mystical, Historical magazine of high rank. For students of the occult, ancient and super-human, it is full of information and entertaining, instructive, reading matter.

Other New Thought publications which we have not space to comment upon, are The Magazine of Mysteries, The Phalanx, The Mazdaznan, Wee Wisdom, Thought, Unity and The New Thought Magazine.

THE NEW BOY 50c. yearly (Federalsburg, Maryland) is overflowing with interesting subject matter for boys. Articles as to Coins, Stamp Collecting, Shows of all Kinds, Out-door and Indoor Sports, Physical Culture and Letters of Travel make it well worth placing in the hands of the boys.

COMMON SENSE (Page Davis & Co., Chicago) is a fine business monthly, giving all sorts of information of vital interest to men and women in all ranks and departments of business. That it sincerely aims to be helpful is easily to be seen, and to both employer and employee we recommend it.

THE CONSERVATIVE, by Horace Traubel, Philadelphia, should not fail to be in the hands of every reader of Whitman's poems. It is distinctively Whitmanesque, presenting the spirit and philosophy of Whitman in poems and articles by Fraubel and others, the literary value of which cannot be questioned.

McCLURE's for October is exteriorly a most artistic number, its cover being in shades of rich browns, with a landscape by Arthur Hoeber that is exquisite. Ida M. Tarbell continues her narrative of Kansas and the Standard Oil Company, and there is an account of "A Visit to the White House," by Chas. Wagner, author of "The Simple Life."

OUT WEST (September) has an article on "The Truth About Mormonism," by Pres. Joseph F. Smith, with portrait of Pres. Smith and the most attractive picture of the Mormon Temple that we have ever seen. Some nature studies and an elaborate, illustrated, well written sketch of Luther Burbank, scientist, are features of this very excellent magazine.

THE VOICE OF THE NEGRO (Atlanta, Georgia) contains startling revelations and much useful information for people who do not know the force and significance of the progressive negro movement. A fine portrait of Professor Scarborough, vice-president of Wilberforce University, who is one of the most learned men in the United States, forms the frontispiece of the October number of this strong publication.

HUMAN CULTURE (130 Dearborn Street, Chicago) is strenuously and ably devoted to Human Nature, Human Science, Human Culture, Health, Success and Happiness. Readers of this well edited, well printed magazine are given the advantage of every conceivable sort of information, relative to human nature and its cultivation and possibilities for progress and happiness. Professor Lundquist, one of the editors of "Human Culture", is a phrenologist of unquestioned reputation.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY (October) contains its usual quota of superior articles, by writers of acknowledged reputation, indicating the progress of science and the trend of economics.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS (October) is as usual replete with information, illustrations and comments, by which one is brought into closest touch with world events, and enabled to correctly estimate the trend and significance of human affairs.

THE DIAL, a semi-monthly journal of literary criticism, discussion and information, keeps to its claims and high standard. Anyone assuming to be posted as to events and forces in the world of literature, can scarcely make good the assumption without including in their reading matter a regular visit of "The Dial."

CURRENT LITERATURE for October will prove a delight to lovers of Mark Twain. It's frontispiece is a most striking, characteristic likeness of Samuel Clemens, one that in every way does him justice. This issue of Current Literature is certainly beyond criticism. Besides the fine portrait of Mark Twain there are others quite as good, of Bernard Shaw, Andrew Lang, Henry M. Alden, Mary Mapes Dodge, Jack London, William Winter, Ernst Haeckel, Paul Bourget, Bouguereau, and of all the statesmen and war heroes now in the public mind. In connection with these are choice articles and interesting comments well worthy of this standard magazine.

Not merely will the Standard lose, but all of its type will lose. It is only as the symbol of unfairness and rapacity and greed in commerce that Kansas has a quarrel with Standard Oil. And it is only as Kansas is America in miniature, only as the American spirit moves freely in Kansas, that she is called to act against this economic wickedness. And this brings us back to first principles; which are that in so far as the Kansas movement against the present industrial system is described as solely an uprising of a peculiar people against specific corporation—a fight between Kansas and the Standard Oil Company—the description, however graphic it may be, whatever facts may seem to sustain it, is misleading. The real matter in hand reveals nothing new and radical in American character. It is only a homely manifestation of the American love of equality—which we call fair play. As the people of this country grow wiser and see things more clearly, what Kansas has seen in the baseness of Standard Oil's dealings with competition will be seen by all Americans, not merely in one corporation's business, but in the business of all ruthless concerns, and then other Americans will act exactly as Kansas is acting.

—William Allen White, in *The Reader for October*.

In the October number of "Tom Watson's Magazine" his editorials are not so numerous as usual. They are, however, as picturesque and effective as any he has published. Wholly non-political, yet worthy of particular note are those entitled "In the Mountains" and "A Day in the Autumn Woods." Among many other readable features "The Montana Copper War," by Thomas Aloysius Hickey, stands out a specimen of finished journalism and of impartial interpretation. The portrait of F. Augustus Heinze, the main personage of this account of the copper war, is the frontispiece of the number. Thomas H. Tibbles is represented by an article entitled "Danger From Republican Radicals." Add to this "Effective Rate Regulation," by W. G. Joerns; "What Buzz-Saw Morgan Thinks;" "The Loneliness of the City," by Theodor Dreiser; "Plutocracy," by Constantine Ralli; "Are Treasury Reports Reliable?" by Flavious J. Van Vorhis; "Monarchy Within the Republic," by Fontaine T. Fox; "Money Monopoly," by J. C. Vallette, and "The Creed of Populism," by Pierre Firmin. The fiction of "Tom Watson's Magazine for October is distinctive and vigorous, including stories by such writers as Will N. Harben, S. Carleton, Mary H. Fisher and others. (10 cents. "Tom Watson's Magazine, No. 121 West Forty-second street, New York.)

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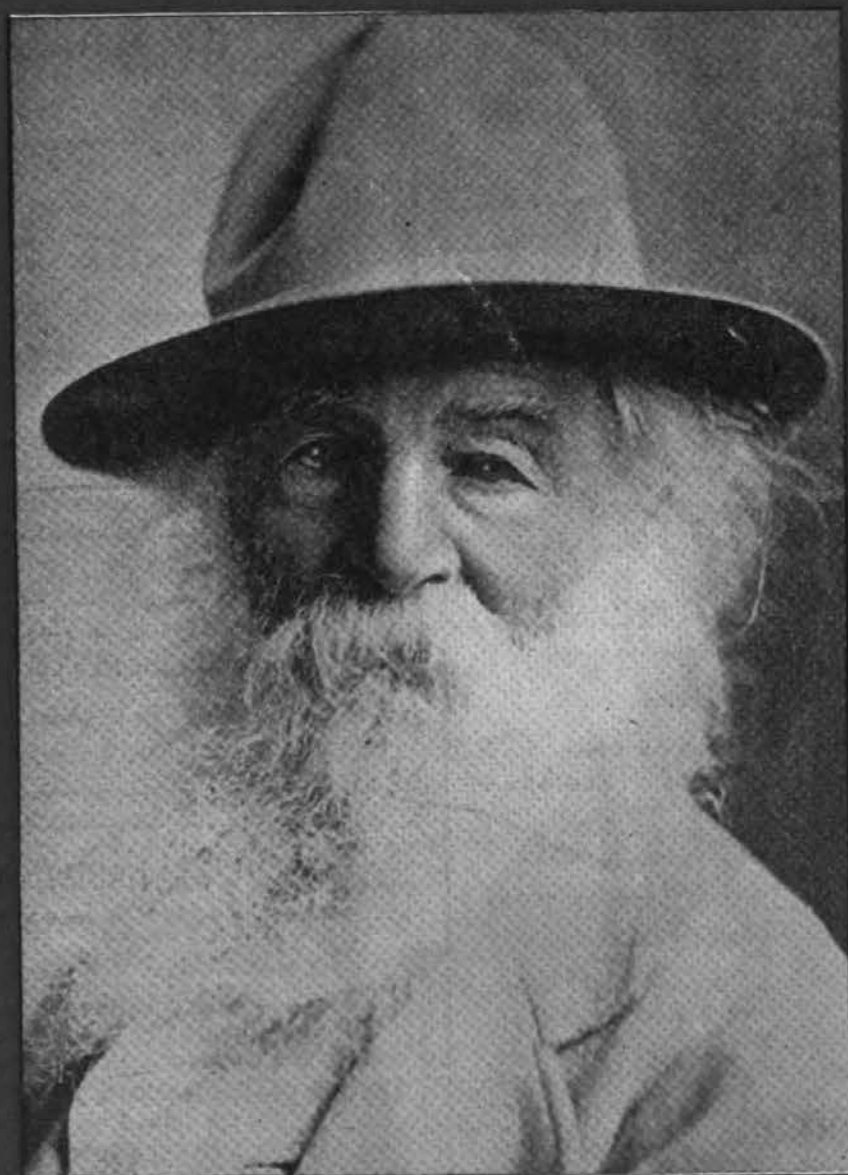
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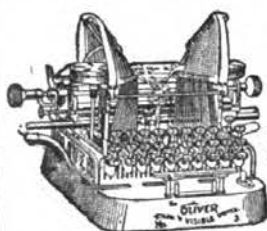
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Herbert Spencer's "Synthetic Philosophy," every paragraph in his "Education" and his "Study of Sociology," pay due respect and are entirely in accord with science as we know it, and whatever of scientific truths we may discover in the future that we do not now know, will be found to harmonize with what is already known.

We know now why it is that water taken from a cataract is more pure and refreshing than water taken from a stagnant pool; and we know that the morbid conditions which develop in the unused muscles of the human body, the stagnation of a brain separated from mental exercise, and the stagnation of society, resulting from over control, are all parts of the same law of "persistence of force," the basic law of physics.

To be able to employ this principle in our thought of nature and society is to attain the unification of knowledge.

Spencer's contribution to human thought lies in his having established in philosophy the relationship of all phenomena and pointed out wherein the law of each symbolizes the law of all, and conversely, that the generic being known, we also have the key to the specific.

Facts are only certainties as we secure corroboration of all phenomena of the same class, whereas, considered by themselves, these same phenomena are a weird jumble in the hands of most observers.

But little speculation is required by those equipped for the task to see that making this simple system a habit of our own thought is in reality **"eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge"** for the first time in human history.

Those who attain the mental attitude of contemplating all specific phenomena, whether relating to self, society or to the universe, from the standpoint of their relationship to generic law, will never feel the need of the interpretations of creeds, parties, rules, laws, nor traditions, for such insight and mental attitude naturally places the individual beyond the need of customs, habits, forms and ceremonies of thinking.

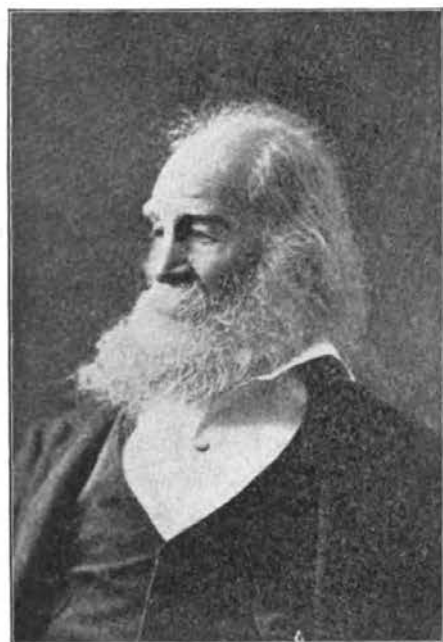
Once the trivial affairs of our daily life and the most insignificant thoughts that vibrate through our brains are habitually compared with our origin and the origin of our thoughts which vibrate back to ages dim and nebulous, the dogmatic interpretations transmitted to us from that ignorant past must disappear and our concepts will be gathered fresh, direct from nature's heart without the blemish of conventionality.

The struggle for existence through which mankind has passed from his primitive condition upward, and which finds its prototype in the political and economic struggles of our age as well as in the tyrannies of home and heart has developed a selfness and egoism which is still dominating the minds of nearly every individual in the world, causing them to judge of all things connected with individual and social life from the personal view point.

The personal view point of social questions differing in each person, accounts for the infinite variety of opinions on all topics, whereas mere intellectual honesty without attaining the cosmic view point should be sufficient to enable different individuals to draw the same conclusion from the same data.

This mental defect which by common consent permits personal interest to sway and control opinions and testimony without challenge, is today the most positive evidence of our brutish origin, and is an admission that we cannot expect true frankness, true gentleness and honesty to become strong as enduring factors in the public and private lives of men and women until by creating new environments in which the struggle for existence and stress of life are eliminated, we may implant and develop souls big enough to take an impersonal and disinterested view point of human society, and judge of things, not from the standpoint of dogmatic rules of life and customs of thought inherited from an ignorant past,

but regarding self as a unit in the social organism as much exempt from special privilege as any other unit, reach the consciousness of mutual aid and mutual interdependence.



WALT. WHITMAN.

Thus, where Christ taught the brotherhood of man as a theory, as preachers always have done, Herbert Spencer has given to the world a philosophy wherein an acknowledgement of the relationship of all phenomena naturally results in placing brotherhood on a practical working basis, brotherhood not only with our fellow men, but with all the atoms and thought vibrations of the universe.

In Spencer's hands education does not consist of learning to repeat Greek

odes and dogmatic theories by note, but it consists in playing our part in an infinite organism—it consists in living the life—in becoming an efficient unit in the cosmic whole, and it finds its best inspiration, not in old books and philosophies, but in the unification of thought and knowledge, in the acknowledgement of ourselves, not as symbolizing Jove grasping the thunderbolts of hell for the destruction of others, but as modest units in the mass.

There are a few beings sufficiently advanced away from self efficiency and into the realm of social efficiency to whom the impersonal view point is possible, and it is marvelous to observe the extent to which their opinions and insight on political, economic, social and domestic problems are in agreement with each other.

The satisfied classes of all times, the class that represents capitalism of this age, has ever been able to proselyte enough of the lambs to make their tenure of office good. The privileged class has ever judged its so-called rights and needs from the absolutely selfish standpoint, but the ability to waive personal interest for the **general good**, and judge from the impersonal point of view, is where intellect reaches its highest altitude, and frees man from traditional brutality.

During the decade which confronts us we are going to witness a change of view point on intellectual, social and economic questions, such as the world has never before known.

In the past twenty-five years we have given great attention to the improvement of live stock, fruits and cereals because in applying the laws of heredity to animal and plant life we do not come in contact with the personal element as a factor.

With the advent of real knowledge in regard to ourselves in all relations of life and society, mankind is not going to be satisfied to go contrary to law in relation to self culture, but will eventually insist upon studying his own race with the same scientific impersonality that he employs in studying bees, hogs and naval oranges.

Great as is the contribution of Herbert Spencer to the world's intelligence, far exceeding that of any other competitor in the field of pure intellect, we must pause before the majestic insight of another cosmic soul, the Good Gray Poet, Walt Whitman. The miracle of his mentality is that he was able to grow up in an environment surrounded by ignorance, hypocrisy and lies transmitted out of the dull and rapacious past, and in the midst of all the slime and misrepresentation of the world, stand undefiled, serene, unprejudiced, a natural man, accepting and proposing natural, impersonal interpretations of every human problem.

Once when he saw a murderer being dragged by in handcuffs he cried out "Hold on! I am that man."

His universal heart bled. He knew the murderer was a victim of society, a symbol of the social organism, and in his deep sympathy he saw and felt all that the murderer saw and felt within himself, and in the social organism as well, thus meeting Spencer on common ground in understanding the relationship and interdependence of all phenomena.

Without intellectual tabulation, the unstained soul of Whitman not only saw the world as it was, and is, but realized the shallowness and impotence of the habits, customs, forms and ceremonies which tradition has ever insisted inflicting upon human society.

In the face of false modesty, false social ideas, false educational ideals, though without intellectual formulae, this man of insight, standing out alone among all his race, seems to meet Herbert Spencer on his own ground; hence, the coupling of the names of Herbert Spencer and Walt Whitman; hence, The Spencer-Whitman Center, a rational and common-sense world movement without creed and without dogma.

### **THE SPENCER-WHITMAN CENTER**

**2238 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

If you wish to identify yourself with this great world movement send your name to the secretary, and receive a membership card. Dues—\$12.00 a year; \$3.00 a quarter.

# To-Morrow

For People who Think

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, MANAGING EDITOR.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE

# The Epic of the Granite Column.

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One day this week while passing a well known building in Chicago I became conscious of a powerful attraction toward an immense column of polished granite.

Walking up to it as to a fellow being, I laid my hand upon its glistening surface, gazed intently into the depths of its imprisoned crystals and sought from it the story of its origin.

"You mere molten once," I said, half aloud, "How were those fires kindled? How long did they burn? Who removed the torrent of their heat?

Your crystals are like frozen tears!

From whence came your variegated colors and designs? By what right has indelicacy struck off your rugged covering and left your deep soul's secrets bare to prying eyes? Naked, exposed, by night, by day, forever till you crumble, you are unclothed, undone, but silent.

O, Patient Friend! They have torn you from your moorings, they have destroyed your integrity, blasted your hopes, borne you away from your cohesive bed, laid you down, stood you up, chipped you off like a foul piece of basswood, and then, most shameful of all, opened the windows to your secret soul wherein stands boldly written the story of your centuries of tribulation, the epic of your eons of throbbing, pulsing, seething formation.

Yes, the pages within contain all of your story and the light of your reflecting mirrors is turned fully upon them, yet you contain yourself in placid indifference; your secrets are still your own, for he who can read your tablets shall know the Pleiades also.

Your story is the story of time and space, of the Universe, of the earth and the waters beneath the earth."

The eyes with wisdom to read the epic of the polished column may also know the mystery of the Oak rising above the niche wherein for ages it has made its bed, and once these marvels are disclosed the slender violet with velvet stem may also be known and understood.

I look again into the granite column. It is illumined now. I see! I see! All is there. Chaos, clouds, the planets, fire, hell, shafts of light, the seas, meteoric iron, rust, mould, mysterious night, elusive day, and,—what is this? the oak, the violet, the clashing of sabers, the roar of cannon, fleeing herds, thousands of birds on the wing, millions of fishes of every size, the brow of a baby, the music of growing grass, scolding men and women, despotism, democracy, bands of steel encircling the world, happiness, despair, men and women loving, ships standing out at sea, lions mating, children playing, all are there, and behold, I am there, and of the same age. We have found each other. We are the same mystery. That is all.

PARKER H. SERCOMBE.

# To-Morrow

For People who Think

PUBLISHED BY TO-MORROW PUBLISHING COMPANY.

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, MANAGING EDITOR

WILLIAM F. BARNARD

GRACE MOORE

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PARKER H. SERCOMBE.

## The Vital Publication.

Owing to the very large number of answers which arrived during the last days of October to the prize question, "Why is To-Morrow the most vital publication?" we find it impossible to announce the winners in this number, but hope to be able to make a complete report in our January number, which will be on the news stands about December 15.

We find the task for our editors is very much larger than we anticipated, viz.,

the arranging, classifying and careful reading of several hundred answers written from all points of view on all kinds of paper, and with every kind of writing device, from an Oliver typewriter to a piece of charcoal.

From a philosophical point of view the prize contest has been valuable to us inasmuch as it has enabled us to obtain a fair estimate of the insight and breadth of the average reader, which leads us to believe that no magazine "for people who think" can ever be a financial success, owing to the circumscribed and limited field in which it may seek patronage.

**Multi-Income Graft:**—Last month we referred editorially to the mightiest graft of the age; the custom by which "investors," viz., people beyond the point of need, with surplus



to invest outside of their own business, employ this surplus to secure for themselves salaries and dividends from companies that they do not personally serve; some of our American capitalists drawing such salaries and dividends from fifty and even one hundred of such outside companies.

We believe that this class of vampires should be driven back to **one man power**, and not permitted through their schemes and devices to absorb incomes that should go to others, and by constant increase of their economic control gradually begin to exert a tyranny over a large portion of their fellow men more venal and more subtle than any political despotism ever dared be.

By the above means, according to the most reliable statistics, ninety per cent of the property in this country is already owned by ten per cent of the population.

The absorption of incomes by the tricks and pelf of the powerful few is annually driving thousands to asylums, jails, suicide and other refuges of the desperate.

Two hundred and seventy thousand victims of our social system now languish in our jails alone, and this is only a small percentage of the vast number from whom hope has fled, and who only await the force of circumstances to decide into what kind of a hell their respairing souls shall prepare to receive their torment.

"To-Morrow" would fall short as a vital publication if it failed to point out the natural corollaries and deductions from these facts.

Unless checked, or at least restricted in their mad careers, the rapacious few who are still drawing many incomes, will, within a few more years become the owners of even much more than ninety per cent of the nation's wealth.

The comfort of becoming a millionaire must in each case necessarily be accompanied by the discomfort of at least a thousand men becoming paupers, and the question arises, is it worth while to Americans as a whole, to pay such a price for this class of economic ornaments?

Recent developments in uncovering dishonesty and graft in abundance in all affairs pertaining to these "makers of millions," would lead us to believe that the ninety per cent of our population who own so little, must surely be equipped with but small ability to organize, and no common sense, else they would not permit this minority to openly go on with their tyranny and oppression.

The very nature of the less greedy and socially efficient

class make them slow to organize in defense of their personal interests, whereas the self-efficiency of the powerful few often developed by generations of exercise in the qualities of avarice and acquisitiveness, results in their constantly scheming for both economic and political control.

One day the unthinking majority will know its power and without oppression or injustice to any, will pass such restrictive measures as to make the appropriation of the earnings of the many by the few an impossibility.

Let those with a sense of humor laugh now while the game is barely on at such naive expressions of alarm as those of Secretary Taft in a recent speech wherein he feared that the "dangerous classes," such as populists and socialists might succeed in arraying the masses against capitalism to the injury of the latter. Secretary Taft fears that the ninety per cent of our population are going to demand the right to rule. Awful, isn't it?

This fat sow of the system with its nose in the trough, its distended guts groaning and still filling, sounds the warning that the razor-backs are preparing to assume control of the swill. Wough! Secretary Taft believes that this country is only safe when every bank, congress, the senate, every state legislature, and every public office is manned and controlled by a McCall, McCurdy, Hyde, Armour or Rockefeller; that is, safe for the system. We say, this country is not safe when ten millions of its inhabitants live in dire poverty and two hundred and seventy thousand people fill its jails.

We say there is something radically wrong with our educational and economic systems. We say, the multi-income grafters must be hurled back to **one man power**, for there is not a banker nor so-called financier in America that has not for years been in colusion with Hyde, McCall and McCurdy, and consciously participated in their stealing.

Come, now, Secretary Taft, would men who have been brought up to do real work be any more dangerous in high places?

P. H. S.

We call the attention of our readers to an announcement on another page. The Nautilus, edited by Elizabeth Towne, and "To-Morrow" Magazine, when ordered, One Dollar a Year for both.

## THE SIMPLE LIFE.



WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

A remarkable transformation in the spheres of feeling and thought has taken place of late, and men and women everywhere, dissatisfied with prevailing ideals, feelings, and intellectual attitudes, have been casting about for something to take their places. A veritable hunger has seized upon us; a hunger for genuineness, freshness of emotion, and efforts other than those which are spent in the pursuit of material wealth; and the individual search, supplement-

ed by the literary support which nearly every movement receives, has resulted in a mass of conclusions more or less practical, and in cults in which these conclusions are exploited.

The old cry, "Back to Nature!" has been heard on every hand; but criticism has been so keen, that this cry, which of old, perhaps, would have rallied millions, has very little force. "Back to *what* Nature," it is asked, "would you have us go?" And the inquiry is pertinent; as Nature includes all that is; the wolf with the lamb, the best of our instincts with the worst, and all the joys as well as the sorrows that we know. "Back to Nature," is a phrase of much ambiguity; and while its meaning, according to each interpreter, is made sufficiently clear, the knowledge that Nature includes everything, and is everything, has kept the Nature cult from having much influence, except as it points us to the so-called natural things—, flowers, birds, running streams, the sun, the wind, the rain, etc., as sources of life and inspiration.

Someone who has felt the insufficiency of "Nature" as a basis for the expression of the new thoughts and emotions, has hit upon a conception and a phrase which happily eliminate many difficulties, and which, when properly understood, stand for something definite. That conception is of a life devoted to man's true interests, and that illuminating phrase is "The Simple Life."

Chas. Wagner popularized the phrase through his book

and through the discourses which he gave in France and in America; and many others, following in his footsteps, have written about the simple life and spoken of it, until today the words are on every tongue, and are sent written and printed everywhere. But Wagner, like many of his friends, conceived the simple life as being quite in keeping with the economic and social conditions of the present time, and neither he nor any of his representatives has been able to show any real call for simplicity in those conditions, however hard they may have striven to do so. The Wagner ideal seems to amount to this: *to live simply a life lacking in all that makes for simplicity.* That such a life is impossible should be evident. Wagner really stands for as true and genuine a life as can be lived under the constant temptation or necessity to sacrifice truth and genuineness; and the new feeling and thought cannot rest satisfied with such a life, but moves beyond it and far away. The simple life must be something quite different from the life which men are now living; a life answering more to ideal needs and aspirations.

One other conception of the simple life must be dealt with here ere we proceed; and that conception is one treasured by those who would go back to many of the conditions of savagery for a normal basis of activity, *and attain a kind of simplicity by sacrificing life itself.* Huts and poverty are attractive things to minds and hearts of a certain order; but developed man, with his complex needs, will not favor a simple existence of this kind, if we can estimate him by his present needs and capacities. The savage life is for savages; the simple life must be something other than a savage life, for men of the twentieth century, who have large needs and a complex nature.

The truly simple life must be a life in which the man of widest capacities and greatest breadth of needs can find ample satisfaction for those needs, and the amplest room for those capacities; a life in which he can express himself with the least possible friction and at the same time keep all his powers fresh and active.

Perhaps light can be thrown upon the matter by considering some of the defects in the conventional life of today. The truth is that in the satisfaction of our needs in general we almost wear our lives out in absurd search for means; which is another way of saying that we go far out of our way in the effort to get what we need. Our efforts are wasteful and exhausting. *They are indirect.* We get our food and clothes, our shelter and our education, our refinements and our com-

mon advantages at a tremendous cost. There is a vast waste of labor. To satisfy our needs we support a very complex machinery. It is true that man is complex in his nature, and that his needs exist in ratio with the complexity of his nature, what is lacking is an arrangement of means such as will enable that complexity to be easily satisfied. Man creates and develops social and economic conditions, religious and moral systems, and makes for himself a life, and philosophies and sciences to go with that life, which defeat him largely, instead of aiding him.

Thus it is that man calls for the simple life; thus it is that he rebels against the old, and aspires to the new. He wants directness instead of indirectness. The simple life is **the direct life**, a life in touch with what life requires, and satisfying all its requirements without circumlocution.

Man is becoming tired of wasting life for life's sake, and would now save life for life's sake.

Consider industry, and its object—sustenance. The complex means employed to secure sustenance are absurdity itself. We endow certain men with wealth and privilege, and then work for them; allowing them to reward us as they will, with a little of our own product. Manufacturer, wholesaler, retailer—an army of middlemen and their clerks—stand between us and sustentation. Directness, simplicity, would transform all this, and the supply of the common needs of life, as well as of the uncommon, would go on, without unnecessary intervention, or the levying of tribute. A general transformation of economic conditions, resulting in the abolition of property, and the communal use of wealth, is impending. Aspiration now turns toward it, for the useless multiplication of labor is bondage; and man would be free.

In our social life we are also unnecessarily indirect or complex. Our association with each other is involved in all sorts of ceremonious limitations, and an attitudinizing, and highly artificial character is given to human relations as a consequence. Fellowship, which is the normal state of mankind in society, is only allowed to us under certain special conditions and regulations, through the family, the church, fraternal organizations, or other special means; and in the midst of society we are in a state of slow social starvation. Consideration of "propriety," desire for monopoly in love relations, caste feelings, and false moral and religious considerations, with the discriminations of wealth, involve us in indirectness or complexity to an extent that only careful thought can realize. Society hungers for directness or simplicity, and its

units are more and more minded to unite with each other in intercourse of all kinds directly, and without regulations, or other than voluntary and mutual limitings. We are tired of anti-social "sociability." Its complexity starves the social feelings.

Authority in all its forms is but unnecessary departure from simplicity. The thought that we can only come at the good of life properly through the supervision of "superior persons" is an old one, and has nothing besides its age to recommend it. The truth is that government, the state, stands between us and the satisfaction of our needs as though we were thieves instead of rational beings. It is one of the worst expressions of roundaboutness in human economy.

The conventional forms of religion are all expressions of indirection; they are but roundabout ways of viewing life, involving all kinds of misconceptions and postponements. God, heaven, hell, the idea of depravity, vicarious atonements, and all the rest, are but impediments in our way in trying to come at life. Standing in direct relation to the facts of nature man would have no place in his thoughts for abstract theories of his relation to what is ultimate, much less for superstitions which keep him at a distance from life and the earth until he is willing to see that earth indirectly or through the complexities of theology.

Moral conceptions and the judgments of others based upon them are purely gratuitous interferences with life, opposed to simplicity. The moral teachers are no better, and often not as good as those whom they teach. It is only as men meet as equals and brothers that they avoid unnecessary complexity of life and attain normal relations with each other. Ethics is the science of measuring conduct, or would be if there were any such science. But science is exact, and conduct is of uncertain nature often and of uncertain cause oftener; so that our metes and measures of it are in the main but pompous waste of time. No one grows any the better for them, but many are made the worse by their false judgments and the resulting punishment.

The simple life finds some measure of explanation in what has been said. It but remains now to sum up by saying that the communal life is the simple life; and that the abolition of property, authority, money, religious and moral distinctions, and anti-social conceptions is the means to that life. When all coercion of man by man is at an end, the simple life will have been attained. Liberty, with community of life, is the goal of social evolution.

Observe a paradox: Man is a complex being. Body, mind and emotion each playing its part in his being, and each involved with the other, making a being of various sides: the problem of life is the problem of that complex nature getting into direct or simple relations with the things which fulfill and satisfy it. All that hampers, postpones, or prevents that direct or simple relation is destructive. Given human intelligence and experience, human life must at last become simple.

W. F. B.

### DESIRE AS A FACTOR.

(The Sex Principle.)



MISS GRACE MOORE.

There was held recently at the Spencer-Whitman Center, Chicago, a discussion as to "Woman's Place in Social Evolution." Much was said, pro and con, of woman's rights, her possibilities, past, future, etc. After a great deal of exchange of opinion in which principle did not seem to come very prominently to the front, the writer of this article gave vehement expression to something like the following:

Why talk of the *rights* of either man or woman?

Why discuss conduct? It is not a question of either rights or conduct, but of **principle**. Men and women both have all the rights they want. Their conduct bespeaks their **desire**.

To every woman who desires suffrage, there are hundreds and thousands who are more anxious about a new fall hat to wear to church than about the most important election ever purposed. Why discuss the actions of men or women? Why not study their natures and the desires of their natures from whence all thought and conduct proceeds?

Let us consider the subject of woman's place as it is considered by the person who views life as a whole, and who sees in woman (and in man) the exemplification of a universal principle. Let us not think of woman or of man as an indi-

vidual, but for a moment consider them as mere atoms in space, eternally adjusting and readjusting themselves, according to laws of attraction and repulsion.

That which gives character and force to the atom is its inherent proportion of the positive (masculine) and negative (feminine) principle, one atom of necessity embodying more of the positive than of the negative, another more of the negative principle of life. As the forces of nature continually aim at equilibrium, the struggle on the part of the atom embodying more of the positive than of the negative principle, is toward the incarnation of greater femininity, and vice versa.

We see in every man a tendency, however slight, toward the realization of feminine attributes. His very receptivity to the influences of female companions is proof of this. He desires, all unconsciously perhaps, to himself exemplify the qualities of sympathy, humility, gentleness, etc., that he is attracted to in the female.

Woman, on the other hand, is inspired by her contact and experience with man, to greater self esteem, self protection, self assertion, etc. She becomes more positive, more courageous and self reliant every day.

There being no straight lines in nature, and all motion being in alternation, the laws of action and reaction holding good in every realm and every phase of life, we find the sex principle no exception to this rule.

Let us take a little look at this principle as it seems to be active in human life collectively. It is plain that there is a much larger percentage of the positive or masculine principle, than of the negative or feminine principle, active in the world today. Egoism, self assertion and self protection are the predominating qualities in the human race as a whole. In some countries, as in Sweden and Switzerland, the people are more feminine than masculine, but in most other countries, especially in America, we are nothing if not positive, egoistic, aggressive and intensely personal.

It was part of the great evolutionary plan that man should first develop his self conscious, positive qualities to the degree than he has. All the wonderful advances in the arts and sciences of the world, in the Nineteenth Century, have been as the result of man's increasing self-consciousness and self reliance. Material successes have been the outgrowth of materialistic ideals.

Personal comforts and pleasures and a world of delights and fancies not otherwise to have been conceived or realized, have been made possible and of incalculable benefit to the



race, through man's growing personality and desire to possess. But the Cosmic laws eternally guard against the perpetuation of extremes. As was said by Aristotle, "virtue is a mean between two extremes either of which is a vice." The positive or masculine qualities in the human race, having been developed to their extreme point, the negative or feminine qualities are now in order for cultivation.

If, as an individual, whether in physical form I be man or woman, I evolve more of the feminine qualities of non-resistance, submission, patience, humility, etc., than is good for me, the laws of adjustment (applying to the individual) require that I turn face about and try my hand at being positive, authoritative, uncompromising, etc.

If, as either man or woman in physical form, I am in principle so masculine as to be offensively self-conscious, authoritative and aggressive, it becomes me to change my mental attitude and to invite to my threshold the angels of humility, sympathy, gentleness and nonresistance. There is no feminine virtue but becomes a vice when developed to its extreme possibilities. There can be no masculine attribute that is not also evil in its effects when intensified.

The last twenty-five years have witnessed the greatest tendency toward positive, masculine, as against negative, feminine, qualities that the world has ever known. The insane desire to possess and control, is the predominating motive in human conduct. This spirit is intensified in the personality of the corrupt legislator and politician, and in all forms of commercial and social graft, everywhere increasing at an alarming rate.

The positive, masculine spirit, characteristic of the age, took its first great leap in feminine form, in the personality of Susan B. Anthony. "Susan" was, of course looked upon by her weaker sisters as abnormal and fanatical. The men laughed and made all manner of fun of her. But she was normal in that she was in harmony with the spirit of the times in which she lived.

The masculine half of the Cosmic Energy (call it God, Spirit, Universal Mind, or whatever you prefer to call it) was then making a supreme effort at self-expression, and today there are thousands of "Susans" instead of only one.

That women as a whole do not yet desire suffrage, is only because the masculine spirit latent in them has not yet fully expressed itself.

Individually we must each cultivate the particular sex principle in which we are lacking, but it is urged here, that as

a race, we are out of all reasonable adjustment, because of an abnormal deficiency of the negative or feminine principle. As a race we are now struggling to embody more of the feminine qualities of non-resistance, gentleness, humility, etc.

When as men and women we are more concerned with principles than with forms and institutions, when woman cares less for fine feathers and man inclines less to dominate, there will be much greater equilibrium in the economic world.

Principles, not conduct, should be our guide to reason, and to be in harmony with the ever moving spirit of Life Universal, whether it involve the cultivation of masculine or of feminine principles, should be our supreme aim and desire.

G. M.

### WHAT THEY SAY OF US.

Editor To-MORROW:

Doubtless several people have had my introduction to To-MORROW. Standing before a counter filled with almost endless rows of magazines I sought a companion to while away a long journey. Before me were all periodicals of national reputation; all were familiar. In fact, knowing what to expect from each made me hesitate to purchase any. Carelessly reeding the titles my eyes fell upon the slender green cover pamphlet, "To-MORROW, with the challenging sub-title, "For People Who Think." "Of course I think," I almost said aloud, then honestly admitted *occasionally*. In the mad rush of American life it seems little short of a miracle that editors of To-MORROW have endeavored to bring the general public in touch with two such wonderful personalities as Herbert Spencer and Walt Whitman. Personally I would not attempt to digest their philosophy in bulk, but To-MORROW promises to give refreshing glimpses of their teachings to the poor mortals struggling in the narrow bigoted traditions of today and yesterday.

LOUISE BARNARD POTTER,  
Webster, Mass.

Dear "Himself.:"

Very glad to have your literature and to know that you are pushing the good work of arousing the lethargic and instructing the mentally alert. I want to say, before I forget it, that the last two issues of "To-MORROW" contain much that is good for *all time*. They are the *best yet*, and that is saying much. The "Em-Bossed" has hardly been able to enjoy "today" without a copy of "To-MORROW" in her hand. Long may you scintillate!

Cordially yours,

EDITOR SOUNDVIEW.

My Dear Miss Moore:

Your magazine for November is a very fine number. I enjoyed your articles very much, indeed. Mr. Sercombe is certainly a very strong writer and is making himself felt throughout the country already. He has been quoted by leading newspapers of this state. I hope that the editors of To-MORROW will keep up their good fight. You are filling a gap in journalism that was needed.

L. W. BILLINGSLEY,  
Lincoln, Neb.

Editor To-MORROW:

Your good November number at hand. I particularly like the pictures! But the reading matter, too, is fine. Shall not be sorry if Hull continues to sit on the Divorcee! But we said Amen to your remarks on that subject and some others.

Cordially yours,

ELIZABETH TOWNE,  
Editor "Nautilus."

# The Evils of Liberty.

By Lizzie M. Holmes.

## Part I.

The student of sociology and economics knows that a great change has taken place in industrial and social fields in the last fifty years. The position of women is so different that we might almost be in another world; and this is partly due to the new systems of industry and commerce and partly to the vigorous agitation which has been waged since the days of Mary Wolstonecraft.

In the old days women meekly followed their domestic occupations, moved in society always well chaperoned, and at the proper time accepted the husbands which their parents provided. In the lower ranks of life women spun, wove, made butter and cheese, cured the home raised meats, swept their hearth stones and sat down before them in the quiet of evening, and dreamed not of ballot boxes and political conventions. They waited for the proper men to come and marry them, and then their lives were settled forevermore. Very rarely, women took their fortunes into their own hands and directed them to suit themselves. The conventional woman remained under the care of a father, uncle or brother until handed over to a husband; if no husband appeared, the filial protection and support lasted through life.

It was a quiet, respectable arrangement, and fitted in with the economic and ecclesiastic systems of the time. Much of the work of society was performed in private homes and the proper place for women was there. The first new demand for a wider liberty for women sounded like a brazen cry from unsexed humanity, horrifying men and startling the women for whose sake it was raised.

But the cry would not be stilled. It gained in strength and clearness, and though often ridiculous, it wielded a wonderful influence. The great economic changes taking place at the same time which took the work of the people out of their homes and placed it in factories and mills, aided in bringing women out of their old seclusion. Women were compelled, willing or unwilling, to come out and grapple with the new industrial problems by the side of their brothers. Instead of the small shop where master and man worked together and sold the products to their neighbors, in place of the loom, spinning wheel, soap kettle and pork barrel in the kitchens of private houses, the huge factory, the packing house and weaving and clothing establishments came into existence. Instead of the old, simple methods of production

and exchange, the commercial system with its vast aggregations of capital, and its wages and profits, was developed. Women were in a manner thrust into the wage working field; but finding themselves capable in the new domain, they did not stop there. They aspired to positions in the counting room and office; they forced open the doors of colleges and universities; they entered the realms of art, literature, science and the professions. Today, nothing stands in the way of woman in any field of activity, except her own limitations.

And what is the direct result of this newer freedom and greater activity? Is society better and are individuals happier and wiser? Let us see.

We find that in four states in the union women possess every political right that men enjoy. In other states partial political liberty has been granted and everywhere the influence of women in politics is acknowledged. Women perform all kinds of labor, shine in the professions, and the arts and sciences are further advanced for the work of women. Women no longer need protection; they have taken up physical culture and athletic sports; they are as likely to be expert shots and to be up in the science of "Jiu jitsu" as men. Therefore the old chivalry is superfluous and out of date. The old relations between men and women are destroyed, and we yet await the time when they shall be comrades and friends. But apparently, everything now is about as bad as it can well be. From reports of political matters in Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and Dakota, the four states which give the franchise to women, we learn that a startling amount of corruption is extant. Charges and counter charges are rife; the public money, taxed from the devoted people with the supposed purpose of supporting the law and the constitution, is scattered about among tools, prostitutes, hangers on, with a reckless prodigality never before known. The laws and institutions of our nation are not improved, and such laws as we have are no better executed. The rich are growing richer, more grasping, more heartless; the poor, poorer, more abject and servile. Evidently, participation by women in politics has not purified it, and the great reforms promised by woman suffragists have not materialized. Women are not to blame perhaps for the chaotic corrupt condition of society, but at least their participation in the making of laws has not prevented it.

The church as an organization has not advanced under the new regime. The membership of orthodox churches has fallen off when we consider the increase in population in the

last fifty years. Ideas which once would have excommunicated one who entertained them, now permeate the churches. Church discipline is more lax, and greater liberties are allowed the sanctified. The old doctrines of eternal punishment, total depravity, vicarious atonement are seldom mentioned today, though all these doctrines still have a place in the creeds. Liberal churches are growing in size and importance, and women are found flocking to their doors while the orthodox churches are comparatively deserted.

In the industrial world there is much more to deplore. Women wear themselves out in factories and mills long before they are old. The long hours in the heat and dust of sweat shops sap their life forces, and if they live they are unfit to be wives and mothers. Their children are forced into the factories because their labor is cheap. Human flesh and blood cheap! One great, modern fortune costs the lives of thousands of little children—but of course, it is “cheap” to the accumulator. And while this is being done, the fathers of toiling children are tramping, vainly hunting work, or sinking into irrevocable vagabondage. Surely, our industrial systems reflect no honor on the exertions of women to free and improve their sisters.

In the social world the change is still more marked. Marriage is no longer the sole and one important goal of women, nor is it the inevitable thing it once was. The courts are filled with divorce cases; a marriage today may not be one tomorrow, and young children often have a succession of step-parents that must be very confusing to their undeveloped minds. You may attend the grand society wedding of a young lady this year and not be quite sure how to address her if you meet her unexpectedly the next. The sanctity of the marriage relation seems to be threatened on all sides, and the home with many children growing up together under one father and mother, is now seldom seen. Already the wiseacres are trembling for the future of the race, as the new woman very often refuses to become a wife or to be the mother of a numerous progeny.

And therefore it looks to the casual observer as though nothing but evil had come of the new emancipation of women. We sigh for the good old days when married people staid married, and children came into the world about as quickly as possible and were somehow taken care of; when demure maidens of sixteen were married off by their parents and were seldom heard of or from again; when ladies so unfortunate as not to be asked in marriage, lived as superfluous but often use-

ful dependents in relatives' families to the end of their days; when there were no such beings as "bachelor maids," and no drudges except household drudges; when children were not factory slaves—only slaves to the early pioneer conditions and their own hard working parents. Ah, yes! we sigh for "the good old days" and try in vain to stay the rising tide of freedom.

But it is impossible. We can never put the loom, the spinning wheel, the soap kettle and bake oven back into the kitchens of our homes. We cannot push the new generation of women back into their old seclusion. The economics of the world send human activities where the need of activities exists. We cannot take away the delights of a little independent thinking, nor rob women of the new sense, ability, and wisdom which they have acquired by their hard experiences. They will never, never again fit into the old submissive seclusion and quiet where once they grew, lived and died in silence.

And would we do so if we could? The present conditions seem bad enough, but would we barter the freedom of the race—free men cannot be born of slave mothers—for a deceitful peace? A decorous silence may not always mean good to the greatest number, it may signify rather death and stagnation.

When we come to look about for a remedy for what seems to be an unalloyed evil, we must remember that always the cure for the evils of liberty, is more liberty. The transitional stage in any evolution is *always* a turbulent one. Repeated trials, failures and successes, suffering,—these are necessary factors in the attainment of perfection. We are not astonished when a young man who has been strictly reared in ignorance of vice and temptation through all his youth, suddenly left free to do as he pleases, rushes into all sorts of vices and follies. The wise man would not cure him by endeavoring to push him back into his old seclusion and ignorance and confining him there for the rest of his life. He would know that the young man must use his freedom until his judgment should become trained by experience, and his faculties and powers should develop themselves. In time he would learn what was wisest and best and his foolishness would come to an end. So it is with woman. She has been for many ages either the slave, the toy or the idol. What if she does come out from the centuries of submission, a little wild, vicious, crude and foolish? Continued freedom with its experiences, trials, failures and successes will cure these faults in time, and nothing else in the universe will.

# Whitman's Normal Woman.

By Mabel MacCoy Irwin.



MABEL MACCOY IRWIN.

In a recent criticism of Whitman's attitude toward woman by Prof. Bjerregaard—of Eastern Mysticism fame—we find these words: "The subconscious thoughts of Whitman reveal themselves in those phrases which were forever on his lips, 'man and woman,' and not '*woman and man*,' as they should have been. This to the critical eye is a cloud that veils the perfect truth, and forbids us to think that Whitman regarded himself in any vital sense as an emancipator of woman."

Again he says: "We wonder if Whitman is not best classed with those Hindus who talk ecstatically—in the abstract—of woman, and even speak of the 'motherhood of God,' but who, in the concrete, lower her to the sphere of the beasts, and treat her far worse than the West has ever done; and this because our hearts still carry the burden of all those other terrible passages—to be found in Whitman—of wild desires for women, so brutal, and so devoid of all reverence and beauty."

Those of us who have read Whitman's "Children of Adam" poems, in which occur the "terrible passages" above referred to, are aware that this impression is a common one, and has been the reason of most of the contumely showered upon him since the first appearance of "Leaves of Grass."

Lovers of Whitman have sought in various ways to evade the issue; some demanding that in a collection of writings so diverse and of such incomparable value, the introduction of questionable poems—only a few lines at the most—should not be allowed to lower the standard of value, or impede the growing appreciation of the poet's greatness; while others have insisted that in these poems Whitman was speaking from an entirely impersonal point of view, and that it is a great mistake to

regard them either as his personal philosophy or practice. But when we remember that he regarded these poems as a most vital part of his work, and that he always assures us that tho' he speaks for the Universal, he at the same time speaks for the particular, and tho' he speaks for Humanity, he at the same time speaks for himself, we realize that the attempt to excuse or explain away his words is futile. These words must either justify themselves and him, or they must be acknowledged as a blemish upon one who, to the minds of many, is America's greatest poet and seer. And I submit the statement that each and every one of these "objectionable poems" concerning woman, may in the light of reason, be fully justified, and that they in no way degrade her, but in every instance make toward her uplift, and to the strength, reverence and beauty of her life in its every relation. His critics fail in discrimination when they find Whitman's deficiency to lie in his failure to properly appreciate woman. Instead of citing his use of the phrase "man and woman" rather than "woman and man" as a sign of lack of appreciation, the fact that he always used them in conjunction at a time when man as a sex was considered so superiorly endowed, is a marvel in itself. And this he always did—never leaving us to infer that by the use of the word "man" he implied woman as well.

Fifty years ago—when Whitman wrote these poems—what woman in our Western world would not have deemed it sufficient honor to be named as co-equal with man in things of the intellect? What man would not have deemed it almost an impertinence that woman should regard herself as his mental mate? Now it was given to Whitman, with his splendid endowment and keen vision to see, even a half century ago, that woman was not only man's co-equal, his counterpart, his "independent mate" in all essentials, but thro' the exercise of her function of motherhood she became his superior. Not on her capacity as sister, comrade, sweetheart or wife, might she in any way base her claim; but only in the culminating endowment as the potential mother of the race.

Thus it is that Prof. Bjerregaard's criticism falls to the ground in the light of the fact that Whitman seeing woman as she was regarded in his age, the inferior and slave of man, not only sung her equality in his every poem, by always coupling the names "man and woman," but he saw her in her primal essence and intent, gradually evolving by the side of man, into the perfect mother, The Normal Woman.

In all the fulsome flattery, and all the pyrotechnic praise that in these days are offered to one sex, where do we find such



a picture of calm, strong, balanced, majestic womanhood as in Whitman's "Song of the Broadaxe"?

Her shape arises,  
 She, less guarded than ever, yet more guarded than ever,  
 The gross and soiled she moves among do not make her gross and soiled,  
 She knows the thoughts as she passes—nothing is concealed from her,  
 She is none the less considerate or friendly therefore,  
 She is the best beloved—it is without exception—she has no reason to fear,  
     and she does not fear,  
 Oaths, quarrels, hiccupped songs, proposals, smutty expressions, are idle  
     to her as she passes,  
 She is silent—she is possessed of herself—they do not offend her,  
 She receives them as the laws of nature receive them—she is strong,  
 She too is a law of nature—there is no law stronger than she is.

### WHAT THEY SAY OF US.

Editor To-MORROW:

You are giving the world real first lessons in human philosophy. I wish you had one hundred more years to live. Elbert Hubbard is writing literature and fun, but you are giving out wisdom for your successors to take up and carry forward.

Yours,

FRED W. MITCHELL,  
 Forest City, Iowa.

The Cincinnati Times-Star says of To-MORROW.

"This new magazine is interesting, and evidently is determined to make good its claim to be the most vital publication, on the ground of its dealing with causes instead of results. On its cover it prints a most interesting portrait of Abraham Lincoln, with uncombed hair and without beard, taken one day as he sat on the court house steps at Bloomington, Ill., before he was elected President."

The October number of To-MORROW expresses some decidedly unique views, especially regarding the segregation of children from parents. "Was Whitman a Free Lover?" and "Subjugation of Elbert Hubbard" are among other subjects discussed. However, there is a certain breezy originality about To-MORROW which quite charms the fancy of the reader.

Daily Republican, Fargo, N. D.

"To-MORROW, the new vital magazine, contains in its November issue a studious presentation of "The Evolution of the Business Man," and the continuation of the discussion of "Desire as a Factor in Mental and Social Progress," make up a strong editorial column of pleasing variety. "William Francis Barnard, a Poet of the Changing Order," is the title of an unusually sprightly article by Jonathan Mayo Crane, it being a review with several extracts from the book of poems by Mr. Barnard, entitled "The Moods of Life."

Other special contributions, poems, round table talks, and bright magazine reviews make up the most brilliant and satisfying of all numbers of To-MORROW Magazine.

The Tribune, Oakland Calif.

The following is from the Dwight, Illinois, Star and Herald:

"To-MORROW is a new magazine, handsome in design, handy in size, and full of common sense. We are pleased to receive To-MORROW today because its cheery contents makes us happy today and tomorrow."

The Chicago Evening Post says:

To-MORROW, the new local magazine, contains in its November issue "A Plea for Convict Labor," by John L. Whitman, in charge of the county jail. Mr. Whitman, while holding that the contract system of prison labor is the premier outrage of this age and epoch, maintains that prison labor, especially with the hands and without the overuse of machinery, is absolutely essential to the physical and moral welfare of persons whom society has no right to rob of their opportunity of development."

# The Customs and Beliefs of Mormondom and the Present Status of Polygamy.

By John P. Meakin (Not a Mormon.)



JOHN P. MEAKIN.

The denomination known as "Mormon" is properly called "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints," and has its basis in the New Testament and the teachings of the Man of Nazareth. Since the Church was organized a prejudicial war has been waged against it, for no cause whatever, unless it be a political one, until it has become popular and fashionable to abuse the Mormons. It is amusing to listen to stories told about the people of Utah.

Slush books and libels find a ready sale, if the plot revolves around a Mormon, or if some vile deed depicted therein is laid at the door of the church.

"Mormon" was a nickname applied by non-believers. This name was taken from the "Book of Mormon," a supposed translation from plates found in the earth by the founder of the church, Joseph Smith. The plates were supposed to be Hebraic in character, and were thought to have been buried in the State of New York many hundreds of years before Christ. The Mormons believe the "Book of Mormon" to be a history of a people, originally Jewish, who crossed the sea to North America, bringing with them the old Biblical belief. This book is not the Mormon Bible, as many suppose. The Mormons do believe it to be one book of the Bible. It is publicly published, and any reader can ascertain that it does not add to or contradict the Bible.

It does not teach polygamy; and it foretells, as does the Bible, the coming of the "King of the Jews," and his subsequent crucifixion. Mormon was the prophet or leader of this people, and the ancient Aztecs, also the mound builders, are

believed to represent them. The modern American Indian is believed to be the dying remnant of this race.

The Mormons believe in the same type of organization as existed in the primitive church; also that the power of conferring the priesthood was lost to the Christian world because of unbelief, and was again restored through Joseph Smith.

Their organization consists of a President, who governs the entire organization, who is elected by ballot, and is assisted by two councillors or advisers; then come the twelve apostles, the seventies, bishops, elders, teachers and the deacons. The twelve apostles and the seventies assist in the management of church affairs, and hold positions relative to the Senators and Representatives at Congress.

A Bishop presides over a portion of the community, and is in his turn assisted by his two councillors—also teachers and deacons. A Bishop reports at quarterly conference to the President upon the affairs of his special community. These meetings are open to the public, and are held four times a year in Salt Lake City. There are in that city alone about twenty-five Bishops. An Elder is a member of the church in full standing, who serves without recompense for three years as a missionary. Any member of the Mormon church is liable to be called upon to serve in this capacity.

What may be termed the "Philosophy of Mormonism" embraces not only the doctrine and dogmas, the precepts and practices of this life, but reaches back to the eternities that have passed, and forward to the eternities that are to come. The mortal probation that we call "Life" is regarded by the Latter-Day Saints as one stage—significant and of transcending importance, it is true, but nevertheless one stage in the course of that eternal progression which is the heritage of the children of Deity. And under this title are included all members of the human family. They say, too, that the Eternal One, who is both merciful and great, and who is literally the Father of our spirits, is not limited by the mortal span of his children's lives in bestowing upon them his good gifts; that even in the great beyond—far on the other side of the grave—it may be possible for the children of God to repent, to separate themselves from their sins, and to set out on the upward road of progression.

Let it be remembered, however, that in this belief of theirs there is no mawkish sentimentality, no comfortable carelessness as to present responsibilities, no "flattering unction" to ease the soul of regrets for opportunities missed and for repentance procrastinated. Forgiveness, say they, is not to be

had for the whimsical asking or on the prompting of a fleeting fancy. The man who through his own acts becomes hardened in sin loses not alone the ability to repent, but the capability of exercising even a forceful will toward repentance. Not a sin committed in life fails to leave its wound or scar; no opportunity can be willfully spurned or carelessly cast aside, and then be made good.

Whatever the later victories in the great struggle of life, the fact of ignominious defeat is a fact of history and of record—to be overshadowed, perhaps, by subsequent triumphs, to be forgotten, perchance, in the joy of better accomplishment but never to be obliterated from the page of what has been.

The "Mormons" believe in no exclusive heaven. In the future state of the soul there will be formed infinite gradations of intelligence and capacity. They often quote the words of the Man of Nazareth, "In my Father's house are many mansions," and every soul, say they, shall find there as he finds or makes for himself here, a home of beauty and refinement, or a hovel. But as children of the Eternal God, we are capable of an endless achievement; however slow our progress, if indeed we do advance; however small our capacity, if we do but utilize what we have; however great the mistakes we make, if we do not persistently make the same blunders over and over again; no matter how clumsily we stumble or how sore the bruises from our fall—do we but stumble less and blunder less as the years roll by—we shall rise and grow, we shall develop and advance, for have we not eternity before us?

Salvation, exaltation, to them is but an increase of facilities for advancement under better conditions for the work essential to progression.

Heaven is a state of advanced work, of increased power for good, of glory that consists of intelligence and wisdom to use it. This feature of their philosophy necessarily entails a liberal regard for and willing recognition of the good in all men. Every man, be he "Mormon," Jew, Gentile, Catholic, Protestant, Presbyterian, Unitarian, Congregationalist, or what not, shall find his place in his Father's mansions according to his fidelity to the truth he has learned—according to the purity and capacity of his soul.

This life is but one of the departments in the great school of eternities. Death is the graduation to a higher grade. The grave does not revolutionize the individual. We shall carry with us our characters, our natures, whatever our reputation among our fellows may have been.

But to the soul that loves the light there is offered the op-

portunity of endless progression, and this is salvation—according to the Mormon philosophy.

The Mormons take their form of baptism from “the Gospels,” according to which the first Christians were baptized after confessing their sins; they went into the Jordan and were baptized by John the Baptist. John preached in those days, “I baptize you with water unto repentance.” Then he further foretold of the One who would baptize them with the spirit.

Baptism is a very serious matter with the Mormons, who lay great stress upon repentance, often referring to John when he reproached the Pharisees, saying, “Oh, generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come? Bring forth, therefore, fruits meet for repentance.”

In common with all Christians, the Mormons in the early days of their church regarded marriage as an institution to exist in this world only, and married as Christians now do, until death doth part them. Their prophet, however, a few years before his tragic death at Carthage, Mo., promulgated a revelation in which was taught a new idea concerning the duration of the marriage covenant; and thenceforward he claimed to be empowered to perform marriages among the faithful, not only until death should part them, but for time and all eternity. Under his instructions, Mormons held that the family relations and associations which contribute so much to man’s refinement, civilization, dignity and happiness in this life, will still continue to minister to his happiness and exaltation in the life that is to be. In a word, that the family ties and joys of earth would be part of the joys of heaven. Here I think it would be difficult for any pure-minded, sensitive man, who knows how dear the love of a pure woman can be, and what it means to life, to withhold his admiration from such a conception of marriage. To me it stands in close relation to that hope so beautifully expressed by Burns in his “Cotter’s Saturday Night.” You remember the scene, do you not? How the toil worn cotter had been welcomed at the gate of his home by “the wee things toddling stacker through,” how bye and bye “the elder bairns came dropping in” until the family circle was all complete; how amid cheerful converse they ate their evening meal, chanted their artless lays, and as the father and husband prays,

Hope springs exultant on triumphant wing,  
That thus they all shall meet in future days—  
There ever bask in uncreated rays,  
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,

Together hymning their Creator's praise  
In such society, yet still more dear,  
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

But the world never associates such sentiments as these with the Mormon idea of marriage. Unfortunately it is given little opportunity to hear it. It is only, polygamy, polygamy, polygamy, that men hear; and yet in thousands of beautiful-spirited, though humble homes among the Mormon people, where polygamy has never intruded its presence, these fond hopes of endless association in eternal family unions are among the central ideas of the future life.

Polygamy was a phase of the marriage system among the early Mormons, who took this belief from the Bible with David, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob as their examples. They believed that the social problem had been to some extent solved by making it possible under certain rules and regulations laid down by their faith, for every woman to become an honored wife and mother. These women were many of them educated, cultivated and refined, and of as high a spirituality as can be found in our Christian land.

Polygamy is now a thing of the past, its remnants being found only in about five hundred survivors who entered into this relationship previous to 1890. It never was a prevailing principle, as at no time were there ever over four per cent of the community practicing polygamy.

Time and space would not allow me to present all the phases of this matter. I may say, however, that I regard it as one of the dying beliefs of early Mormonism. All that concerns us nationally is the moral status, present and future, of any state in this, our Union.

Utah is a young and growing state, and the Mormons represent about two-thirds of her inhabitants; they have sworn, politically and religiously, to abide by our national institutions.

The monogamous system of marriage prevails in Utah absolutely, and has done so since 1890, when the clause known as the "Edmunds Bill" was added to the Constitution, especially prohibiting polygamous marriages in Utah. The (then) President of the Mormon Church met the problem for his people, by issuing a proclamation from his pulpit prohibiting further plural marriages.

There are living in the world today about 400,000 members of the Mormon Church. Of these, there are only five hundred who are polygamists; the result of the condition existing in Utah previous to 1890. In fact, the percentage has always

been enormously exaggerated, for at no time were there more than four per cent of the community living in polygamous relations.

In Salt Lake City, the capital of Utah and headquarters of the Mormon Church, there are only seventy-four polygamists; fourteen of these are over fifty years of age, fifty-eight are over sixty years and the remainder are over eighty. Can Chicago show so clean a record?

These old men and women who were married many years ago are rearing and educating their children, and should any old polygamous father desert or forsake his wives or children because some hypocritical crank told him to, or by his own free will, he would be despised by every manly man in the Nation. The people who assumed the obligations of plural marriages are passing away. The manifesto was issued about fifteen years ago. One-third of the polygamists, men who were alive then are now dead. The whole matter of Polygamy (that is, among the Mormons), will be a thing of the past in a few years. In from twenty-five to thirty years the polygamists will all be gone. It would be both cruel and unjust to even attempt to separate these good people in their declining years, and to say that the man may go to the door to feed his wife and children, but not go into the house, is silly, very silly.

The fight being waged under the title of "Smoot Inquiry" is political rather than moral. Reed Smoot is an honest, active, level-headed business man, true to his trusts and faithful in his friendships. He is an educated, cultured gentleman, with a good wife and six beautiful "young Americans." Senator Smoot never has been a polygamist. In every way his character is beyond reproach. He has borne all this abuse and vilification, believing all the time in the reasoning justice of American manhood.

When a community grows to sufficient proportions they immediately proceed to erect a temple. A temple is not a house of public worship, but a building set apart for the performance of church ordinances only, such as baptisms, confirmations and marriages. These buildings are supposed to be copied from Solomon's Temple, and are models of architectural beauty. The Salt Lake Temple, which is one of four in Utah, was erected at a cost of three and a half million dollars. It stands as a silent testimony in granite of a people's industry. Upon its completion it was entirely free from any sort of obligation.

If the taxpayers of America could study the methods pur-

sued by this church and apply them to the erection of government buildings, many of our fair cities would not be burdened with interest-bearing bonds.

To show the reverence inspired in these people's hearts for their temples, I quote from one of their own writers:

"The completion of a temple means more to our minds than the mere finishing of a costly pile of masonry. It means that an enduring bond of unity between time and eternity has been wielded; it means that a faith which enables a people to honor God in keeping his commandments will enable them also to prevail mightily with Him in securing their own salvation and the redemption of mankind."

The church's source of revenue is tithing, a term applied by the Mormons to the taxation imposed by the church on one-tenth of the surplus of each individual member. Some zealous believers construe this to mean one-tenth of their actual earnings. In addition to this there is a monthly fast day, on which day members are supposed to refrain from eating, offer up prayers, and give as an equivalent the cost of the day's table expenses as a donation for the poor.

The Mormons have no pew holders or collection plates in their houses of public worship. Saint and sinner, rich and poor, stand an equal chance of obtaining front seats, with the exception of the first five or six rows, which are reserved entirely for "the old folks."

Their public places of worship are called "meeting houses." They are severely simple.

In Salt Lake City there are twenty-five meeting houses. In these are held Sabbath schools each Sunday morning, and eight o'clock Sunday evening service (where the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is partaken of weekly), and a Wednesday evening prayer meeting; also a monthly fast day meeting is held here.

Sunday afternoon service is held in a common meeting place for all these various branches at a church known as the Tabernacle. This building seats eight thousand people and is presided over by the President, assisted by his twelve apostles.

The Tabernacle choir has among its members one thousand trained voices, and the choir loft seats five hundred.

The class of music used varies from the four-part hymn tunes to the chief and grandest choruses from the classic oratorios.

In Utah there are over a thousand choirs. The Tabernacle pipe organ is accounted one of the finest in the world, and its choir won second prize at a world contest in Chicago.



More good music can be heard free in Salt Lake City than in any other city in America. Recitals are given almost daily in the great Tabernacle for travelers.

The Mormons hold out a standing invitation to all the preachers in Christendom to use their Tabernacle whenever it does not conflict with their own services.

The church countenances dancing, theatrical and social entertainments, but denounces secular amusements on Sunday.

It also fights most strenuously against all stimulants, including even tea and coffee.

Gambling and card playing are also vigorously tabooed.

I have been asked to give in this article a brief outline of the customs, philosophy and beliefs prevailing among the Mormons, but the subject is a vast one. I have been able only to give a skeleton outline of this unique and high-minded people, but it is a fair and unprejudiced outline, drawn from the experience gleaned by living in their midst for over thirty-six years.

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#### CYNARA.

By ERNEST DAWSON.—Reprint from *Bibelot*.

Last night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine  
There fell thy shadow, Cynara! thy breath was shed  
Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine;  
And I was desolate and sick of an old passion,  
Yea, I was desolate and bowed my head:  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

All night upon mine heart I felt her warm heart beat,  
Night-long within mine arms in love and sleep she lay;  
Surely the kisses of her bought red mouth were sweet;  
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,  
When I awoke and found the dawn was gray:  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,  
Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng,  
Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind;  
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,  
Yea, all the time, because the dance was long:  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,  
But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire,  
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara! the night is thine;  
And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,  
Yea hungry for the lips of my desire:  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

# Do Faults of Clerks Drive Trade from Stores?

By Louis Sondheim.

A recent contribution to a Chicago newspaper from the pen of a space writer, makes the assertion positively and unqualifiedly that "Faults of clerks drive trade from many stores." The author of the article in question also states among other things that she is a shopper with twenty years of experience. In one sense of the word, we are all of us shoppers, but the Lord forbid that we should all be shoppers for twenty years as the term is generally understood! As this contribution places the blame on employes it naturally has interested employers, and they have liberally distributed it amongst their help. But like every other subject, there are two sides to it; one phase, that of the shopper, has been presented—the other, that of the clerk, is still somewhat obscure. No matter what our vocation may be or in what creed we may believe, the religion of humanity, that broadest and finest belief of all, embodying the Golden Rule, and something more, bids us, if nothing else does to consider the other side.

The writer, while neither a shopper nor a clerk, has by consultation and ordinary observation made deductions conflicting slightly with those of the author referred to. Her treatment of the subject demonstrates lack of keen observation on her part, or a misunderstanding or unfamiliarity with the rules and regulations governing the general clerk in a store. Some of these rules are unwritten, but they are nevertheless ironclad.

Lack of consideration and inattentiveness, two terms quite closely related, are the main topics of complaint of the "shopper for twenty years." It is certainly too bad that clerks must stand for such poppy-cock fol-de-rol after having been subjected to ridicule for many years by so-called "funny papers." But what makes the criticism doubly embarrassing, is the fact that it emanates from a self-confessed shopper.

Say, my unprejudiced reader, did you ever go "shopping?" Or have you ever had the pleasure (?) of escorting a shopper? No? Well, then, listen! A shopper, to be concise, is one who is looking for something out of the ordinary in both quality and price, and isn't particularly anxious to purchase even then. You know, no thief ever became rich by filching a shopper's pocketbook—my no! And the "Mysterious Mr. Raffles"

could many a tale unfold, if he would, of the inconsistency of shoppers, but his assistance is unnecessary. All that is essential is to keep one's eyes and ears open and it will easily become apparent why jewels and consistency are always referred to together.

When you or I desire to purchase an article we term ourselves buyers, not shoppers, and act accordingly; in other words, we know what we want to start with, know where we're going to get it, and have the price to pay for it; otherwise we don't take time that doesn't belong to us. Not so with shoppers. Regard for others is a characteristic foreign to their make up; they are selfishness itself, personified. A shopper hasn't anything definite in mind so far as buying is concerned; "drilling" through store after store is their principal object and delight. The people who buy are the ones who seldom complain.

"Shopper" relates that her experience of twenty years has only disclosed six clerks possessing consideration, but the clerk's career every day in the year brings him in contact with, conservatively speaking, seven hundred "would be" customers with overbearing dispositions—dispositions that revel in showing the whip-hand wherever it is possible.

Contrary to Shopper's understanding, what clerks are paid for is primarily to sell goods, and secondarily, if possible, to make friends. An unwritten law of salesmanship is to obtain the cash at all hazards, though, for reasons that are obvious, employers refuse to openly admit this. Everyone knows how hard it is to secure money from some people and at the same time retain their friendship. It is just as easy getting the proverbial blood from a stone. And so far I have never witnessed the spectacle of blood issuing from a stone. Rest assured, gentle reader, it wasn't a clerk that originated the system of "turn-overs" either.

Someone has said that people shop aimlessly—without an object. Sometimes they have an object as the following illustrates: A lady meets a friend whose cloak she admires to such an extent, in fact, that she must have one like it, but lacks sufficient wherewithal to purchase it made up, and so decides to make it herself. How much cloth it will require and the other details about the manufacture are beyond her knowledge, but she has some ingenuity and gets the necessary information by going into a store, or stores rather, and browbeating the clerks in a manner surpassing that of the most unscrupulous lawyer. Does she even buy the necessary material to make it in that store? Most certainly not. A friend of hers, she suavely in-

forms you, employed in a wholesale dry goods house will do that for her.

And then there exists that class of shoppers whom process of evolution has failed, as yet, to fully civilize; reference is made to those who persist in visiting stores at the eleventh hour, when it is time to close. However, the writer has met some considerate people who are thoughtful enough to even forbear entering restaurants that are about to close for the day. But they are as scarce as the "hen teeth" referred to by "Shopper."

After all has been told the shopper's complaints, as compared to what clerks have to contend with, amount to little or nothing. The solution of the problem, if it is one, lies not in the hoarding up of so many piles of dollars either to the employer's credit, the shopper's or the clerk's; life is too short for that. But the answer is to be found rather in conduct which tends to lessen the trials and tribulations of each individual.

#### CEREMONIAL TYRANNY.

By R. W. BOROUGH.

They say you are not "good," for once in mad'ning mood,  
 You gave up all that Love and Passion cried for—and  
 They say that this forbidden fruit of Paradise  
 (Where for one brief, blissful year  
 Wild, terror stricken you had lived,)  
 Accursed is, accursed must remain,  
 This perfect child, this round-limbed cherub,  
 Now three summers old, whose laughter is all melody,  
 In whose fond eyes eternal sunshine lingers, and  
 Whose song, sweet, lures you many times to secret words  
 Of gratitude to God,  
 This child accursed! Priests mouth it o'er and o'er,  
 An "illegitimate" their "flocks" do sneer  
 And stand aghast as if on Crime they gaze.  
 But this I ask, Ah! who shall surely say,  
 God looks not down on you with loving smile?  
 Nor deems you of far greater worth to man  
 Than all the throngs of priests and shallow hypocrites?

#### SPECIAL OFFER TO THE READERS OF "TO-MORROW."

The National Magazine, Boston, Massachusetts, regular price One Dollar a year, and "To-Morrow Magazine, price One Dollar a year. When ordered together both these magazines will be sent for one year to those so ordering for **One Dollar**. Send in your order at once.

# Abolish Reservations and Government Aid to Indians.

By Carlos Montezuma, M. D.

## PART IV.

In previous communications we think we have shown that the Indian Reservation system is an unnecessary restriction upon the Indian's rights as a man. Also we think we have shown that the Indian is as well adapted for assimilation with another race as any one people are adapted for mutual association with other peoples. This, therefore, brings us to the point where we must consider the ways and means of freeing the Indian from the restrictions of the Reservation. And while it is clear how this *could* be done, the question yet remains, *can* it be done now, and what, if anything, of magnitude stands in the way of it?

A monster in varied garb confronts us at the threshold of this inquiry. Its name is politics. This rapacious monster to-day antagonizes every effort that is being put forth against the powers of evil in this country; obstructing where it cannot control; corrupting and polluting where it cannot otherwise interfere, and paralyzing where it cannot utterly destroy.

In this country politics offer a wider field for the development and exercise of the baser and dangerous faculties in man than any other matter which engages the attention of men. And there is no legitimate or illegitimate calling, profession, avocation, institution or system into which in one form or another, the leprous carcass of politics has not breathed its fetid emanations. Is there a worthy cause to be advanced by legislative aids; right in its way steps this monster to obstruct or defeat, with its characteristic appetite unabated, demanding as a price for non-interference that something either as grant, gift or graft, shall be dropped into its capacious maw; otherwise the cause, *however* worthy, shall make its appeal in vain. Will the government lend its support to found and maintain an institution that will materially and permanently facilitate the enlightening and civilizing of an unfortunate people? Maybe it will do so, provided the matter can be so arranged that the politician or office-holder can from time to time, as the shifting of party power may require, have the privilege of hitching a relative or henchman to the public crib for a feeding. Otherwise it would not be expedient to appropriate pub-

lic funds even though an unfortunate people be left in darkness.

In the event, however, that the institution, with the aforesaid opportunities for cribbing, should be established, and it afterward appears that changes in methods were needed and should be adopted, then if the adoption of such new methods would result in detaching some public cribber from his feeding place, thereby lessening his usefulness to the aforesaid politician or office-holder, then in such dire possibility, the man who suggested and urged the adoption of the said new method must be removed from his position as an enemy of vested political rights and a disturber of cribbers generally, and in his place must be put a man who, having no ideas on the subject, will not advocate new methods, however much needed, and who, at the same time, appreciates the situation of, and has a fellow feeling for a public cribber, and luckily for the whole system of cribbing and its family of feeders, the arm of this monster called politics is sometimes so long and the grasp of its greedy hand so suggestive and so effective that the Chief Executive of the Nations yields a ready response to the pleading, persuasive voice of party appetite. So that when we have become familiar with the operation of public affairs we realize that nothing is too high or too low, too sacred or too wicked, too dangerous or too difficult for manipulation by the hand of the monster, politics. It is therefore utterly impossible, in the treatment of the subject of how the Indian Reservations can be done away with, to point out definitely the interesting steps that must be taken to that end.

The political streams must be bridged or crossed, the multiple monster overcome in some way, but **how** is quite another thing. If the Indians were free to do as other people do, as foreigners who come to this country may do, go where he pleased with the one restriction that he violate not the laws, the Indians themselves would solve the problem, but he is not free because he is reservation bound, and if not this he is colonized. The Indian Bureau at Washington through the Department of the Interior controls him, through its Indian Agency, and the politicians at Congress who have their feeders at the Crib desire a continuance of that which enables their feeders to feed.

Three more schools like the Carlisle Indian School of Pennsylvania, conducted as Gen. Pratt conducted that one, would also solve the problem for the Indians in a few years, but these extra schools, even if possibly established, could not now be kept free of the destroying influence of politics.

A change in the quality of men in Congress from those who

now represent themselves to those who would represent the people, would afford an opportunity for a change in the laws, looking toward a liberation of the Indians from the reservation.

To bring about this change would require, however, an awakening among the people to the evil of political domination, as well as their awakening to the fact that the Indian should be dealt with as a man, and not as something that was only half human. And this "awakening" in turn can only be brought about by a marked improvement in the general moral sense of the people, which at present, generally, is not as high an order as the well-being of society requires.

So far as society today working out any reforms through itself, it is like the manufacturer, who, on receiving an order to turn a certain machine, had first to construct a machine to make the one he was ordered to make.

Reforms can come no faster than societies acquire the power to first reform themselves. A machine must be made to make a machine. And this is why reforms come slowly, that they must come from within and not from without. The vital parts are within society itself.

There is, however, a way in which a great stride could be taken toward abolishing the Reservation, and that by the President himself. A President who could see the Indian's situation as it is to the Indian view, who could and would appreciate the fact that a prison is not a civilizing institution, even under the name Reservation, and who would be willing to ignore political demands for peace, and who would appoint to places in the Indian Bureau as leaders, men who would aid in the adoption of plans to facilitate bringing the Indian out among the people as an inhabitant with them, such a President could bring about the emancipation of the Indian from reservation restraint in spite of politics even as it is. The older generation for whom the reservations were planned are rapidly passing away and the great evil now so manifest is that the younger generation, or rather any considerable portion of them should be forced to live the reservation life. They deserve, as human beings, a better fate than a life in the prison home that fettered their fathers. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and this is our motto with reference to the liberation of the Indian from Government guardianship.

We use here the word Reservation in its general sense, not overlooking the fact, however, that it is being gradually superseded by what is called Colonization, by allotment of lands, liberating the Indian somewhat, but yet not operating to separate him from tribal customs and superstitions, but leaving him still segregated and beyond the civilizing influence of direct and constant contact with other people, and in this connection there is a responsibility resting upon the Indian himself, who has a part to perform in the work to be done in his behalf.

We will consider this branch of the subject in our next.  
(Continued in January issue.)

# Ecstasy.

By Nora Moeller Petrie.

That exalted state of consciousness, often called ecstasy, has been so often reached through religious meditation, that this has come to be considered the only method by which it may be attained. But ecstasy is a heavenly state, and surely there are as many roads to heaven as there are souls desiring to go there.

It would therefore be presumptuous to pass decision upon, and still more presumptuous to deny the existence of any road which one has not as yet himself traveled.

The purest, highest, best meditations often appear to be spontaneous, as do many of the greatest productions of man. But in reality is not that which we call spontaneity the culmination of an unconscious or subconscious concentration that only appears abrupt to the brain mind because received into consciousness all at once as a whole, when in reality it is the product of continuous effort on the part of the Ego?

This seems to be well shown in what is most often the method of work of the idealistic and constructive temperaments. These create or construct "when the spirit moves," as the current expression has it.

But this unrecognized concentration must go on in the hidden departments of such natures until a certain degree of intensity has been reached, when the whole is precipitated by the Ego, down through its various bodies until it finds expression in the material world.

Then the physical machine is forced into action and, in an incredibly short time, will produce that which represents an ideal which the Ego has been long in perfecting, and longer still in striving to bring down to, and mature in, the physical brain.

And what, then, is ecstatic meditation?

It is the soul speaking. It is the individuality enlightening the personality. The Ego strengthening and ministering unto that portion of itself which is temporarily submerged in substance.

The methods for doing this are legion, though but few names have been found for its expression and all these are of the same character. Inspiration, illumination, the descent of the holy spirit, the outpouring of divine power, whatever it may be called, it is still the spiritual energy of the Ego, concentrated for a given work and to such a high degree that the whole be-



ing vibrates at a rate beyond the normal. A rate that transmutes all the lower forces into celestial powers and carries the consciousness into higher realms, oftentimes reaching even the Buddhic plane—known to some as the Christ plane, to others as cosmic consciousness—and which our own philosopher, the “Sage of Concord,” calls the plane of the “Oversoul.”

How ardently this state is sought by those who hunger for enlightenment. There are many who sit daily in the Temples waiting with beautiful faith, watching with divine patience, for this expansion of consciousness. While in another place it will drop like a star into the understanding of some gentle, simple soul, whose whole life perhaps is spent in a struggle with the world for the maintenance of loved ones to whom Karmic ties have united him.

In him the world would see but a quiet soul pursuing the daily task with outward dignity; but within him would be that peace “that passeth understanding,” for he had entered into a well-merited inheritance, left by his former selves to his present self. Understanding he could have nothing he had not earned, and that he could know nothing he had not learned, he calmly and contentedly works on, doing the thing that is nearest.

The composer reaches an ecstasy. He meditates in tone. As to that heaven of music let him speak, for he alone can testify. He enters another world; a world as unknown to the great majority as is the other side of the moon. Would he barter his visits to that other world for all of the best that could be offered him in this?

Souls do not barter blessedness; they could but smile at the meagerness of such an exchange, and so would sit gladly alone, save for the spirit of song that dwells within them. Poor and unknown, perhaps, but what is poverty to these, who may forget it at will and mount on the waves of melody to a heaven of their own?

The artist reaches a state of ecstasy when wrapt in the harmony of his coloring, in the grace and truth of his lines, in the successful reproduction of his mental images upon the canvas.

Only he knows the delight of watching a face grow under his hand until he brings a soul into it that looks back at him out of the pictured eyes. Something more than happiness is then in his heart; something more than satisfaction in his mind. At such a moment he loves those who hate him, he forgives his worst enemy, he would embrace the whole world.

In that realm of nature where lie hidden the strange relationships between substances, it is only the hermit of the

laboratory who understands the sort of gladness that comes with the discovery of a new chemical affinity.

Place the sculptor before a solid block of marble and he will draw from its stony heart a form of beauty, embodying within itself so much spirit, enkindled by the divine fire of his own, that he might well harken to hear it speak, might well watch to see it move, as did Pygmalion when he knelt before his Galatea—ideal of perfect womanhood incarnate in marble.

Something from the higher planes is felt even by the dancer who is enthusiastic in her art. It is true that when inspired by tone, harmony and by the poetry of her own motion, she does live through exalted moments. The feet become as wings and the body as thistledown, and her consciousness moves, for a time, in a world that is subtler than this.

Conceive the ecstasy of Newton, as he lay under the apple tree close on the breast of the great mother, when she suddenly flashed into his mind one of her hidden laws. Did the world hold anything for him after that comparable to this one marvelous fact? Could all of its treasures have bought from him that knowledge? Would he have accepted the offer of heaven itself? One can not be bribed by that which he already possesses and Newton had gained heaven by his discovery.

And Kepler? That lonely watcher of the stars? Held to his purpose by conviction, that voice of the invisible self. With the earnestness of the zealot, the reverence of the devotee, the perseverance that refused to admit failure, the patience that supported him in solitary vigil through the long nights of many years.

Then to see the purpose of his consecrated life accomplished. To know the people of earth henceforth blessed by the inheritance of knowledge he should leave them. Would that all men might feel, might know, such a heaven as Kepler's.

One can not help feeling a sort of worship for this great soul: so large that the laws governing a universe might first proclaim themselves within his consciousness; for did he not find and fit upon the worlds of our Solar System the laws under which they move? Surely, and those laws will be known as Kepler's so long as history shall endure.

The ways, then, of attaining to this exalted state of consciousness are many. When a soul has found anyone of these ways it could not be relinquished for all the wealth of the earth.

"The paths men take from every side are mine," said Krishna. And all these paths are but the voice of the Eternal—speaking in different tones. Who, then, shall say that one tone is better than another?

Those who can distinguish the most tones will hear the grandest music. Those who can attain to this exalted state by the greatest number of ways may oftenest transcend the physical and live in the subtle, and so will enjoy the grandest, fullest heaven.

In due season, to every soul, will this divine thing come. Like the wing of a calm, strong angel it enfolds the minds of men; and then, it may be, when all within is peaceful and still, the garnered wisdom of past lives will once more make itself known.

The contents of these chapters on "High Finance in Mexico" will be printed in book form in both English and Spanish and sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

## High Finance in Mexico.

By Parker H. Sercombe.

### PART VII.

It is a matter of great inconvenience at this time that owing to the pressure of other matters in this Magazine I am not able to obtain sufficient space for my articles on "High Finance in Mexico," but for the present am obliged to cut them down to a few pages only, thus preventing me from entering into the discussion of the larger subjects for which many communications are making urgent demand.

I am pleased to inform my readers that the publishers of "To-Morrow" expect to increase its size to ninety-six pages after January 1st, in which event I hope to have ample room for discussing Mexican affairs on a larger scale.

Among other communications the following, written by one who claims to be "A Sufferer," is of interest:

My Dear Mr. Sercombe:

Your articles in *TO-MORROW* are highly appreciated in this city by a large number of people who are not of the select few, but who have had bitter experience of contact with them. There is danger that you may allow some to escape who do not figure publicly in all the schemes for plunder which are of daily perpetration. The most dangerous man in Mexico today is John Hatfield, whom you will know as director of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. From the disclosures of the papers in the United States you will readily know what qualities a man must possess in order to occupy such a position, and he has them all in a prominent degree in addition to those of the original Machiavelli. You have railed at Ham and the United States Banking Company. Ham is a fool and would have to go out of business if he did not have Hatfield to put him up to all kinds of tricks. A very short time ago Hatfield was soliciting insurance on the streets and now he is counted one of the wealthiest foreigners in the country, and every penny of it is "graft," but he knows how to cover up his tracks and rarely can his fine hand be traced. The man is one of those cold blooded highwaymen who proposes to hold for his own selfish ends in every situation in which he finds himself.

You will be doing a public service by giving him your best attention.

Strange, is it not, that the above is one of several letters that have come to me in regard to Juan Hatfield whose unyielding tigerish craze for money getting seems to have accomplished the undoing of quite a number of the type of lambs who are his natural prey?

Do the records of the doings of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, the people to whom Hatfield "Crooks the rusty hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning,"

indicate that they acted as munificent humanitarians or as common grafters when they selected Hatfield to REPRESENT THEM in the City of Mexico?

Has any one who knows John Hatfield in Mexico any doubt but that he has himself completely carried out the policy of his chiefs, both in relation to his treatment of himself and of others with whom he has come in contact?

Testimony has shown that the President of the Mutual Life Insurance Company has not only been a common thief for his own ends, but that he is imbued with a heartlessness and an utter disregard of the rights and needs of others that places him on a par with the vulture, the vampire and the barnacle.

One good look at Hatfield is enough to satisfy even the uninitiated that he fulfills the requirements on all these points, but fortunately it is that we need not rely upon looks alone for our statement as we have the facts written in anguish by those whom his greed hath undone, whose houses he has taken and whose spirits he has broken.

Many of the uninitiated lambs in Mexico wonder how this economic Don Juan has been able to accomplish so much carnage, desecration and plunder in so short a time, but the answer is found in the fact that from the very start the "Mutual" has had a lawyer of INFLUENCE, able for an exorbitant retainer to control the department officials of Government and courts when necessary.

As the head of the affairs of the "Mutual" in Mexico Hatfield has not been slow in taking personal advantage of the pull which his Company, always on the graft, was obliged to place in his hands for their own purposes. Has the vampire worked its tentacles to the limit? We shall see.

The personal affairs and character of Juan Hatfield are of no interest to me as the writer of this history, except so far as he is typical of a class of robbers that overrides justice and dominates courts and conditions in the interests of himself and his Company, all through the medium of bribing and lawyers of INFLUENCE, and thereby standing in and obtaining his own ends under all circumstances.

Why was Hatfield elected a director of the United States Banking Company? Because of the large deposits and exchange purchases which he controlled for his Company, and in Ham he found a banker with whom he could WORK. In the short space of the present number I am unable to go into the detail of real estate deals, stock deals, commissions, divisions of profit, the squeezing of unfortunates, the tyrannical

and heartless robberies by which Hatfield has accomplished so much for himself, for I intend to use him only as an example to show what dozens more there in Mexico are constantly doing in their own way.

Before Hatfield came to Mexico there was Carlos Sohmer, a man of sweet disposition, delightful personality, and in many respects as superior to Hatfield as Cassasus is superior to Starr Hunt. Carlos Sohmer was not a cold blooded grafter by any means, but a man of sentiment and fine feeling, who made his mistakes, it is true, but would have come out all right if it had not been for the fox like, relentless and vengeful greed with which Hatfield followed him until he drove him to suicide.

To this day there remains among the residents of Mexico more love, kindness and sympathy for Carlos Sohmer than Hatfield could inspire in a thousand years, and before my story of "High Finance in Mexico" is completed I hope to relate in detail the exact story of the treachery and deceit and heartlessness with which John Hatfield, without mercy, without feeling, with the true instinct of the soulless corporation he represents, drove, enticed, and inveigled Carlos Sohmer to his early grave.

Taking up this short story in my limited space this month is to merely suggest that to write his doings in detail is really to recite the delinquencies of bankers, judges, lawyers and all forms and types of grafting and grafters from Lemantour down to the foot of the ladder, because to recite the detailed story of any single case in full implies a conspiracy by common consent among those interested in fooling the people, and by swindling, bulldozing and bribery continue to fool a large portion of the population out of what is rightfully their own.

(Continued in January number.)

### **SPECIAL OFFER TO THE READERS OF "TO-MORROW."**

The "Nautilus," an Advance Thought magazine of the first class, edited by Elizabeth Towne, price Fifty Cents a year, and "To-Morrow" Magazine, price One Dollar a year. When ordered together both these magazines will be sent for one year to those so ordering, for **One Dollar**. **Order at once while the offer stands.**

# Desmorgenslandt

Conducted by M. F. Canfield.

## THE TRAGEDY.

Neath a rosetree's bloom, on a summer's day,  
Just a flutter, like a sigh,  
And a young boy saw where the shadows lay,  
Just a wounded butterfly,  
And his heart ran full with its tenderness—  
With the hope it might not die.  
So he nursed to life with his fond caress—  
With his care, this butterfly—  
But he tired one day of the *same* bright thing,  
There were *other* butterflies,  
So he touched the flame to its painted wing  
Till it dropped and could not rise.  
"All the world's aglow with its joy," he said,  
"It is folly here to lie,  
It is yours to feast on the beauties spread,  
So, I leave you, butterfly!"  
Then the youth went forth and he preached "*Good Cheer*,"  
While he never breathed a sigh,  
And he never thought of the cheer he'd *crushed*  
In the heart of that butterfly.

—M. F. C.

## SELF OF SERVICE.

President Hadley in his recent address to the graduating class of Yale, said: "The worth of a man's life is to be measured *not* by the things which he has done for *himself*, but by the things which he has done for the world around and after him."

In this era of Eternal Self, it is an inspiration to hear that truth boldly expressed by a man whose brain and position command audience. That broad humanitarianism that says: "My brother's interest, not my own," is the hope of the world, and he who lives it and infuses its principles into those who are to be future leaders in our own land, is a benefactor indeed.

It is the active *life* principle that gives worth to a truth and not its parrot-iteration. The world grows by that which it feeds upon, and not by the food it touches not. The "Golden Rule," that embodiment of all ethics and soul of all religion, affirmatively stated by Christ, and negatively expressed by Confucius, is preached alike by Christian and Pagan, but *lived* by the *few* of any creed, for *Self* is the "Golden Calf" of the age, whose bellowings fill the world, and the "wee small voice of Brotherhood is drowned in the sound."

"Wait," say the many, "until I shall have accumulated my millions and shall have made myself comfortable, then I will help my brother. Then will I build orphan asylums, endow universities and establish public libraries. O, you shall see the good I will do, 'when my ship comes in,' but do not vex me *now* with your whine for help."

Self-blinded creatures, while the *now* is passing the multitude is starving, physically, mentally, morally, while the gold of their coin, the gold of their sympathy, remains tight bound in the interest of Self,

not to be loosed until that Self, in the fullness of surfeit, cries out: "My coffers over-flow, I have now, a few millions to spare."

Did these coin-gatherers ever stop to think that while universities and libraries are always good, it is a question, whether they are always the *highest* good at the *best* time?

Again, did they ever think that these stupendous donations, so far as the donors themselves are individually concerned, may not be wholly altruistic in their nature, but immense monuments, in whose very structure, the element of self-grandizement is prominent? Perhaps they do not realize, that while financial aid is sometimes the first essential of relief, it is often the poorest help that one can offer his fellowmen.

It is not the service of *money*, but the service of *humanity* that the heart most craves. The service of regard for its interests, its rights; the service of sympathy and love; the service of that love for the *human*, in any form or condition, that restrains Self-greed—that Greed that would wrest from his neighbor, not only his material good, but would trample on his soul. O Self, go softly here: Beware how you trample that immortal thing—for the *Divine* must have its breath, its development, and woe, to the individual or the nation that would smother or retard!

I had read of "The Man With a Hoe"; the poet had sung his sorrows in my ear; on canvas, I had seen his *form* "bent 'neath the load of centuries;" his face, scarce more than a dumb brute's blankness—the hopeless vacancy of man's inhumanity. His knotted, work-worn hands, as they rested upon the handle of his hoe, moved me scarce less than his half-uplifted face—so unknown to lifting. "O helpless victim of human greed," I said, "may artist's brush and poet's tongue awake the sons of France, to right their peasants' wrong!" "But this is in far-a-way France," I said, "in *this* land of the free there are no men with a hoe."

One morning, while sitting on the porch of a cottage, in the depths of the forest of a rural, mountain resort, I heard the dig, dig, of a ponderous hoe and the tear, tear of sturdy vegetation, looking up from my book, I expected to see some strong, muscular mountaineer, with lips in twist for a merry whistle, but an old man, stooped with the weight of years, his shaggy locks gray with time, his arms trembling from weakness and the effort of his task, stood digging. "This is what I call pathetic," I said in subdued tones, to a friend beside me, "let us find out something about him." With his voice full of emotion he told us that his wife had died, perhaps ten years ago, leaving him with a young daughter who soon married a worthless creature that deserted her after a few years, leaving her helpless, with a sickly little girl. Starvation stared them in the face. At the insistence of their neighbors, she finally gave the child away and "hired out." The poor child soon died; then, the mother tempted by the base persuasions of another worthless man, wrought her own ruin and came back to her old father and the old hut, with another babe. "Up to the time, my daughter met that man, she was as good and nice as any girl in the world," said the old man, and his voice broke with a sob, as he picked up his hoe and once more bent his feeble back to his task. His face wore not the brute blankness of the French peasant, but the weary, haggard gaze of the haunted. *His* was not the speechless woe of the soul-stifled, but the living pain of the soul trampled.

"*Here*, in our own land," I said, "we have the veritable 'man with the hoe.' *Here*, too, self-diabolical; that lowest self, that blasts a human soul; Self, that breaks a parent's heart and sets a blister on the brow of purity."

The proof of unselfishness is test. How many smiles of sunshine turn to storm clouds in the time of trial! To love one's neighbor only so long as self-interest is not thwarted, and then to turn the Fury of denunciation and hurt, is not the love that loves and lifts. Do not the Pharisees love as much?

Never to forgive an offense. never to look beyond an injured *self* and see a good in self-sacrifice, is self's crown of self. We must be able to see reflected in life's mirror more than our own miserable image, if the world is to be made the better for our having lived.

We must not only unloose the strings of our *purse*, but the bowels

of our compassions. The kind word, the sympathetic smile, the gentle pressure of the hand live longer than the "jingle of the guinea."

That prayer is but sacrilege, not prayer,  
That seeks its selfish aim to brother's hurt.  
Upon another's woe, no creature builds  
A lasting joy. 'Tis but a fungus growth  
That feeds upon a stolen strength and draws  
Its pois'nous breath in darkest shade, where if  
The warmth of sunlight strikes its molded face,  
Within the day, its heavy life is spent.

#### THE LIBERTY EDUCATIONAL CLUB.

The interest in education manifested by the pupils of the Liberty Educational Club, is indicative of the future of the young Jewish man and woman.

Beginning with the fundamental principles of all learning, the Mastery of Self, these boys and girls,—young men and women who are employed all day, display a keen, idea of the value of learning.

Having from childhood, learned the necessity of self-maintenance, they are prepared to grasp the present opportunities and apply all their energies to the mastery of the English language.

The field is a broad one and Mr. Kantor, their teacher, is devoting time and effort in the instruction of these young people, and it is evident his work with them is appreciated.

This is one phase of the work the Spencer-Whitman Center is inaugurating and gives promise of mutual benefit. Arrangements have been made for private instruction at the Center thus forming a nucleus for further development along the lines to which we aspire.

The Liberty Educational Club is still in its infancy, having been organized about eight months ago. The Club is located at 65 Waller St. The rooms are pleasant, consisting of library, reading and class rooms.

Everyone should feel a personal interest in the promotion of such a movement.

MAXINE WELCH.

#### TO-MORROW.

By CHARLES J. BEATTIE.

The Land of To-Morrow is close on our lee,  
At midnight we'll reach its fair shore,  
With white hands unstained,  
With true hearts unchained,  
Sons of proud sires, ever brave, ever free,  
Our Flag woos the breeze,  
On the land, on the seas,  
To progress and liberty true ever more.

The plains of To-Morrow in glory behold  
Their green fields and meadows so fair,  
Bright with hopes sunny showers,  
With proliferous flowers,  
And treasures of wisdom untold,  
And wherever we sail,  
In the calm, or the gale,  
Our banner of progress dispelleth despair.

The Land of To-Morrow is looming ahead,  
The lights of the future we see,  
As the old prophets saw,  
Mingled freedom and law,  
Where progress and liberty tread;  
No suffering, or sorrow,  
In the Land of To-Morrow,  
With everything perfect, humanity free.



# The Spencer-Whitman Round Table.

Conducted by Grace Moore.



MISS GRACE MOORE.

The Round Table has a place for bullets and paper wads of all kinds, as well as plenty of bouquet holders. The task of the editor this month is to tell of the paper wads—as yet there are no bullets of which to write.

The particular “wad” we would spread out on the table this month, came from Rockford, Illinois, and it ventures in modest, gentle terms, the possibility that Spencer-Whitman Centerers throw too many bouquets at each other. The rehearsal in the November Round Table column, of the affairs of the Center, particularly of the dinners, toasts and little aftermaths, in which our readers were given some insight into the personalities of our bunch, seems

to have served the purpose for which this department was originated, inasmuch as many were pleased and some were displeased.

Our Rockford friend, being by nature and experience a philosopher, the philosophic references in our last write-up, to the domestic, personal, comradely features of some incidents connected with the Center, seemed to him undignified and unnecessary, just as a recipe for baking a cake, would

have seemed insignificant to the author of *Synthetic Philosophy*.

But we must have cakes and we must eat them, too. And occasionally we must have a bouquet for the cook, or for whoever we have the impulse to give it to. The art of giving and receiving is nowhere so conspicuous by its absence in society today, as it is in the giving and receiving of the seemingly trivial, elementary things of life. It is comparatively easy to give or receive gracefully, a mark of esteem in which is no flavor of personality. The real difficulty is to give and to receive intelligently, the little affectionate, spontaneous offerings of our personal friends.

That we are deficient in this art is very plain. We acknowledge to our Rockford friend, that we may throw too many bouquets and throw them with poor grace, perhaps. But that will not discourage us, for we believe that to throw too many bouquets and throw them awkwardly, is better than never to have thrown them at all.

The dull and lifeless woman is she who never receives from papa, mamma or sweetheart, a flower or sugar-plum. The most sordid, brutal, man in the world, is he who would not go without his dinner to give some lonely, heart-starved relative or friend (man or woman), a sweet scented carnation.

And the dullest and unhappiest of them all are they who in their hearts long for the sweets and sweet scents of personal interchange, but are too proud of their self control to admit it.

There is in every human breast an inherent desire for recognition and encouragement. Ignoring that desire in a fellow creature, or repressing it in ourselves, will never do away with it. Freedom to give full expression to this weakness, if it be a weakness, in our natures, is the only cure for it. We have full privilege here of being as wise or as foolish as we wish to be, for among "the things we stand for" are "the few evils of liberty as against the multitude of evils of restriction." It is sweet to be foolish, so sweet that we soon get enough of it if given the opportunity. How foolish to restrain fools! As if folly were not as good for them as wisdom for the wise! And as if the wisest of us were not after all fools!

The free lectures given at the Center on Monday and Thursday evenings since last we wrote for this department, have all been representative and well attended, the discussions being particularly lively and interesting.

Commissioner Kilbey, of the Salvation Army, disappointed us in that he could not fill his engagement to lecture here Oct.

16th. We should much like to have heard the famous Commissioner General, but he at least remembered and pleased us by sending Col. C. Miles to talk of the S. A. work, illustrating with stereopticon views.

Oct. 16th was the occasion of our "Dutch Lunch," which seemed to give so much pleasure to our many friends who came, and in which we also took the greatest pleasure. The cooking and serving of Frankfurters and sauer kraut, baked potatoes, salad and rolls, all kinds of cheese, Dutch cakes, coffee, butter-milk, etc., was a novel and interesting experience. Mr. and Mrs. John P. Meakin, of Salt Lake City, and Mr. H. La Roy Mulliner, a Mormon Elder, were our special guests, and too much cannot be said in grateful acknowledgement of the entertainment we so enjoyed as the result of their personal presence and overwhelming graciousness. Mr. and Mrs. Meakin are singers and dramatic impersonators of national reputation, and we can never forget their unique presentations of their deliciously witty specialties.

Mr. Jacob Le Bosky, a Chicago lawyer and former partner of Mr. Clarence Darrow, could not be present to give us his lecture entitled, "De Profundus," Oct. 19, but he expects to make good his promise to us Nov. 20. Mr. Barnard very kindly consented to take Mr. Le Bosky's place, and gave us an interesting talk on "Woman's Place in Social Evolution." The discussion which followed is reviewed by the writer in an editorial in this number of the magazine.

The evening of Oct. 23, Justice T. D. Hurley delivered a forceful address on "Juvenile Court Matters." Judge Hurley's remarks evoked some sharp criticisms from persons at the Center listening to it. He applauded the juvenile court regulations which permit truant officers the authority to arrest, on their own provocation, not only delinquent children but delinquent parents. It was thought by those arguing the question with Judge Hurley, that all the good that could possibly be done by the juvenile courts would not balance the vicious effects which such a system as this is to give rise to. Children and parents, under this law, are practically taken into custody without trial, the serious question of whether they be guilty or not, being left to the particular officer who happens to get hold of the case. This sort of thing will very soon bring us face to face with the unlimited despotism of the feudal period.

"The Dangers of Wealth," was the subject of a lecture given by Hon. Quin O'Brien, Oct. 26. Hon. O'Brien more than sustained his reputation as a brilliant orator, giving a

most fascinating word picture of the progress of events from ancient, feudal times to the present. He declared that on one-half of the table in front of him could stand the five men, Rockefeller, Morgan, Carnegie, Marshall Field and James Hill, who control absolutely the finances of the entire United States. In the discussion that followed, many points were educed to show that the real dangers of wealth had not been pointed out, nor the remedy suggested. Mr. O'Brien's discourse was an intellectual and artistic triumph which all lovers of the beautiful and true could not help but appreciate, but some of our more radical friends took the gentleman a little to task, claiming that he was not sufficiently analytical. One of them made some replies to Mr. O'Brien's comment upon the individual's value to society, arguing that the individual from the highest view-point, is not only of value to himself and the community for what he is (rather than for what he may possess) but that he is to be considered for what he may become. A special article in the January "To-Morrow," will endeavor to make this point clear.

Hon. L. A. Bodine, on Oct. 30, gave us a very entertaining and thorough discourse on the subject of "Divorce Suppression." Mr. Bodine's ideas were most artfully and wittily presented, so that no one could object to them, even if not agreeing with them. Mr. Bodine, like most lawyers, thinks that the way to the overcoming of bad laws is to make more laws. "If Michigan," he said, "would only come to the front with new divorce laws as stringent as those of Illinois and Wisconsin, the evil results of quick marriages, for which St. Joe is famous, would be overcome." Further analysis of the subject, and a careful consideration of the evil results of suppression, are convincing proof to many, that freedom to marry quickly or slowly, as the persons themselves elect, is the safer and more scientific method of correction. Nature has a way of asserting herself and very little if any good is accomplished when an attempt is made to regulate and restrain without due knowledge of the forces at work. Illegitimacy flourishes where there is the most ceremony and state regulation.

A Hallowe'en dinner was given Oct. 31, and much fun and nonsense indulged in. The house was lighted entirely with Jack-o'-lanterns, rugs and chairs were disposed of according to the mood of the persons coming in contact with them, and music, laughter and song were indulged in until a late hour. Mrs. Forwerg, who ranks as one of the best palmists

in the city, very graciously read "hands or fingers," as the persons owning them preferred.

A very interesting paper was that read by Mrs. H. P. Loomis, Nov. 2. Her subject was "The Education of Children," and non-interference with the natural, inner development of the child, was the principal point made. The right to be born well, the need of environment, and all such influences as will most tend to bring out the individuality of the child, were forcefully dwelt upon. Mrs. Loomis presented also, in a charmingly matter-of-fact but delicate way, the subject of children's rights to knowledge of sex laws. It was urged that children be enlightened on whatever subjects their minds are dwelling upon, so that all morbid tendencies may be guarded against and the still greater danger of physical and moral injury to themselves as the result of misinformation or no information be avoided.

One of the most interesting discussions we have ever heard was that of Sunday evening at the Social Science League, Nov. 5, following a paper read by John M. Kantor, of the Spencer-Whitman Center, whose subject was "Graft and Grafters." Mr. Kantor very cleverly and entertainingly talked of grafters, political, religious, educational; a grafter, in short, being any one who sacrifices his opportunity to be steadfast in the ways of truth, and acts or pretends to think contrary to his highest conceptions for the sake of "what there is in it." Dowie was characterized as the greatest religious grafter of the age.

On Nov. 9, Jailor John L. Whitman gave one of his characteristic lectures, the subject being "Juvenile Criminals." As is well known, Mr. Whitman is loved by the unfortunates whose fate it is to go to jail, and that is the highest eponym that can be paid to a keeper of jails. Fortunately for Mr. Whitman himself, as well as for the inmates of the institution, he is able to take the impersonal mental attitude by which he can view every circumstance and condition surrounding his charges, and realize many subtle influences hereditary and otherwise, which play their part in a human life out of harmony with its environment. Mr. Whitman recognizes the injustice of branding and treating as criminals, young boys whose principal misfortune, next to the misfortune of having been badly born, is that they are too mischievous. Mr. Whitman said many good things, as well as some things that we could not quite subscribe to, but the Round Table has not space for further elaboration. Our readers will have read, or can yet read, Mr. Whitman's own comments in previous issues of "To-Morrow."

# The Informal Brotherhood.

Conducted by Viola Richardson.



VIOLA RICHARDSON.

Dear Comrades:

This is to be our department, yours and mine, and you are to feel that here is a channel through which you may reach out with your thoughts and touch other lives.

We are all conscious of a hunger, a restlessness, a seeking for something which we fail to find in ourselves, or in any of the institutions or conditions existing in the world about us. Half unconsciously we are responding to a discontent that touches even those things which we have

regarded as bearing the seal of divine sanction. There is a distinct movement in society by which our ideals as embodied in existing institutions are being destroyed and in their place new ideals are evolving, and this movement of disintegration and reorganization touches every phase of life—relations of parent to child, lover to sweetheart, husband to wife, brother to sister, friend to friend, the individual to society, society to the individual, and even the attitude of mind of the individual towards himself. In response to this great urge, which we feel simply as a discontent, we move, blindly, it is true, but not the less surely, away from the things of yesterday, onward toward the things shadowed by tomorrow. Our fingers loose reluctantly that which is "established," and we draw back in fear from the shadowy vagueness of the future as Columbus's sailors shrank from the unknown terrors of the unknown sea.

But this urge is a divine movement; it is the impulse that has brought life up through all its phases of manifestation

from the lowest form of cell life to the highest complexities of man in his fullest development, and by which fuller and finer expression shall forever be evolved.

We have sought to direct this forward impulse of life by rules and restrictions in the way of laws and religions and social customs. We have suppressed it on some sides, forced it on others, and diverted it on others. But at last there has dawned in the world the thought that only as the atoms of society are left free to adjust themselves can they respond fully and rightly to this divine urge; that restriction and direction only retard and distort.

We need not fear life. It is so much greater than we that we cannot escape from its law. It holds us, and every impulse, every thought, is but a pulsing of that limitless life as it flows through us.

And so, at last, there has come a new conception of freedom, a new consciousness which transcends and enfolds political, religious and economic freedom. It is as yet only a half formulated conception. But in response to it liberal societies are springing up everywhere, breaking away from the established, searching out new paths and giving expression to new thoughts. It is true that in this movement towards freedom there may be abnormalities, but after all, it is only as the swinging of the pendulum seeking its equilibrium. And true it is, that many people in their moving toward freedom only detach themselves from one creed or dogma to attach themselves to some other creed or dogma; and we have different brands of "liberalism" with enmity between the adherents to the different brands, just as we have different religious creeds and religious enmities. But this movement from one base to another is a movement of new adjustment and is seen at last to be a movement of growth. It is the still waters that grow stagnant and breed death.

There are those who seek beyond these free thought and liberal organizations, and perceive that true freedom detaches one from all creed and dogma, and sets one rather as an observer of phenomena, dispassionate, seeking only to give free flow to that life force which streams through the individual; a seeking to respond to life impulses instead of man-made laws which are the product of ignorance, fear, superstition and personal desire.

Here and there throughout the country men and women are thinking away from the old lines of conventional dogma. Loneliness and misunderstanding are the portion of those who have left the crowd in their search for the real, and

it is for these more especially that this department is intended. You and I are seeking to find our proper adjustment to the life forces, and so let us come together here in the spirit of fellowship and helpfulness.

If you feel the impulse to write a letter to the "Informal Brotherhood," do so, and if it is not too long, and is helpful in thought, it shall have a place in this department, for this department is for *you*.

Let us not fear life, but rather seek to understand it.

V. R.

The Jackson, Michigan, *Patriot*, makes the following editorial comment:

"It has been one of the peculiarities of the past that liberty has been shackled, and breaking those shackles has always been progress. John Stuart Mills' prescription for the evils that afflict society has never been improved—'for the evils of liberty, try more liberty.' Chicago has a monthly magazine 'for people who think,' that is named To-MORROW, which claims to be the most vital publication of today, and it champions that freedom which permits of the growth and expansion of every good. The exploitation of the masses and poorer classes in this and every other country, which is one of the great evils of our time, would be avoided if the rule of law was equal rights for all and special privileges for none. 'Tomorrow did'st thou say? Methought I heard Horatio say, tomorrow.' Humanity has never been entirely satisfied with the conditions of today, but has always been dreaming of better things tomorrow. It may be that this idea parented the name of the new and meaty Chicago magazine that has just come to our notice. At all events, To-MORROW has a validity and a mission. It is calm and philosophical rather than ultra in expression, and yet it preaches the gospel of the largest liberty in many an epigrammatic sentence, like this one: 'Every secret sin is the product of coercive control.' To-MORROW's cover has a portrait of Abraham Lincoln, made from a photograph taken at Bloomington, Illinois, when he was a lawyer traveling the circuit and dreaming, perhaps, of his tomorrow; for, in the field of politics, this country has had no more sagacious champion of the doctrine of liberty and equality of opportunity for all."

We find this in the *Modern Farmer and Busy Bee*, St. Joseph, Missouri:

"To-MORROW is the title of a new visitor to our review table. It hails from Chicago, and has a thrifty look like the city from whence it comes. It is edited by Parker H. Sercombe, and claims to be 'for people who think.' Some of the articles are along lines which it seems worth while to 'think,' and others are not, according to our 'think,' but we do not ask or expect all of the people to think along lines which interest us. Many of our readers may be interested in reading To-MORROW."

This from the *Herald Democrat* of Leadville, Colorado:

"To-MORROW Magazine for November publishes for the first time an exceedingly interesting old portrait of Abraham Lincoln, with uncombed hair, as he was accosted one day when sitting on the court house steps at Bloomington, Illinois."

And this is the way in which the grocer boy characterized Sercombe himself:

"I know who lives at 2238 Calumet Avenue. He's a poet—a wise duck, that geezer, aint he,—a well educated sucker!"



## Books, Reviews and Magazines.

"Life Science" is the name of a little pamphlet that has floated into our office, bearing on its cover this legend:

"There is but one subject and that is Life.

There is but one Science and that is The Science of Life."

"Life Science" is an announcement of a course of lessons by Ernest Yates Loomis, having for their purpose the teaching of how to come into possession of ourselves so that we may develop and control our life forces to fuller and more harmonious expression in the way of health, happiness, and all forms of physical, mental and spiritual efficiency. Mr. Loomis says of his lessons: "The following rules, being based on life principles in nature, will if applied, enable any person to invoke the assistance of life forces in the accomplishment of any practical duty of life."

Life Science, a Practical Course of Instruction, by Ernest Yates Loomis, Inwood-on-Hudson, New York City.

We wish there were room to quote from the November number of Tom Watson's Magazine the whole of the editorial under the heading, "Creed and Duty." In it is presented a wonderful picture in words; a panorama of the ages, with their culmination in the present, which, even with its many evils, still holds for us many beautiful and blessed things in the way of liberty and comfort and opportunity, bought for us by the courage and often times pain and suffering of men and women of the past.

"The Montana Copper War," by Thomas Aloysius Hickey, is concluded in this number. It is the same old story, told over and over again, of power and oppression and trickery, by capital, and suffering of laborers—a story that may be told of every institution in the country where men hire their fellows, and weave life's substance into the fabric of their earnings and their power—a story made possible by the System under which we live, and whose "plot" can never be changed until the System is changed.

The To-MORROW family had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Hickey lecture in their parlors some months ago, when he gave them briefly this story that has been running in Tom Watson's Magazine.

The November "Triggstine" is here. It did not come to us, it was brought in by a dentist looking for a "pull," it having been presented to him by the wife of the official photographer of the Kerosene Kollege.

Among other optimistic suggestions, Oscar makes a strong plea for race suicide, claiming that society women are justified in taking Pink Pills, providing their investment in Worth and Redfern outfits sufficiently exceed such commonplace necessities as beans and spuds, but Oscar is Wilde.

The Triggs propaganda for race suicide is placed under the caption of "Mutualization;" that is, the economic prototype of unwilling "motherhood" is discovered by the erstwhile Professor in the unwillingness with which the officials of the New York Life Insurance Companies are willing to assume "fatherhood" of their act. The alert originality which places these several phenomena under the title of "Mutulization" cannot be too highly commended.

In the Scientific American of October 28th, two very interesting stories are told of animals who by their acts plainly indicate that they could think and reason. One is of a cat which learned to open a door by special manœuvres, and the other is of a dog which, by intelligent action allayed a horse's fears of a pool of water and assisted it to cross.

The Business Philosopher for October is full of good things, the sort of things that take hold of the heart. The editor makes us, here in the city, hungry for the quiet and rest of autumn crowned fields and hills. "What a wealth of beauty greets us on every hand in the many hued

October! Skyward or earthward—landward or seaward—on mountains or in the valleys—in dry ravine or by rippling brook—in meadows flecked with lingering flowers or in woodlands fragrant with falling nuts, all, all is glorious."

The American Federation of Labor (Nov.) contains its usually strong editorial matter by Samuel Gompers, "Talks on Labor," an article on "Organization for Women," by Ellen M. Henrotin; and various reliable points of information, comments, etc., on the great and ennobling question of human labor.

TALENT is a beautiful 50 paged magazine, the official organ of the Nat. Elocutionists Association, edited and published by Paul M. Pearson, Phila. We cannot say too much in praise of this publication, devoted as it is to the interests of orators, musicians, actors, lecturers, etc. A fine article on "Mental Imagery," by Walter Dill Scott, appears in the November issue.

THE TECHNICAL WORLD is another magazine that we cannot too much emphasize as being the best possible of its kind. For scientists, machinists, manufacturers and constructionists it has no equal. In the December number there is a most interesting illustrated article on the application of electricity to the uses of housekeeping, besides the superb article on "Great Canals and Their Builders," by Frederick Williams, "Wireless Signals Under Water," by Robert McDuff, "Anti-Ruts Riots of 1830," by Malcolm McDowell, and a long "Story of the Iron Industry," by the great authority on that subject, G. P. Blackiston.

PEARSON'S for November has a most artistic cover design in rich browns, and a versatile list of contributions by superior writers. Among the many good stories are, "The Duel of Two Ocean Trams," by Lawrence Perry, "The Shirker," by Jackson B. Corbet, Jr., and "The Story of the Y. M. C. A.," by Owen Kildare. There is also "The Great Seal of England," by Henry A. Hernig, a biography of Richard Mansfield, and other unique articles and stories which deserve notice but which space forbids.

POET LORE (104 Bowdoin street, Boston), for the Autumn of 1905, is an unusually strong number, there being a translation of "Summer Folk," by Maxim Gorki, which occupies half of the magazine and which will prove intensely interesting to all students of life as the famous Russian revolutionist sees it. Besides this remarkable dramatic production, which all should read, there is a review of the play by the editors of the magazine which is replete with interesting and valuable information. A new department is introduced, under the title, "Recent German Criticism," under the direction of Prof. Paul H. Grumman of the University of Nebraska.

WILSHIRE'S Monthly Magazine (125 E. 23d St., N. Y.), makes a most startling offer to its readers, in its November number. It states that it will place on its "Roll of Honor" all persons sending in a list of one hundred subscribers at 10c. per year each. Shares in the magazine are also offered at \$10 each with guarantee of 7 per cent. interest. This tremendous effort on the part of Wilshire to advance the cause of Socialism, will doubtless meet with the success it certainly deserves.

GOOD HOUSE-KEEPING, as usual "makes the mouth water," it is so deliciously epicurean, domestic and feminine in its tone. A thanksgiving poem by Augusta Kortrecht, is intellectually and typographically a gem, and among the special articles, all breezily original and interesting, are, "A Genuine Colonial House," by Louis C. Cornish, "The Piano and Its Greatest Living Exponent" (Paderewski), by Gustav Kohbe, an illustrated article under the heading "Handicrafts," on the making of lamp and candle shades, and other articles on pure food, indoor gardens, care of babies, fashions in dress, etc.

PHYSICAL CULTURE for October and November are up to the high standard of that very useful and suggestive publication. Such articles as

"The Confessions of a Quack," "Duffy Malt Whisky Expose," "Tree Climbing as an Exercise," "Modern Developments in Foot Ball," "Exercises on a Door," and "The Curse of the Cigarette," have at least the good effect of impressing upon the mind the value of common sense and common things, as promoters of health and longevity.

THE CRAFTSMAN (Nov.), has among its contents, a frontispiece, showing the figure of Ambassador Witte on a door-step, and a biography of the famous Russian diplomat, by Isabel F. Hapgood. There is also an article on the "Development of the Hardy Japanese," a finely illustrated description of "Civic Art in Baltimore," another on "The Dining Room," accompanied by illustrations in color that will prove most valuable to home makers and house-furnishers, and other unique articles, such as "The Way of the Push-cart Man," a Thanksgiving story by Harriot Joor, and some "Letters of Labor and Love," by Samuel M. Jones.

THE LITERARY DIGEST comes regularly to our desk, and always with its full quota of valuable and highly entertaining reading matter. It being a weekly publication, we have difficulty in reviewing it, but our appreciation of its contents does not vary, and we hope to continue receiving it (Funk & Wagnalls Co., N. Y.)

WAYSIDE TALES (Nov.) publishes a characature portrait of George Ade, some exceedingly swift editorial matter from the standpoint of a wise "Fool," the story of "A Transmigrated Soul," by Agnes Potter Magee, and other stories and articles, all charmingly characteristic and unique, and well illustrated. (Manhattan Building, Chicago.)

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN MAGAZINE reminds us of Wilshire's in that it is only ten cents yearly, and is like it in size, form and general appearance. It breathes of the Rockies, the November issue containing a narrative of an Ancient City of the Aztecs, discovered in Colorado, a story of the Cliff Dwellers. Besides other good stories, articles and comments, there is a woman's and a boy's and girl's department. (Denver, Col.)

THE BALANCE (Denver, Col.), is a new publication the purpose of which is set forth in the following editorial: "The editor of this magazine is sincere in his efforts to help others to be free from all doubts about the future life, and concerning the Higher Intelligences to whom we may appeal for wisdom and guidance in this life."

THE PITTSBURG BULLETIN is a weekly publication, in form and size much like Wilshire's and the Rocky Mountain Magazine, but more local and social in character, there being a society, a dramatic and a musical department.

THE INDEPENDENT, edited and published by Geo. W. Berge, at Lincoln, Neb., is forging ahead in the great work of bettering conditions for the masses and bringing about understanding among the so-called rich. In its issue of Nov. 2, we find this pertinent reflection: "It is likely that the Mutual Life's housecleaning committee will throw the dust under the beds and not out of the windows."

The Nov. METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE is noticeable for an illustrated article on "Some North American Indian Chiefs," the portraits of the Chiefs being decidedly unique. A number of good poems, stories and descriptive articles give color and piquency to this excellent magazine. Since writing the above, we are in receipt of the Dec. number of the Metropolitan, the first Christmas magazine to make its appearance, and a very attractive number, though most too far in advance of the holidays to enthuse us.

THE Nov. MCCLURE'S, publishes the first chapter of "Reminiscences of a Long Life," by Carl Schurz; a new story by Rudyard Kipling, and an article by Ray Staunard Baker, concerning "Railroads on Trial." An artistic portrait of Carl Schurz is among the good things.

JUDICIOUS ADVERTISING is a publication of over 100 pages, which is

doubtless of incalculable value to advertisers and persons studying the business and art of effective advertising. (Lord and Thomas, N. Y.)

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY (Nov.) brings with it Thanksgiving and outdoor suggestions in the form of a richly colored sunset cover and various articles, interesting and helpful to lovers of open air activities.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, as everybody knows, is keeping up the good fight against monopoly and graft of every sort. The Nov. issue publishes a portrait of Chas. Edward Russell, who is now travelling abroad in the interests of the magazine, and whose articles, "Soldiers of the Common Good," begin in this number.

"MY BUSINESS FRIEND," a monthly magazine (106 Fulton St., N. Y.), is much more dignified in its contents than in its outward appearance, the October number containing some interesting portraits of Mary Lease, John Brisben Walker and others, besides strong articles relative to the political, commercial and social aspect of world affairs. There is the first of a series of short articles on "The Industrial Future of India and Thibet," by Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India.

THE NEGRO EDUCATIONAL REVIEW, published at Vincennes, Indiana, "for teachers, ministers, school officers, parents and pupils," is convincing proof of the marvelous progress of the colored race toward a higher intellectual and spiritual life.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Men, Women and Fools," from "Stories by a Bachelor," Anonymous. This little book is a collection of up-to-date aphorisms, its authorship being laid to the account of Horace B. Birdsell of South Bend, Indiana. It is quite worth while.

"The Highest of all Arts," in paper cover, published by the Straight Edge Press, No. 1, Seventh Avenue, New York City, gives an outline of the ideals of brotherhood as developed through industrial co-operation.

"The Psychology of Finance" by Nancy McKay Gordon is a new departure for this writer. An estimate of her point of view may be had from the following paragraph:

"The question of finance is problematic, because it remains unsolved. All attempts at solution have proved futile on account of the psychological law involved, and which is so little understood. The psychological law is the unwritten law which is more potent in its occult strength than the written law." Again: "The philosophic theory is merely a basis, the standard of value; the esoteric or psychologic value is the human law which governs the real growth of finance as it governs the growth of religion, etc."

It is up to the reader to get the answer.

The Autumn number of the "Single Tax Review" is of unusual interest, especially in relation to the articles of Ernest Crosby and Joseph Dana Miller, and the new lecture bureau being organized under the management of Dr. J. L. Stern.

"Diseases of Society and Degeneracy," by Dr. G. Frank Lydston, is a strong and original presentation of the vice and crime problem. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, and London.

"Lost in the Bottomless Pit," by Rev. J. Howard Cashmere, is the presentation in verse of "A working hypothesis for the solution of the problems of life." Published by the Merchants Publishing Co., Denver, Colorado.

"The Life Eternal," in paper, by Herbert S. Bigelow, of the Vine Street Church, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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